

# ELVIS COSTELLO



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# UNFAITHFUL MUSIC & SOUNDTRACK ALBUM



**"SO DON'T TRY TO  
TOUCH MY HEART IT'S  
DARKER THAN YOU  
THINK AND DON'T TRY  
TO READ MY MIND  
BECAUSE IT'S FULL OF  
DISAPPEARING INK"**

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## ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN

Oh I just don't know where to begin  
Though he says he'll wait forever  
It's now or never  
But she keeps him hanging on  
The silly champion  
She says she can't go home  
Without a chaperone

Chorus:  
Accidents will happen  
We only hit and run  
He used to be your victim  
Now you're not the only one

Accidents will happen  
We only hit and run  
I don't want to hear it  
'Cause I know what I've done

There's so many fish in the sea  
That only rise up in the sweat and smoke  
like mercury  
But they keep you hanging on  
They say you're so young  
Your mind is made up but your mouth is undone

Chorus

And it's the damage that we do  
And never know  
It's the words that we don't say  
That scares me so

There's so many people to see  
So many people you can check up on  
And add to your collection  
But they keep you hanging on  
Until you're well hung  
Your mouth is made up but your mind is undone

Chorus

I know, I know

## POISON MOON

Cut loose in a nightmare, cast off in my dreams  
If home is anywhere that I can hang my hat  
Then it's coming apart at the seams  
My luck is hanging upside down

I try to hold on tight  
But money's rolling out of town  
And love slips right out of sight

And these bones, they don't look so good to me  
Jokers talk and they all disagree  
One day soon, I will laugh right in the face of  
the poison moon

You look in the mirror  
I'm sorry, but it can't be replaced  
You're thrown straight out in that cruel parade  
Buttoned down and laced  
It starts like fascination, it ends up like a trance  
You've gotta use your imagination on some of  
that magazine romance

And these bones--they don't look so good to me  
Jokers talk and they all disagree  
One day soon, I will laugh right in the face of  
the poison moon  
One day soon, I will laugh right in the face of  
the poison moon

## WATCHING THE DETECTIVES

Nice girls not one with a defect,  
cellophane shrink-wrapped, so correct.  
Red dogs under illegal legs.  
She looks so good that he gets down and begs.

Chorus:  
She is watching the detectives.  
Ooh, he's so cute!  
She is watching the detectives  
when they shoot, shoot, shoot, shoot.  
They beat him up until the teardrops start,  
but he can't be wounded 'cause he's got  
no heart.

Long shot of that jumping sign,  
Visible shivers running down my spine.  
Cut the baby taking off her clothes.  
Close-up of the sign that says, We never close  
You snatch a tune, you a match a cigarette,  
She pulls the eyes out with a face like a magnet.  
I don't know how much more of this I can take.  
She's filing her nails while they're dragging  
the lake.

Chorus

You think you're alone until you realize  
you're in it.  
Now fear is here to stay. Love is here for a visit.  
They call it instant justice when it's past the  
legal limit.  
Someone's scratching at the window. I wonder  
who is it?  
The detectives come to check if you belong  
to the parents  
who are ready to hear the worst about their  
daughter's disappearance.  
Though it nearly took a miracle to get you  
to stay,  
it only took my little fingers to blow you away.

Just like watching the detectives.  
Don't get cute!  
It's just like watching the detectives.  
I get so angry when the teardrops start,  
but he can't be wounded 'cause he's got  
no heart.  
Watching the detectives.  
It's just like watching the detectives.

## OLIVER'S ARMY

Don't start me talking  
I could talk all night  
My mind goes sleepwalking  
While I'm putting the world to right  
Called careers information  
Have you got yourself an occupation?

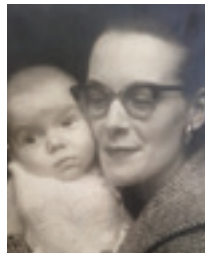
Chorus:  
Oliver's army is here to stay  
Oliver's army are on their way  
And I would rather be anywhere else  
But here today

There was a checkpoint Charlie  
He didn't crack a smile  
But it's no laughing party  
When you've been on the murder mile

Only takes one itchy trigger  
One more widow, one less white nigger

Chorus

Hong Kong is up for grabs  
London is full of Arabs



I THINK IT WAS MY LOVE OF  
PROFESSIONAL WRESTLING  
THAT FIRST TOOK ME TO THE  
DANCEHALL



We could be in Palestine  
Overrun by a Chinese line  
With the boys from the Mersey and the Thames  
and the Tyne

But there's no danger  
It's a professional career  
Though it could be arranged  
With just a word in Mr. Churchill's ear

If you're out of luck or out of work  
We could send you to Johannesburg

Chorus

## RIOT ACT

Forever doesn't mean forever anymore  
I said forever  
But it doesn't look like I'm gonna be around  
much anymore  
When the heat gets sub-tropical  
And the talk gets so topical

Chorus:  
Riot act - you can read me the riot act  
You can make me a matter of fact  
Or a villain in a million  
A slip of the tongue is gonna keep me civilian

Why do you talk such stupid nonsense  
When my mind could rest much easier  
Instead of all this dumb dumb insolence  
I would be happier with amnesia

They say forget her  
Now it looks like you're either gonna be for me  
or against me  
I got your letter  
Now they say I don't care for the colour that  
it paints me  
Trying to be so bad is bad enough  
Don't make me laugh by talking tough  
Don't put your heart out on your sleeve  
When your remarks are off the cuff

Chorus

## NEW LACE SLEEVES

Bad lovers face to face in the morning  
Shy apologies and polite regrets

Slow dances that left no warning of  
Outraged glances and indiscreet yawning  
Good manners and bad breath get you nowhere  
Even presidents have newspaper lovers  
Ministers go crawling under covers  
She's no angel  
He's no saint  
They're all covered up with white wash and  
grease paint  
And you say...

