The Name of This Thing Is Not Love

Elvis Costello

There's a part of this feeling that I just cannot kill But the name of this thing is not love And I can't take a potion, and I won't take a pill So it tortures me still But the name of this thing is not love

Then you start entertaining such a terrible thought Life is so very short And the name of this thing is not love

There's a bruise on her arm And some blood on the floor But the name of this thing is not love And they're taunting some girl That they claim to adore She can't take anymore But the name of this thing is not love

Who in the world do you think that you are? That you pushed me this far But the name of this thing is not love

He thinks of her still Although you'd never guess He's trying so to forget her The occasional moments that he'll always bless Watching her dress For worse or better

He watched her pick over her broken playthings What played on his mind is not love The cast aside tokens and discarded rings Over one of his flings But the name of this thing is not love

Then he threw something down in the wild rushing river And won't ever recover But the name of this thing is not love

Then you start out pretending that you're so very tough Life is not short enough But the name of this thing is not love