

Elvis Costello - Pretty words

Tom: G

I ask you nicely

Get my face slapped under wraps

What's going on precisely

Is there something wrong perhaps?

Surprise, surprise (surprise, surprise)

It's more like a booby trap than a booby prize

Civil disobedience from a soldier with a dirty rifle

You're loosening all the screws that hold the hinges of my life

Fat cats and army brats

Hep cats in dog tag pawing over girly mags

[Refrão:

Pretty words don't mean much anymore

I don't mean to be mean much anymore

All I see are snapshots, bigshots, tender spots

mug shots, machine slots

machine slots, mug shots

'Till you don't know what's what

You don't know what you got]

Curious women running after curious men

Curiosity didn't kill the cat

It was a poisoned pen

But there's not much choice (it's Hobson's choice)

Between a cruel mouth and a jealous voice

Got back to London

Picked a paper from the man

No words of consolation

Just cartoons and titter tatter

Well well, fancy that

Millions murdered for a kiss me quick hat

No backbone, blood and guts

Better keep your big mouth shut

[Refrão]

You don't know what you got

Acordes

