

## Stripping Paper

Elvis Costello

I got time on my hands I'm just stripping paper  
It's amazing what you will find  
Stripping paper  
When you get down to the past  
Back then we didn't have means  
For fine decorations  
So we painted while mixing wine  
With flirtation  
There, in the mess of it all

He took me right there in the thrill  
Not quite against my will  
With my back to that rococo wall  
We slipped right down to the floor

I kicked closed the door  
He complimented my taste  
I anointed his serious face  
With wallpaper paste  
I wish we could laugh like that now  
But what seemed to follow  
And ended up hollow  
Was our vow

Tear a strip or two  
See what came not much later  
Here's a pony and toy balloon  
Behind a vine that withered all too soon  
Here's the pencil of a measuring mark  
And a monster she spied in the dark  
Now I've got no place in her heart  
Let me go back to the start

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