

## Suit of Lights

Elvis Costello

While Nat King Cole sings "Welcome To My World"  
You request some song you hate you sentimental fool  
And it's the force of habit  
If it moves then you fuck it  
If it doesn't move you stab it  
And I thought I heard "The Working Man's Blues"  
He went out to work that night and wasted his breath  
Outside there was a public execution  
Inside he died a thousand deaths

And they pulled him out of the cold cold ground  
And they pulled him out of the cold cold ground  
And they pulled him out of the cold cold ground  
And they put him in a suit of lights

In the perforated first editions  
Where they advocate the hangman's noose  
Then tell the sorry tale of the spent Princess  
Her uncouth escort looking down her dress

Anyway they say that she wears the trousers  
And learnt everything that she does  
And doesn't know if she should tell him yes  
Or let him go

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And they pulled him out of the cold cold ground  
And they pulled him out of the cold cold ground  
And they put him in a suit of lights

Well it's a dog's life in a rope leash or a diamond collar  
It's enough to make you think right now  
But you don't bother  
For goodness sake as you cry and shake  
Let's keep you face down in the dirt where you belong  
And think of all the pleasure that it brings  
Though you know that it's wrong

And there's still life in your body  
But most of it's leaving  
Can't you give us all a break  
Can't you stop breathing

And I thought I heard "The Working Man's Blues"  
I went to work that night and wasted my breath  
Outside they're painting tar on somebody  
It's the closest to a work of art that they will ever be

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