Chorus:  
The teacher never told you anything but  
white lies  
But you never see the lies  
And you believe  
Oh you know you have been captured  
You feel so civilized  
And you look so pretty in your new lace sleeves

The salty lips of the socialite sisters  
With their continental fingers that have  
Never seen working blisters  
Oh I know they've got their problems  
I wish I was one of them  
They say daddy's coming home soon  
With his sergeant stripes and his Empire mug  
and spoon  
No more fast buck  
And when are they gonna learn their lesson  
When are they gonna stop all of these victory  
processions  
And you say

Chorus

## MAN OUT OF TIME

So this is where he came to hide  
When he ran from you  
In a private detective's overcoat  
And dirty dead man's shoes

The pretty things of Knightsbridge  
Lying for a minister of state  
Is a far cry from the nod and wink  
Here at traitor's gate

'Cause the high heel he used to be has been  
ground down  
And he listens for the footsteps that would  
follow him around

Chorus:  
To murder my love is a crime  
But will you still love  
A man out of time

There's a tuppenny hapenny millionaire  
Looking for a fourpenny one  
With a tight grip on the short hairs  
Of the public imagination

For his private wife and kids somehow  
Real life becomes a rumour  
Days of dutch courage  
Just three French letters and a German sense  
of humour

He's got a mind like a sewer and a heart like  
a fridge  
He stands to be insulted and he pays for the  
privilege

Chorus

The biggest wheels of industry  
Retire sharp and short  
And the after dinner overtures  
Are nothing but an after thought  
Somebody's creeping in the kitchen  
There's a reputation to be made  
Whose nerves are always on a knife's edge  
Who's up late polishing the blade

Love is always scarpering or cowering  
or fawning  
You drink yourself insensitive and hate  
yourself in the morning

Chorus

## I WANT YOU

Oh my baby baby I love you more than  
I can tell  
I don't think I can live without you  
And I know that I never will  
Oh my baby baby I want you so it scares me  
to death  
I can't say anymore than I love you  
Everything else is a waste of breath  
I want you  
You've had your fun you don't get well  
no more

I want you  
Your fingernails go dragging down the wall  
Be careful darling you might fall  
I want you  
I woke up and one of us was crying  
I want you  
You said Young man I do believe you're dying  
I want you  
If you need a second opinion as you seem to  
do these days  
I want you  
You can look in my eyes and you can count  
the ways  
I want you  
Did you mean to tell me but seem to forget  
I want you  
Since when were you so generous and inarticulate  
I want you  
It's the stupid details that my heart is  
breaking for  
It's the way your shoulders shake and what  
they're shaking for  
I want you  
It's knowing that he knows you now after  
only guessing  
It's the thought of him undressing you or  
you undressing  
I want you  
He tossed some tatty compliment your way  
I want you  
And you were fool enough to love it when  
he said  
I want you  
I want you  
The truth can't hurt you it's just like the dark  
It scares you witless  
But in time you see things clear and stark  
I want you  
Go on and hurt me then we'll let it drop  
I want you  
I'm afraid I won't know where to stop  
I want you  
I'm not ashamed to say I cried for you  
I want you  
I want to know the things you did that we  
do too  
I want you  
I want to hear he pleases you more than I do  
I want you  
I might as well be useless for all it means to you  
I want you  
Did you call his name out as he held you down

I want you  
Oh no my darling not with that clown  
I want you

I want you  
You've had your fun you don't get well no more  
I want you  
No-one who wants you could want you more  
I want you  
I want you  
Every night when I go off to bed and when  
I wake up  
I want you  
I'm going to say it once again 'til I instill it  
I know I'm going to feel this way until  
you kill it  
I want you  
I want you

## WHEN I WAS CRUEL NO. 2

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  
Imploing: "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 hers 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 flunkies and  
castrato walkers  
See that girl  
Watch that scene  
Digging the "Dancing Queen"

Two newspaper editors like playground sneaks  
Running the look 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

## STRANGER IN THE HOUSE

This never was one of the great romances  
But I thought you'd always have those young  
girl's eyes  
But now they look in tired and bitter glances  
At the ghost of a man who walks 'round in  
my disguise





IT MIGHT ALSO  
HAVE BEEN THE  
ONLY VENUE THAT  
COULD ACCOMMODATE  
BOTH A RALLY BY THE  
BRITISH UNION OF  
FASCISTS AND  
THE CRUFTS DOG  
SHOW, ALTHOUGH  
UNFORTUNATELY NOT  
AT THE SAME TIME.



I get the feeling that I don't belong here  
But there's no welcome in the window anyway  
And I look down for a number on my keychain  
'Cause it feels more like a hotel everyday

Chorus:

There's a stranger in the house; nobody's  
seen his face  
But everybody says he's taken my place  
There's a stranger in the house no one will  
ever see  
But everybody says he looks like me

And now you say you've got no expectations  
But I know you also miss those carefree days  
And for all the angry words that passed  
between us  
You still don't understand me when I say

Chorus

### BEYOND BELIEF

History repeats the old conceits  
The glib replies the same defeats  
Keep your finger on important issues  
With crocodile tears and a pocketful of tissues

I'm just the oily slick  
On the windup world of the nervous tick  
In a very fashionable hovel

I hang around dying to be tortured  
You'll never be alone in the bone orchard  
This battle with the bottle is nothing so novel

So in this almost empty gin palace  
Through a two-way looking glass  
You see your Alice

You know she has no sense  
For all your jealousy  
In a sense she still smiles very sweetly

Charged with insults and flattery  
Her body moves with malice  
You have to be so cruel to be callous

And now you find you fit this  
identikit completely  
You say you have no secrets  
And then leave discreetly

I might make it California's fault  
Be locked in Geneva's deepest vault  
Just like the canals of Mars and the great  
barrier reef  
I come to you beyond belief

My hands were clammy and cunning  
She's been suitably stunning  
But I know there's not a hope in Hades  
All the laddies cat call and wolf whistle  
So-called gentlemen and ladies  
Dog fight like rose and thistle

I've got a feeling  
I'm going to get a lot of grief  
Once this seemed so appealing  
Now I am beyond belief

### HOME TRUTH

I hung up the phone tonight  
Just as you said I love you  
Once this would have been coincidence  
Now these things start to bother me  
You still close your eyes when I kiss you  
And I close mine too  
But we didn't open them again  
Quite as wide as we should

Chorus:

This is where the home truth ends  
This is where the home truth ends

Does your touch feel the same as it  
should do  
Or is it someone quite similar  
Who killed me with kindness last night  
Now do I look at all familiar?  
But none of these things seem to matter  
Since we've grown apart  
I'd put back the pieces of what's shattered  
But I don't know where to start

Chorus

This is where the home truth ends  
And I feel like a clown  
It's tearing me up  
It's tearing me down

You say which are the lies that you tell me  
Well where do I begin?

So I turn on the TV again  
And the world comes crashing in  
Is it my shirt or my toothpaste  
That is whiter than white?  
Is it the lies that I tell you  
Or the lies that I might?

