When I Was Cruel No. 2

Elvis Costello

I exit through the spotlight glare I stepped out into thin air Into a perfume so rarefied "Here comes the bride"

Not quite aside, they snide "She's number four" "There's number three just by the door" Those in the know, don't even flatter her, They go one better "She was selling speedboats in a tradeshow when he met her"

Look at her now She's starting to yawn She looks like she was born to it But it was so much easier When I was cruel

She reaches out her arms to me Imploring: "Another melody?" So she can dance her husband out on the floor The captains of industry just lie there where they fall

In eau-de-nil and pale carnation creation A satin sash and velvet elevation She straightens the tipsy head-dress of her spouse While her recalls a honey house

There'll be no sorrows left to drown Early in the morning in your evening gown But it was so much easier When I was cruel

The entrance hall was arranged with hostesses and ushers Who turned out to be the younger wives nursing schoolgirl crushes Parting the waves of those few feint friends Fingers once offered are now too heavy to extend

The ghostly first wife glides up stage whispering to raucous talkers Spilling family secrets out to flunkeys and castrato walkers See that girl Watch that scene Digging the "Dancing Queen"

Two newspaper editors like playground sneaks Running the book on which of them is going to last the week One of them calls to me And he says, "I know you" "You gave me this tattoo back in '82" "You were a spoilt child then with a record to plug" "And I was a shaven headed seaside thug" "Things haven't really changed that much" "One of us is still getting paid too much"

There are some things I can't report The memory of his last retort But it was so much easier When I was cruel Look at me now She's starting to yawn She looks like she was born to it Ah, but it was so much easier When I was cruel