

# The Sharpest Thorn

Elvis Costello

I wore my finest suit of clothes  
The sharpest thorn defending the rose  
Hot as a pistol  
Keen as a blade  
The sharpest thorn upon parade

And it's the same most every year  
Ghosts of the dear departed are near  
We raise our glasses and we cheer  
Should old acquaintance disappear  
Just as we wipe away a tear

Archangel Michael will lead the way  
Archangel Gabriel is ready to play  
Although we know we must repent  
We hit the scene and look for sins  
That haven't even been invented

The strongest cage that guards the prize  
The longest lash that covers your eyes  
A sight no eyes are meant to know  
Then on the third day he arose

Archangel Michael will lead the way  
Archangel Gabriel is ready to play  
Although we know we must repent  
We hit the scene and look for sins  
That haven't even been invented

So Good and Evil were having a fight  
It lasts much longer than any one night  
It may last longer than a life  
And turn a mistress into a wife

And so confetti fills the air  
My head is aching  
My pockets are bare  
I didn't recognise their warning  
Then I wasn't born the sharpest thorn  
I wasn't born the sharpest thorn  
I wasn't born the sharpest thorn  
I wasn't born the sharpest thorn  
I wasn't born the sharpest thorn