Chorus

### INDOOR FIREWORKS

We play these parlour games  
We play at make believe  
When we get to the part where I say that I'm  
going to leave  
Everybody loves a happy ending but we don't  
even try  
We go straight past pretending  
To the part where everybody loves to cry

Chorus:

Indoor fireworks  
Can still burn your fingers  
Indoor fireworks  
We swore were safe as houses  
They're not so spectacular  
They don't burn up in the sky  
But they can dazzle or delight  
Or bring a tear  
When the smoke gets in your eyes

You were the spice of life  
The gin in my vermouth  
And though the sparks would fly  
I thought our love was fireproof  
Sometimes we'd fight in public darling  
With very little cause  
But different kinds of sparks would fly  
When we got on our own behind closed doors

Chorus

It's time to tell the truth  
These things have to be faced  
My fuse is burning out  
And all that powder's gone to waste  
Don't think for a moment dear that we'll ever  
be through  
I'll build a bonfire of my dreams  
And burn a broken effigy of me and you

Chorus



## SHIPBUILDING

Is it worth it  
A new winter coat and shoes for the wife  
And a bicycle on the boy's birthday  
It's just a rumour that was spread around town  
By the women and children  
Soon we'll be shipbuilding  
Well I ask you  
The boy said "Dad they're going to take  
me to task  
But I'll be back by Christmas"  
It's just a rumour that was spread around town  
Somebody said that someone got filled in  
For saying that people get killed in  
The result of this shipbuilding  
With all the will in the world  
Diving for dear life  
When we could be diving for pearls  
It's just a rumour that was spread around town  
A telegram or a picture postcard  
Within weeks they'll be re-opening  
the shipyards  
And notifying the next of kin  
Once again  
It's all we're skilled in  
We will be shipbuilding  
With all the will in the world  
Diving for dear life  
When we could be diving for pearls

## CINCO MINUTOS CON VOS

I stood at the kerb trying not to disturb  
The dark carnival crew  
And a glittering voice  
Far off there said, "Rejoice!"  
"As the casualties are but few"

Going to tell you now  
Before I forget myself  
I could let you loose  
But the key won't undo the lock  
And the face of the clock  
Seemed to merrily mock  
These Five Minutes With You

Mi padre sabía  
Y me lo susurro  
Vete a Montevideo y espérame ahí  
Por dónde empezará

Escuchando siempre estan  
Por cinco minutos o mas  
Si te atrevez

La sirenas lamentan  
La plaga que encuentran  
Las balas caen  
Y te harán desaparecer  
El faro oscuro hay poca esperanza  
Cinco minutos con vos

English Version: My father would know  
So he whispered it low  
"Go to Montevideo and wait for me there"  
How can I begin?  
They're always listening in  
For five minutes or more if you dare

Now the sirens wail  
There is a fever in the winding sheets  
And the bullets hail  
And they pull you right off the streets  
Our chances are slim but the searchlights will  
dim in five minutes for you

The propeller was drowning, I woke up alone  
They opened the door and they threw  
me through  
And down I went down, like the twist of a screw  
Down into the silver, above me the blue  
And you stood there waiting but you  
never knew  
Five Minutes With You

They can scatter the earth and find nothing  
of worth  
Wipe out those years of triangular tears  
The colours will fly  
And the wild wind will cry  
I'm strapped to that mast  
Knowing they wouldn't last for  
Five Minutes With You

## BEDLAM

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

I might recite a small prayer  
If I ever said them  
I lay down on an iron frame  
Found myself in bedlam  
I wish that I could take something  
for drowning out the noise  
Wailing echoes down the corridors

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  
and mocked as too extreme  
Must be family entertainment here  
in the strange land of my dreams  
Now I'm practicing my likeness of  
St. Francis of Assisi

For if I hold my hand outstretched  
A little bird comes to me

I might recite a small prayer  
If I ever said them  
I lay down on an iron frame  
Found myself in bedlam  
Escaping from the fingers that were  
stretching through the bars  
Wailing echoes down the corridors

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

They've got this scared and decorated girl  
strapped to the steel trunk of a mustang  
And then 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  
And then they dragged that bruised and purple  
heart along the road to Palestine



"WHEN YOU FIRST CAME  
TO AMERICA, THE KING  
PUT ON A DISGUISE  
AND CAME TO SEE YOU  
PLAY. HE WANTED TO  
CHECK YOU OUT."

THE ENTIRE STUNT  
MERITED A NEWS  
ITEM NO BIGGER  
THAN A POSTAGE  
STAMP IN THE NEXT  
DAY'S PAPER



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

And I might recite a small prayer  
If I ever said them  
I lay down on an iron frame  
Found myself in bedlam  
Bowing like an actor acknowledging applause  
Playing the Crusader who was conquering  
The Moors  
And he knew the consequences,  
but he won't accept the cause  
Wailing echoes down the corridors

DEEP DARK TRUTHFUL MIRROR

One day you're going to have to face  
A deep dark truthful mirror  
And it's going to tell you things that I still love  
you too much to say  
The sky was just a purple bruise, the ground  
was iron  
And you fell all around the town until you  
looked the same

Chorus:  
The same eyes, the same lips, the same lie from  
your tongue trips  
Deep dark, deep dark truthful mirror  
Deep dark, deep dark truthful mirror

Now the flagstone streets where the newspaper  
shouts ring to the boots of roustabouts  
But you're never in any doubt, there's something  
happening somewhere  
You chase down the road till your fingers bleed  
On a fiberglass tumbleweed  
You can blow around the town, but it all shuts  
down the same

Chorus

So you bay for the boy in the tiger-skin trunks  
They set him up, set him up on the stool

He falls down, he falls down like a drunk  
And you drink till you drool  
And it's his story you'll flatter  
You'll stretch him out like a saint  
But the canvas that he splattered will be the  
picture that you never paint

Chorus

A stripping puppet on a liquid stick gets into it  
pretty thick  
A butterfly drinks a turtle's tears, but how do  
you know he really needs it?  
'Cos a butterfly feeds on a dead monkey's hand,  
Jesus wept he felt abandoned  
You're spellbound baby there's no doubting that  
Did you ever see a stare like a Persian cat?

Chorus

ASCENSION DAY

Not a soul was stirring  
Not a bird was singing, at least not within  
my hearing  
I was five minutes past caring  
Standing in the road just staring  
Thought I heard somebody pleading  
I thought I heard someone apologise  
Some fell down weeping  
Others shook their fists up at the skies  
And those who were left  
Seemed to be wearing disguises

Now there's a queen in waiting  
Not enough loving and too much hating  
For the prince hidden within her man  
Always seems to be hesitating

He said, "Let her go, let her go,  
God bless her"  
"She hasn't been gone long enough for me  
to miss her"  
"Except every minute of every hour of  
every day  
when I wish I could possess her"

40 days passed by  
40 allibis  
So carry on... that way  
And in time... you'll pay

But we'll all be together  
Come Ascension Day

Not a hound was howling  
Or whimpering or prowling  
Now the wind had departed  
Not a leaf was hanging on the tree like when  
it started

But I know they will return  
Like they've never gone away  
Come Ascension Day

RED COTTON

I'm cutting up her pure white dress  
That I dyed red  
That I dyed red  
I'm putting scraps in cheap tin lockets  
What time erases and memory mocks  
I'll send them over the ocean foam  
Right into those gentle European homes

