

Stations Of The Cross

Elvis Costello

The tempest blows up from a squall
Past the Cape of Bad Conscience
Into the Gulf of the Cauldron
Roars over the coastline to batter and flatten
Exposing the roots like the dyed hair of slattern

Scrapper and mauler in a rope ring this small
Outside the wind is punching
There's no one left to hear it
No one hears the bell ring
Except the one who comes to fear it
And they continue to brawl

He's buying his way into heaven I suppose
He weeps at the blows
But down in a location that we cannot disclose
He turns the dial slowly
Through the Stations of the Cross

Crowd done up dandy
In diamonds and finery
Baying and howling
All bloodlusty calling
Fists like pistons
Faces like meat spoiling
Haul, boys, haul, bully-boys haul

Later that evening
Molly and her gunman
Go down the stairs to a dive like a dungeon
Meanwhile in the backroom there's a girl like a sponge
Saying, "Bring him in long as a constable's truncheon"

The gunman wants Molly to kingdom come
Then blows them all to the hereafter
Who's scuttling away now and hidden from our view?
Who tightened the tourniquet, turning her blue?

They're hurling themselves into heaven I suppose
Before the gates are closed
But down in a location that we cannot disclose
They'll turn the dial slowly through the Stations of the Cross

The gale of hale laughter
Scales up the ivory
The black keys of her fine whine descend into the minor
Die away breathless
Diminishing behind her
Haul boys haul, bully-boys haul

The water came up to the eaves
You'd think someone had opened a valve
It's too soon to stay now and too late to leave
So spare your remorse all the way up to Calvary

They're hurling themselves into heaven I suppose
Before the gates are closed

But down in a location that we cannot disclose
I'm turning the dial slowly through the Stations of the Cross