

## Nothing Clings Like Ivy

Elvis Costello

Nothing clings like Ivy  
Frightened by the dark  
Though she cuts deep  
It never leaves a mark

No one quite like Ivy  
Ever gets it straight  
What she believes  
She won't negotiate

All the words of tenderness  
That never quite got through  
She said "You know how young girls are  
From my contempt for you."

Outside in the hollow  
She may dare herself  
For there may be  
A serpent in the grass

Nothing clings like Ivy  
Trying to scare herself  
And it may strike or  
Wait for her to pass

All the words of tenderness  
That she never possessed  
"So what's the use of promises?  
I had my fingers crossed."

All the words of tenderness  
That never quite got through  
She said, "I laughed behind your back  
When I told them to you."

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