The slave ship "Blessing" slipped from Liverpool  
Over the waves the Royal Navy rules  
To go and plunder the Kingdom of Benin  
Where certain history ends and shame begins  
Dahomey traders paid in powder and shot  
Line up their prisoners and they sell them in lots  
They packed them tight inside those coffin ships  
And they took them to the brand new  
world of auction blocks and whips

I'm cutting up her pure white dress  
That I dyed red  
That I dyed red  
I'm putting scraps in cheap tin lockets  
What time erases and memory mocks  
I'll send them over the ocean foam  
Right into those gentle European homes

White is the sheet on your fine linen bed  
The blood stained red on each cotton thread  
The merchants gather at St. George's Hall  
To unveil the kneeling slave who is carved  
upon the wall  
Picture the scene at the Old Salt House docks  
Where they loaded the iron shackles and locks  
Between a sandstone crocodile, a barrel  
and a bale  
You will see the nameless faces they were  
offering for sale

So, I sing the praises of God's glory  
As a blue cetacean floats in the basement  
An elephant on the second storey  
And they queue all day to see him  
In my American Museum

But the Lord will judge us with fire and thunder  
As man continues with all his blunders  
It's only money  
It's only numbers  
Maybe it is time to put aside these fictitious wonders

But man is feeble  
Man is puny  
And if it should divide the Union  
There is no man who should own another  
When he can't even recognise his sister and  
his brother

VERONICA

Is it all in that pretty little head of yours?  
What goes on in that place in the dark?  
Well, I used to know a girl and I would have  
sworn that her name was Veronica  
Well, she used to have a carefree mind of her  
own and a delicate look in her eye  
These days I'm afraid she's not even sure if her  
name is Veronica

Chorus:  
Do you suppose that waiting hands on eyes,  
Veronica has gone to hide?  
And all the time she laughs at those who shout  
her name and steal her clothes  
Veronica  
Veronica  
Veronica

Did the days drag by? Did the favours wane?  
Did he roam down the town all the time?  
Will you wake from your dream with a wolf at  
the door, reaching out for Veronica?  
Well it was all of sixty-five years ago  
When the world was the street where she lived  
And a young man sailed on a ship in the sea  
with a picture of Veronica

On the "Empress of India"  
And as she closed her eyes upon the world  
And picked upon the bones of last week's news  
She spoke his name out loud again

Chorus

Veronica sits in her favourite chair, as they  
come with their regular pill  
And they call her a name that they never  
get right  
While telling her that she must sit still  
But she always had a carefree mind of her own,  
with a devilish look in her eye  
Saying "You can call me anything you like, but  
my name is Veronica"

Chorus

IN THE DARKEST PLACE

In the darkest place  
I know  
That is where you'll find me  
Even though you didn't have to remind me  
I shut out the lights  
Your eyes adjust  
They'll never be the same  
You know I love you so  
Let's start again

Since you put me down  
it seems  
I've been very gloomy  
You may laugh,  
But pretty girls look right through me  
They don't sense the faintest glimmering  
That is the torch I bear  
There's light enough for me to find my way

But I only have to tell myself that by now  
You could be with someone else  
Is there light beneath your door and  
laughter from within?  
Do your friends come around  
Saying, "Try to find another lover?"  
He won't love you like I do

In the darkest place  
I'm lost  
I have abandoned every hope  
Maybe you'll understand I must  
Shut out the light  
Your eyes adjust  
They'll never be the same  
You know I love you so

Let's start again  
Do your friends come around  
Saying, "Try to find another lover?"  
He won't love you like I do

In the darkest place  
That is where you'll find me  
In the darkest place  
That is where you'll find me

I WANT TO VANISH

I want to vanish  
This is my fondest wish  
To go where I cannot be captured  
Laid on a decorated dish  
Even in splendor this curious fate  
Is more than I care to surrender  
Now it's too late

Chorus:  
Whether in wonder or indecent haste  
You arrange the mirrors and the spoils  
To snare the rare and precious jewels  
That were only made of paste

If you should stumble upon my last remark  
I'm crying in the wilderness  
I'm trying my best to make it dark  
How can I tell you I'm rarer than most  
I'm certain as a lost dog  
Pondering a sign post

Chorus

I want to vanish  
This is my last request  
I've given you the awful truth  
Now give me my rest

MY DARK LIFE

She says nobody wants to believe  
You're the same as everyone.  
What makes me unique? My Dark Life

There was a kink in the world  
Sent that statue tumbling  
An invitation east  
So we could watch it all crumbling

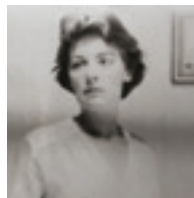
WHEN THE DAZZLE  
AND THE GLARE  
OF THE FLASHBULB  
CLEARED, I THOUGHT,  
WHAT THE HELL AM  
I DOING?



SHE WAS SO BEAUTIFUL.

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I LOOKED LIKE AN UNMADE BED...



THERE WAS THAT REFERENCE TO  
ALLAN SHERMAN'S TRIP TO A SUMMER  
CAMP, IN GOON SQUAD.

"MOTHER, FATHER, I'M HERE IN THE ZOO.  
I CAN'T COME HOME 'CAUSE I'VE  
GROWN UP TOO SOON"



She came on like a light and so softly she spoke:  
"You don't know, you don't know about my  
dark life"  
And you think you're a guest, you're a tourist  
at best  
Peering into the corners of my dark life  
Now that you tear your dreams from  
consumptive ballerinas  
She'll stand on tiptoe for you in her gray and  
tattered tutu.  
She stays where she is 'cause of voyeurs like these  
With an accusative look that says "My Dark Life".

Robber men await you there in each  
beguiling alley  
To shake you and to pierce you there and  
remind you of My Dark Life

Enter the pious elite, in their preening finery,  
And bang the tambourine  
They're dining on rice paper scenery  
See how the villain attracts envious glances  
from everyone  
She's waitressing by day  
It doesn't bring in much money now

And the strong concealed arms set off bells  
and alarms  
In the strangest locations of My Dark Life  
But the fantasy slipped as he tipped her  
in cigarettes  
She tries to smile very graciously when she  
wants to kill him  
Now the victory is sweet you get down on  
your knees  
It's the perfect position for kissing western leather

So they came from Ugly Texas and from  
Nameless Tennessee  
From peculiar Missouri and from places  
closer to me  
All the cream of Heartless England, cheered the  
carnival is over  
There are remnants of red army bandsmen  
played "America, The Beautiful"

## THE OTHER SIDE OF SUMMER

The sun struggles up another beautiful day  
And I felt glad in my own suspicious way  
Despite the contradiction and confusion

Felt tragic without reason  
There's malice and there's magic in every season

Chorus:  
From the foaming breakers of the poison-  
ous surf  
The other side of Summer  
To the burning forests in the hills of Astroturf  
The other side of Summer

