

## Coal-Train Robberies

Elvis Costello

Yesterday's coal train came to rest in the bitter  
cutting  
And as the signals took an age to change it was  
easy pickings  
So you go to the movies where they smash it up  
You want to feel your heart pumping it makes  
you feel good  
All through the karaoke girls were squealing  
the hits  
As another Mercedes-Benz gets blown to bits  
While all the time in the camptown theatres  
of Piccadilly  
They're going to throw a black-face minstrel  
show for the barefoot children  
That they're always selling  
They'll say "It's quaint" as the guilty ones faint  
and claim they ain't underneath this paint  
We interrupt these liberal saints with their  
whips and watermelon

Reports are coming in of a coal-train robbery  
It's like another world, or it had better be

So we return to whitewashed pout of his  
committed lips  
Since he was declared the long lost fountain  
of youth that drips and drips and drips  
They'll be sending him round from door to door,  
to sell you back what's already yours  
"So many good deeds, so little time"  
Say the advertising agency swine  
When man has destroyed what he thinks he owns  
I hope no living thing cries over his bones  
If you don't believe that I'm going for good  
You can count the days I'm gone and chop up  
the chairs for firewood

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