

Rope

Elvis Costello

Down by the harbourside
A boat is fastened by a length of rope.
It was a perfect match,
Dreaming of escape,
Feeling almost detached.
Look beneath the waves -
The seabirds diving down into black water.

The morning bells begin,
Schoolchildren chant and spin.
A length of rope
Below a hanging tree,
Like cruel secrets some of us turn out to be.

Should our love increase,
We are all released like statues from marble.

While in a prison yard,
They're taking turns to guard
A length of rope.
Are you too weak to fight?
Picking up a thread and then stretching it tight.

Look beneath the waves -
The seabirds diving down into black water.
Still our love increased,
We are all released like statues from marble.