The automatic gates close up between the  
shanties and the palace  
The blowtorch amusements, the voodoo chalice  
The pale pathetic promises that  
everybody swallows  
A teenage girl is crying 'cos she don't look like  
a million dollars  
So help her if you can  
'Cos she don't seem to have the attention span

Chorus  
Was it a millionaire who said "imagine  
no possessions"?  
A poor little schoolboy who said "we don't need  
no lessons"?  
The rabid rebel dogs ransack the shampoo shop  
The pop princess is downtown shooting up  
And if that goddess is fit for burning  
The sun will struggle up the world will still  
keep turning

Madman standing by the side of the road saying  
"Look at my eyes, look at my eyes, look at my  
eyes, look at my eyes"  
Now you can't afford to fake all the drugs your  
parents used to take  
Because of their mistakes you'd better be  
wide awake

Chorus

The mightiest rose  
The absence of perfume  
The casual killers  
The military curfew  
The cardboard city  
An unwanted birthday  
The other side of summer

The dancing was desperate, the music was worse  
They bury your dreams and dig up the worthless

Goodnight  
God bless  
And kiss "goodbye" to the earth  
The other side of summer

## LONDON'S BRILLIANT PARADE

Outside my window not long before sleep  
arrives they come with their sirens  
And they sweep away all the boys busy draining  
the joy from their lives  
They never said their prayers out loud

And while I'm dreaming There's a passing  
motor car  
That broadcasts a popular song  
And a girl appears to be saying  
"Do you think that I'm going to go far?"

First Chorus:  
Just look at me, I'm having the time of my life  
Or something quite like it  
When I'm walking out and about In London's  
brilliant parade

She's one of those girls that you just can't place  
You feel guilty desiring such an innocent face  
But of course they knew that when they  
cast her  
Along with the red Routemaster  
And the film takes place in an MGB  
And a perfect re-creation of "The Speakeasy"  
Everybody looks happy and twisted  
Though she probably never existed  
For old times' sake, Don't let me awake

I wouldn't want you to walk across  
Hungerford Bridge  
Especially at twilight  
Looking through the bolts and the girders  
Into the water below  
You'll never find your answer there

They sounded the "all-clear" in the  
occidental bazaar  
They used to call Oxford Street  
Now the bankrupt souls in the city  
Are finally tasting defeat

Second Chorus  
Don't look at me



I'm having the time of my life  
Or something quite like it  
When I'm walking out and about  
In London's brilliant parade

From the gates of St. Mary's  
There were horses in Olympia  
And a trolley bus in Fulham Broadway  
The lions and the tigers in Regents Park  
- couldn't pay their way  
And now they're not the only ones  
At the Hammersmith Palais in Kensington and  
Camden Town  
There's a part that I used to play;  
The lovely Diorama is really part of the  
drama, I'd say

First Chorus

**GHOST TRAIN**

Maureen and Stan were looking for a job  
They got songs for every occasion  
And a little limelight robbery  
No one will employ them  
There's nothing to decide  
So he autographs his overdrift  
While she goes out of her mind  
Stuck on the wall with a thousand faces  
Unwanted posters of the haunted places

Chorus:  
Roll up for the ghost train  
Non-stop through the city  
Step right up and show your face  
We only want the pretty ones

Maureen and Stan at the skating rink  
Looking for the drummer who threw up in  
the sink  
Laughing and singing, dressed up like dice  
Maybe they could freeze to death out there  
on the ice  
Look at the graceful way she dances  
One foot speaks, the other answers

Chorus

She plays the queen of the fleapit  
He plays a Spanish guitar  
He got a black eye from a waitress  
She's not seeing any stars

You can be refused, you can be replaced  
You can change your name but you can't  
change your face  
While they make believe it's just another holiday  
They turn on each other when they hear that  
joker say

Chorus

**SUIT OF LIGHTS**

While Nat King Cole sings "Welcome To  
My World"  
You request some song you hate you  
sentimental fool  
And it's the force of habit  
If it moves then you fuck it  
If it doesn't move you stab it  
And I thought I heard "The Working Man's Blues"  
He went out to work that night and wasted  
his breath  
Outside there was a public execution  
Inside he died a thousand deaths

Chorus:

And they pulled him out of the cold cold ground  
And they pulled him out of the cold cold ground  
And they pulled him out of the cold cold ground  
And they put him in a suit of lights

In the perforated first editions  
Where they advocate the hangman's noose  
Then tell the sorry tale of the spent Princess  
Her uncouth escort looking down her dress  
Anyway they say that she wears the trousers  
And learnt everything that she does  
And doesn't know if she should tell him yes  
Or let him go

Chorus

Well it's a dog's life in a rope leash or a  
diamond collar  
It's enough to make you think right now  
But you don't bother

For goodness sake as you cry and shake  
Let's keep you face down in the dirt where  
you belong  
And think of all the pleasure that it brings

Though you know that it's wrong  
And there's still life in your body  
But most of it's leaving  
Can't you give us all a break  
Can't you stop breathing  
And I thought I heard "The Working  
Man's Blues"  
I went to work that night and wasted my breath  
Outside they're painting tar on somebody  
It's the closest to a work of art that they  
will ever be

Chorus

**JIMMIE STANDING IN  
THE RAIN**

Third-Class ticket in his pocket  
Punching out the shadow's underneath  
the sockets  
Tweed coat turned up against the fog

Slow coaches rolling o'er the moor  
Between the very memory  
And approaches of war

Stale bread curling on a luncheon counter  
Loose change lonely, not the right amount

Forgotten Man of an indifferent nation  
Waiting on a platform at a Lancashire station  
Somebody's calling you again  
The sky is falling  
Jimmie standing in the rain

Nobody wants to buy a counterfeited prairie  
hullabal in a colliery town  
The hip flask and fumbled skein of some  
stagedoor Josephine is all he'll get now  
Eyes going in and out of focus  
Mild and bitter from tuberculosis

Forgotten Man  
Indifferent nation  
Waiting on a platform at a Lancashire station  
Somebody's calling you again  
The sky is falling  
Jimmie standing in the rain

Her soft breath was gentle on his neck  
If he could choose the time to die

Then he would come and go like this  
Underneath the painted sky

She woke up and called him "Charlie"  
by mistake  
And then in shame began to cry  
Tarnished silver band peals off a phrase  
And then warms their hands around the brazier

Forgotten Man  
Indifferent nation  
Waiting on a platform at a Lancashire station  
Somebody's calling you again  
It's finally dawning  
Jimmie standing in the rain

Brilliantine glistening  
Your soft plaintive whistling  
And your wan wandering smile

Died down at The Hippodrome  
Now you're walking off to jeers,  
the lonely sound of jingling spurs,  
the "toodle-doots" and "Oh, my dears"  
down at "The Argyle"

Vile vaudevillians applaud sobriety  
There's no place for a half-cut cowboy in  
polite society

Forgotten Man  
Indifferent nation  
Waiting on a platform at a Lancashire station  
Somebody's calling you again  
It's finally dawning  
Jimmie standing in the rain

**THE BIRDS WILL STILL  
BE SINGING**

Summertime withers as the sun descends  
He wants to kiss you, will you condescend?  
Before you wake and find a chill within  
your bones

Under a fine canopy of lover's dust and  
humourous bones  
Banish all dismay  
Extinguish every sorrow

Eternity stinks, my darling. That's no joke  
Don't waste your precious time pretending  
you're heartbroken

There will be tears and candles  
Pretty words to say  
Spare me the lily-white lily  
With the awful perfume of decay

Banish all dismay  
Extinguish every sorrow  
If I'm lost or I'm forgiven  
The birds will still be singing

It's so hard to tear myself away  
Even when you know it's over  
It's too much to say.

