## **Tripwire**

## **Elvis Costello**

Just because you don't speak the language Doesn't mean that you can't understand Just because you don't speak the language Doesn't mean that you can't understand The twist in the script of the insult Scrawled on the back of your hand

Torn from the pages of scripture Sprayed on the wall in the frays of a flag Kisses forbidden on lips And all of your fine clothes worn into rags

Tripwire, tripwire, tripwire, tripwire There's a tripwire Tripwire, tripwire, tripwire

Don't open the door 'cos they're coming Don't open the door 'cos they're here Above there's an ominous humming Below there's a murmur of prayer

Torn from the pages of scandal Sprayed on a wall in the frays of the flag Kisses forbidden on lips and all of your fine clothes blown into rags

Tripwire, tripwire, tripwire, tripwire There's a tripwire Tripwire, tripwire, tripwire

There's a cross in the line there's a circus There's a voice that you might overhear There's a lens making the picture perfect They say you have nothing to fear

Torn from the pages of pamphlets Thrown in the air like confetti in church Far, far away there's a target and the sound of an army just starting to march

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Just because I don't read the language Doesn't mean that I'm blind to the threat Though I thought there was more to forgiveness Than all we conveniently forget

Torn from the pages of history Repeated again and again and again You're either for or against us and that is how the hatred begins

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