

# You Stole My Bell

Elvis Costello

There is a place  
Underneath the staircase  
Where I keep the evidence  
Of what once would offer peace  
In a deep blue velvet box filled with joy and pride  
Should I pick the locks?  
Should I peek inside?  
Can I stand the sight of those happy days?  
Should I strike a match, burn them all away?

Cos you stole my bell  
And you broke my chime  
And the clock spins round but it won't keep time  
There are many lovely girls in this cold and loveless world  
But not one is the equal of you, heaven knows how much I love y  
ou (2x)

So here we are  
But it's not quite like we thought  
Those things were priceless then  
Now I know they can't be bought  
In a deep blue velvet box fastened with a pin  
Should I lift the lid?  
Should I look within?  
Was it my last chance or my first mistake?  
Is it just a step that we'll never take?

Cos you stole my bell  
And you broke my chime  
And the clock spins round but it won't keep time  
There are many lovely girls in this cold and loveless world  
But not one is the equal of you, heaven knows how much I love y  
ou (3x)