Banish all dismay  
Extinguish every sorrow  
If I'm lost or I'm forgiven  
The birds will still be singing

**WISE UP GHOST**

Last lions roar before they're tamed  
I stood out in the glorious reign  
Knowing full well I can't go home again  
Wise Up Ghost

Wise Up  
When are you going to rise up?  
Wise Up Ghost  
Yield some sighs up  
Wise Up Ghost

Go on your merry way now if you must  
Fool's Gold turns rivets into rust  
'Til you don't know who to trust  
Wise Up Ghost

Chorus:  
Wise Up  
When are you going to rise up?  
Wise Up Ghost (Wise Up Ghost)  
Yield some sighs up (Wise Up Ghost)  
Wise Up Ghost (Wise Up Ghost)

Old woman living in a cardboard shoe  
Lost so many souls, she don't know  
what to do  
So, say your prayers 'cos down the stairs  
it's 1932  
Wise Up Ghost

She revolves around a sparkling pole

Stares into the mirrored wall  
Sees another woman walking through a market stall  
(She's pulling out the pin)  
Wise Up Ghost  
(She's pulling out the pin)

Chorus

Lost girl found on the radio  
Down around Larado  
Go direct to hell you murdering so-and-so  
Wise Up Ghost

Trapped within a House of Feathers  
Sitting in a Shirt of Wire  
Howling at a Wall of Flowers  
Saying "Wise Up Ghost"

Chorus

I walked along an iron pier  
Where Rose's kisses turned to tears  
Saltwater rushing over the pebbles under there  
Wise Up Ghost

Last sigh of passion  
Slipped into the room like an assassin  
Glad tidings we bring  
For you and your King  
Wise Up Ghost

Chorus

Last lions roar before they're tamed  
I stood out in the glorious reign  
Knowing full well I can't go home again  
Wise Up Ghost

Wise Up  
When are you going to rise up?  
Wise Up Ghost  
Yield some sighs up  
Wise Up Ghost

**ALMOST BLUE**

Almost blue  
Almost doing things we used to do  
There's a girl here and she's almost you  
Almost all the things that your eyes  
once promised



I see in hers too  
Now your eyes are red from crying

Almost blue  
Flirting with this disaster became me  
It named me as the fool who only aimed to be

Almost blue  
It's almost touching it will almost do  
There is a part of me that's always true...always  
Not all good things come to an end now it is  
only a chosen few  
I've seen such an unhappy couple

Almost me  
Almost you  
Almost blue

## ALL THE RAGE

The twitching impulse is to speak your mind  
I'll lend you my microscope and maybe you  
will find it  
Is it in that ugly place that's just behind  
your face?  
Where you keep my picture still  
Despite the fact that you had me replaced

Chorus:  
Say "Goodbye"  
Baby can't you act your age?  
You know why  
I'm going to give it to you straight  
Although I'll never be unhappy as you want  
me to be  
Still it's all the rage

I'll probably play along left to my own devices  
Spare me the drone of your advice  
The sins of garter and gin confession may delay  
You know the measuring pole, the merry  
boots of clay?  
I've heard it all before  
You'll say it anyway

Chorus

Alone with your tweezers and your handkerchief  
You murder time and truth, love, laughter  
and belief  
So don't try to touch my heart, it's darker  
than you think

And don't try to read my mind because it's full  
of disappearing ink

Chorus

Although I'll never be  
Unhappy as you want me to be  
Still it's all the rage

## COULDN'T CALL IT UNEXPECTED NO. 4

I saw a girl who'd found her consolation  
She said "One day my Prince of Peace will come"  
Above her head a portrait of her father  
The wilted favour that he gave her still fastened  
to the frame  
"They've got his bones and everything he owns,  
I've got his name"

Well you can laugh at this sentimental story  
But in time you'll have to make amends  
The sudden chill where lovers doubt  
their immortality  
As the clouds cover the sky the evening ends  
Describing a picture of eyes finally closing  
As you sometimes glimpse terrible faces  
in the fire

Well I'm the lucky goon  
Who composed this tune from birds arranged  
on the high wire

Who on earth is tapping at the window?  
Does that face still linger at the pane?  
I saw you shiver though the room was like  
a furnace  
A shadow of regret across a young mother's face  
So toll the bell  
Or rock the cradle  
Please don't let me fear anything I  
cannot explain  
I can't believe, I'll never believe in anything again

## ALISON

Oh it's so funny to be seeing you after so long, girl.  
And with the way you look I understand  
that you were not impressed.  
But I heard you let that little friend of mine  
take off your party dress.

I'm not going to get too sentimental like  
those other  
sticky valentines, 'cause I don't know if you've  
been loving somebody.  
I only know it isn't mine.

Alison, I know this world is killing you.  
Oh, Alison, my aim is true.

Well I see you've got a husband now.  
Did he leave your pretty fingers lying  
in the wedding cake?  
You used to hold him right in your hand.  
I'll bet he took all he could take.  
Sometimes I wish that I could stop you  
from talking  
when I hear the silly things that you say.  
I think somebody better put out the big light,  
'cause I can't stand to see you this way.

Alison, I know this world is killing you.  
Oh, Alison, my aim is true.  
My aim is true.

