

Wake Me Up

Elvis Costello

I've got this phosphorescent portrait of gentle Jesus meek and mild
I've got this harlot that I'm stuck with carrying another man's child
The solitary star announcing vacancy burnt out as we arrived
They'd throw us back across the border if they knew that we survived
And they were surprised to see us
So they greeted us with palms
They asked for ammunition, acts of contrition and small alms

Wake me up, wake me up, wake me up, wake me up, wake me up
With a slap or a kiss
Wake me up, wake me up, wake me up, wake me up, wake me up
There must be something better than this

I've got this imaginary radio, and I'm punching up the dial
I've got the A.C. trained on the T.V. so it won't blow up in my eye
And everything that I thought fanciful or mocked as too extreme
Must be family entertainment here in the strange land of my dreams
And I'm practising my likeness of St. Francis of Assisi
And if I hold my hand outstretched
A little bird comes to me

And I might recite a small prayer
If I ever said them
I lay down on an iron frame
And found myself in Bedlam
Stepping on the fingers that were stretching through the bars
Wailing echoes down the corridors

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They've got this scared and decorated girl strapped to the steel trunk of a Mustang
They drove her down a cypress grove where traitors hang and stars still spangle
They dangled flags and other rags along a coloured thread of twine
They dragged that bruised and purple heart along the road to Palestine

Someone went off muttering, he mentioned thirty pieces
Easter saw a slaughtering, each wrapped in bloodstained fleeces

My thoughts returned to vengeance but I put up no resistance
Though I seemed a long way from my home
It really was no distance

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And the player piano picks out "Life Goes On"
The Ringtone rang out "Jerusalem"
Into the pit of sadness
Where the wretched plunge
We've buried all the Innocents

We must bury revenge

Wake me up, wake me up, wake me up, wake me up, wake me up
There must be something better than this
There must be something better than this
There must be something better than this

In the name of the Father and the Son
In the name of Gasoline and a Gun
Wake me up, wake me up, wake me up, wake me up, wake me up