

Elvis Costello, Expert Rites

I marvel at the wonder of it in our souless age
Fast flow the tears upon the page
Don't be alarmed I am her friend
Will I be excused if I presume
It's more than disappointment that we share
You share the same sorry life, the families fight,
that unhappy blade you both invite
This romantic ideal has a lonely appeal
I once loved someone the way that you do
But I had to let her go
I live with my regret
Don't despair my would-be Juliet