## MY THREE SONS

Day is dawning  
Almost sounded like a warning  
Wind was rushing through the trees  
almost roaring  
I never thought that I'd become  
The proud father of My three sons

Here's a fragment  
Between the shame and the sentiment  
For all the years that I might have been absent  
I can't do what can't be undone  
Oh no, my three sons

I love you more than I can say  
What I give to one  
The other cannot take away  
I bless the day you came to be  
With everything that is left to me

Here's your pillow  
Go to sleep and I will follow  
May you never have any more sorrows  
That's not something you can count upon  
Still I want it for my three sons

Deep in the night I turn cold and sick

But I only curse arithmetic  
I bless the day that you came to be  
With everything that is left to me

Day is closing  
Old men and infants are dozing  
That's the kind of life I've chosen  
Just see what I've become  
The humble father of my three sons  
The humbled father of my three sons

## I'M IN THE MOOD AGAIN

Hail to the taxis  
They go where I go  
Farewell the newspapers that know more  
than I know  
Flung under a street-lamp still burning  
at dawn  
I'm in the mood again

I walk the damp streets rather than slumber  
Along past the fine windows of shameless  
and plunder  
But none of their riches could ever compare  
I'm in the mood again

I don't know what's come over me  
But it's nothing that I'm doing wrong  
You took the breath right out of me  
Now you'll find it in the early hours  
In a lover's song

I lay my head down on fine linens and satins  
Away from the mad hatters who live  
in Manhattan  
The Empire State Building illuminating  
the sky  
I'm in the mood, I'm in the mood,  
I'm in the mood again

## APRIL 5TH

You want love  
But it's never deep enough  
You want life  
But it's never long enough  
You want peace  
Like it's something you can buy  
You want time  
But you're content to watch it fly

I'm not afraid  
And I refuse to be  
I can't fall there's nothing to stop me

You believe in dreams in dream-forsaken land  
You believe the heart  
Is the measure of the man  
It's an old love story  
And I swear to God it's true  
You believe in me  
And I believe in you

I'm not afraid  
And I refuse to be  
I can't fall there's nothing to stop me

You want imagination  
But you cannot pretend  
You need air  
But you won't even break a window  
You want space  
And some pretty stars to lend  
You want freewill  
Or something like it that you can bend

I can't think  
It's getting hard to do  
You can't fail  
There's nothing to stop you

It's an old love story  
And I swear to God it's true  
You believe in me  
And I believe in you

## I CAN'T TURN IT OFF

Basement babies strangling saxophones  
They got twisted motives, they got eyes  
of stone  
And it's a terminal condition that is tattooed  
on their shoes  
It's not that they don't need you  
They're too mixed up to choose

Broken noses hung up high on the wall  
Back-slapping drinkers cheer the  
championship brawl  
But they're so punch drunk they don't  
understand the word defeat  
They can take you out and shoot you  
They can't confiscate that beat

Steam engineer breaks down in the newsreel  
He's seen the future of the diesel wheel  
Listen to the hammers falling in the breaker's yard  
When you're used to the glamour it comes at  
you twice as hard

Sometimes I think that I have had enough  
Sometimes I scare myself by giving up  
Oh you know that I can't turn it off

Young girl rehearses all her blackmail faces  
She's looking for the love that lasts  
She'd never break the hearts of any aces  
But she's learning pretty fast

I've seen those clowns running all over town  
They're trying to satisfy all of their  
carnival desires  
They start out looking for their own melody  
And they end up in the closing time choirs

All you lucky people crying in your beer  
When it comes down to silence not even tears  
You're in real trouble between the two  
When it comes down to me  
And it comes down to you

But there must be something you're  
allowed to keep  
In between all these pantomimes  
Oh it's very easy to let love fall asleep  
When you are worrying about hard times

Sometimes I think that I have had enough  
Sometimes I scare myself by giving up  
Oh you know that I can't turn it off





IT HAD SEEMED A SHOCKING,  
 REVOLUTIONARY SONG WHEN I WAS  
 SEVENTEEN AND PEOPLE WERE USING  
 THE PAST AS A DRESSING-UP BOX.  
 THE WORDS WERE GRAVE AND THE  
 MUSIC HAD SOUL...

#### DISC 1

##### 1. **ELVIS COSTELLO AND STEVE NIEVE**

###### **ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN (LIVE)**

(Elvis Costello)

Produced by Nick Lowe

From the 7" single *Live At Hollywood High* (1979)

##### 2. **ELVIS COSTELLO** **POISON MOON**

(Elvis Costello)

First issued on the 2CD expanded edition of *My Aim Is True* (2001)

##### 3. **ELVIS COSTELLO** **WATCHING THE DETECTIVES**

(Elvis Costello)

Produced by Nick Lowe

From the album *My Aim Is True* (1977)

##### 4. **ELVIS COSTELLO AND THE ATTRACTIONS** **OLIVER'S ARMY**

(Elvis Costello)

Produced by Nick Lowe

From the album *Armed Forces* (1979)

##### 5. **ELVIS COSTELLO AND THE ATTRACTIONS** **RIOT ACT**

(Elvis Costello)

Produced By Nick Lowe

From the album *Get Happy!* (1980)

##### 6. **ELVIS COSTELLO AND THE ATTRACTIONS** **NEW LACE SLEEVES**

(Elvis Costello)

Produced by Nick Lowe in association with Roger Bechirian

From the album *Trust* (1981)

##### 7. **ELVIS COSTELLO AND THE ATTRACTIONS** **MAN OUT OF TIME**

(Elvis Costello)

Produced by Geoff Emerick from an original idea by Elvis Costello

From the album *Imperial Bedroom* (1982)

##### 8. **ELVIS COSTELLO AND THE ATTRACTIONS** **I WANT YOU**

(Declan MacManus)

Produced by Nick Lowe with Colin Fairley

From the album *Blood & Chocolate* (1986)

##### 9. **ELVIS COSTELLO** **WHEN I WAS CRUEL NO.2**

(Elvis Costello)

Produced by The Imposter

From the album *When I Was Cruel* (2002)

##### 10. **GEORGE JONES WITH ELVIS COSTELLO** **STRANGER IN THE HOUSE**

(Elvis Costello)

Produced by Billy Sherrill

From the George Jones album *My Very Special Guests* (1979)

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##### 11. **ELVIS COSTELLO AND THE ATTRACTIONS** **BEYOND BELIEF**

(Elvis Costello)

Produced by Geoff Emerick from an original idea by Elvis Costello

From the album *Imperial Bedroom* (1982)

##### 12. **ELVIS COSTELLO AND THE ATTRACTIONS** **HOME TRUTH**

(Elvis Costello)

Produced by Clive Langer and Alan Winstanley

From the album *Goodbye Cruel World* (1984)

##### 13. **THE COSTELLO SHOW** **FEATURING HIS CONFEDERATES** **INDOOR FIREWORKS**

(Elvis Costello)

Produced by J. Henry (T-Bone) Burnett and

Declan Patrick Aloysius MacManus with Larry Kalman Hirsch

From the album *King Of America* (1986)

##### 14. **ELVIS COSTELLO AND THE ATTRACTIONS** **SHIPBUILDING**

(Elvis Costello)

Produced by Clive Langer and Alan Winstanley

From the album *Punch The Clock* (1983)

