Hurry Down Doomsday

Elvis Costello

The man in the corner of this picture has a sinister purpose In the teeming temple of the Railroad Kings He's planting a trashy paperback book for accidental purchase Containing all the secrets of life and other useless things

But I can't bring myself to look Wake up zombie, write yourself another book You want to scream and shout my little flaxen lout Hurry down Doomsday, the bugs are taking over

She sleeps in the shirt of a late, great country singer Stretched out on her poor jealous husband's pillow In time you can turn these obsessions into careers While the parents of those kidnapped children Start the bidding for their tears

But I can't bring myself to look Wake up zombie, get yourself off the book You want to scream and shout my little waxen lout Hurry down Doomsday, the bugs are taking over

Forget about Beethoven, Rembrandt and rock and roll Forget about Mickey Mouse, Marlboro and Coca Cola Forget about Cadillac, Mercedes and Toyota Forget about Buddha, Allah, Jesus and Jehovah

Hurry down Doomsday, the bugs are taking over

Any day now a giant insect mutation Will swoop down and devour the white man's burden Starting out with all of the sensitive ones Better make like a fly if you don't want to die Look out there goes Gordon

But I can't bring myself to think Wake up zombie, kick up a big stink You want to scream and shout my little Saxon lout Hurry down Doomsday, the bugs are taking over

You want to scream and shout my little Saxon lout Hurry down Doomsday, the bugs are taking over