

Photographs Can Lie

Elvis Costello

He was wired, dynamite
And she was rare as treasure
That's not the kind of story
You deny
In a frame, under glass
They'll always be together
And so in love, but photographs
Can lie

Now they say I have the gaze
That must recall my father
Saying, "He's my knight,
My bright morning sun"
Now I am mourning everyone

See him now, know he cheats
Why can't she see through him?
He used to be more valiant
Than vain
Put him on a pedestal
And it's a long way down there
I'll never be his little girl
Again

Now they say I have the gaze
That must recall my father
Saying, "He's my knight,
My bright morning sun"
Now I am mourning everyone

Someone else will look at me
And think he is my lover
Developing the image
In his eye
In a frame, under glass
We'll always be together
And so in love, but photographs
Can lie