

Stick Out Your Tongue

Elvis Costello

They talked to the sister, the father and the mother
With a microphone in one hand and a chequebook in the other
And the camera noses in to the tears on her face
The tears on her face
The tears on her face
You can put them back together with your paper and paste

Stick out your tongue
Drink down the venom

She sleeps with the shirt of a late, great country singer
Stretched out upon 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

What would you say?
What would you do?
Children and animals two by two
Give me the needle
Give me the rope
We're going to melt them down for pills and soap

Four and twenty crowbars, jemmy your desire
Out of the frying pan into the fire
The king is in the counting house
Some folk have all the might
And majesty will run on Bombay Gin and German spite
They come from lovely people
(They come from lovely people)
With a hard line in hypocrisy
There are tears of mediocrity
For the fag ends of the aristocracy

What would you say?
What would you do?
Children and animals two by two
Give me the needle
Give me the rope
We're going to melt them down for pills and soap

Stick out your tongue
Stick out your tongue
Drink down the venom

The sugar-coated pill is getting bitterer still
You think your country needs you but you know it never will
So pack up your troubles in a stolen handbag
Don't dilly dally boys rally 'round the flag
Give us our daily bread in individual slices
And something in the daily rag to cancel any crisis

What would you say?
What would you do?
(Did you find out how to lie?)
Children and animals two by two
(Did you find out how to cheat?)

Give me the needle
(The elite bleat, they're obsolete)
We're going to melt them down
Stick out your tongue
(We're going to melt them down for pills and soap)
Now if you'd only genuflect
Stick out your tongue
Now if you'd only genuflect
Stick out your tongue