15. **ELVIS COSTELLO AND THE ROOTS  
CINCO MINUTOS CON VOS**  
(Costello, Thompson, Mandel)  
Produced by Elvis Costello, Ahmir "Questlove" Thompson and Steve Mandel  
From the album *Wise Up Ghost* (2013)
  16. **ELVIS COSTELLO AND THE IMPOSTERS  
BEDLAM**  
(Elvis Costello)  
Produced by Dennis Herring and Elvis Costello  
From the album *The Delivery Man* (2004)
  17. **ELVIS COSTELLO  
DEEP DARK TRUTHFUL MIRROR**  
(D.P.A. Mac Manus)  
Produced by Elvis Costello, Kevin Killen and T Bone Burnett  
From the album *Spike* (1989)  
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  18. **ELVIS COSTELLO & ALLEN TOUSSAINT  
ASCENSION DAY**  
(Words by Elvis Costello, Music by Roy Byrd/Allen Toussaint)  
Produced by Joe Henry  
From the album *The River In Reverse* (2006)
  19. **ELVIS COSTELLO AND THE SUGARCANES  
RED COTTON**  
(Elvis Costello)  
Produced by T Bone Burnett  
From the album *Secret, Profane & Sugarcane* (2009)  
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- DISC 2
1. **ELVIS COSTELLO  
VERONICA [DEMO]**  
(Paul McCartney / D.P.A. Mac Manus)  
First issued as the B-side of *So Like Candy* (1991)  
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  2. **ELVIS COSTELLO WITH BURT BACHARACH  
IN THE DARKEST PLACE**  
(Burt Bacharach / Elvis Costello)  
Produced by Burt Bacharach and Elvis Costello  
From the album *Painted From Memory* (1998)
  3. **ELVIS COSTELLO AND THE ATTRACTIONS  
I WANT TO VANISH**  
(Elvis Costello)  
Produced by Geoff Emerick and Elvis Costello  
From the album *All This Useless Beauty* (1996)  
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  4. **ELVIS COSTELLO WITH BRIAN ENO  
MY DARK LIFE**  
(Elvis Costello)  
Produced by Brian Eno and Elvis Costello  
First issued on *Songs In The Key Of X: Music From And Inspired By The X-Files* (1996)  
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  5. **ELVIS COSTELLO  
THE OTHER SIDE OF SUMMER**  
(D.P.A. Mac Manus)  
Produced by Mitchell Froom, Kevin Killen and D.P.A. Mac Manus  
From the album *Mighty Like A Rose* (1991)  
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  6. **ELVIS COSTELLO  
LONDON'S BRILLIANT PARADE**  
(Elvis Costello)  
Produced by Mitchell Froom and Elvis Costello  
From the album *Brutal Youth* (1994)  
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  7. **ELVIS COSTELLO  
GHOST TRAIN**  
(Elvis Costello)  
Produced By Nick Lowe  
First issued as the B-side of *New Amsterdam* (1980)
  8. **THE COSTELLO SHOW  
FEATURING HIS CONFEDERATES  
SUIT OF LIGHTS**  
(Elvis Costello)  
Produced by J. Henry (T-Bone) Burnett and Declan Patrick Aloysius MacManus with Larry Kalman Hirsch  
From the album *King Of America* (1986)
  9. **ELVIS COSTELLO AND THE SUGARCANES  
JIMMIE STANDING IN THE RAIN**  
(Elvis Costello)  
Produced by T Bone Burnett  
From the album *National Ransom* (2010)  
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  10. **ELVIS COSTELLO AND  
THE BRODSKY QUARTET  
THE BIRDS WILL STILL BE SINGING**  
(MacManus)  
Produced by Kevin Killen, Elvis Costello and The Brodsky Quartet  
From the album *The Juliette Letters* (1993)  
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  11. **ELVIS COSTELLO AND THE ROOTS  
WISE UP GHOST**  
(Costello, Thompson, Mandel)  
Produced by Elvis Costello, Ahmir "Questlove" Thompson and Steve Mandel  
From the album *Wise Up Ghost* (2013)
  12. **ELVIS COSTELLO AND THE ATTRACTIONS  
ALMOST BLUE**  
(Elvis Costello)  
Produced by Geoff Emerick from an original idea by Elvis Costello  
From the album *Imperial Bedroom* (1982)
  13. **ELVIS COSTELLO  
ALL THE RAGE**  
(Elvis Costello)  
Produced by Mitchell Froom and Elvis Costello  
From the album *Brutal Youth* (1994)  
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  14. **ELVIS COSTELLO  
COULDN'T CALL IT UNEXPECTED NO. 4**  
(D.P.A. MacManus)  
Produced by Mitchell Froom, Kevin Killen and D.P.A. MacManus  
From the album *Mighty Like A Rose* (1991)  
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  15. **ELVIS COSTELLO  
ALISON**  
(Elvis Costello)  
Produced by Nick Lowe  
From the album *My Aim Is True* (1977)
  16. **ELVIS COSTELLO AND THE IMPOSTERS  
MY THREE SONS**  
(Elvis Costello)  
Produced by Elvis Costello and Jason Lader  
From the album *Momufuku* (2008)
  17. **ELVIS COSTELLO  
I'M IN THE MOOD AGAIN**  
(Elvis Costello)  
Produced by Elvis Costello  
From the album *North* (2003)
  18. **ROSANNE CASH, ELVIS COSTELLO  
AND KRIS KRISTOFFERSON  
APRIL 5TH**  
(Rosanne Cash, Elvis Costello, Kristofferson and John Leventhal)  
Produced by John Leventhal  
Previously Unreleased (2008)
  19. **ELVIS COSTELLO  
I CAN'T TURN IT OFF**  
(D.P. Costello)  
Previously Unreleased (1975)



#### COMPILED BY ELVIS COSTELLO

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*UMe A&R:* Michael Murphy

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*Page 8 lower right, Page 14 bottom center and bottom right:* Chalkie Davies

*Page 9, Page 14 bottom left:* Davies and Starr

*Page 15, upper right:*

Kris Kristofferson, Rosanne Cash and Elvis Costello photographed by Jill Krentz

on April 5th, 2008 at NY Noise Studio, NYC.

*Page 15, lower right:* M. Kuwamoto

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"WHEN SUMMER  
 COMES THERE WILL BE  
 A DREAM OF PEACE  
 AND A BREATH THAT  
 I'VE HELD SO LONG  
 THAT I CANNOT  
 RELEASE"

—From "When Summer Comes" by Peterson/Costello



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Elvis Costello and Steve Nieve
2. **POISON MOON**  
Elvis Costello
3. **WATCHING THE DETECTIVES**  
Elvis Costello
4. **OLIVER'S ARMY**  
Elvis Costello and The Attractions
5. **RIOT ACT**  
Elvis Costello and The Attractions
6. **NEW LACE SLEEVES**  
Elvis Costello and The Attractions
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Elvis Costello and The Attractions
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George Jones with Elvis Costello
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D.P. Costello

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