

The People's Limousine

Elvis Costello

It's a chilly Florentine evening, two men in evening hats
Telling tales of the underground and fishing for rats
Policemen armed with Uzis stand guard but they don't speak
Ain't seen no Michelangelo, he'll be here next week

The girl in shoes with crystal heels is chaperoned by her brother
They raise a glass of amber wine, take pictures of each other
Of the policemen in the fountains and the sickle and the hammer
And they came with Uncle Romulus with his walking cane and camera

She looked like someone's girlfriend
She looked like a dream
She looked as unlikely
As the people's limousine

Come and sit by me, girl, before I breathe the breath out of you
Hush your mouth and cover your eyes 'for I tell your father of you
He paid to have you painted in the company of angels
Only to find you flirting anew with Chico Marx and perverted Engels

She looked like someone's girlfriend
She looked like a dream
She looked as unlikely
As the people's limousine

The patron saint of television smiles down from the shelf
Romulus can't criticize but he can't bless himself
He has a tin of pea-green paint and a big roll of black tape
To vandalize these obscenities then make his escape

She walked up to the nice policeman and asked him for a match
He saw Romulus approaching and slipped off the safety catch
Then cut down her uncle, he was painted red and green
Just as she was kidnapped in the people's limousine

She looked like someone's girlfriend
She looked like a dream
She looked so unlikely
In the people's limousine