

# Elvis Costello, Mistress And Maid

(McCartney/MacManus)

She said, "Come in, my dear,  
You're looking tired tonight  
Your bath is drawn, let me loosen your tie  
And fix you your usual drink"

He settles back  
Takes a magazine  
Kicks off his shoes  
As he studies the form  
Of every appealing soubrette

But where are the flowers that he used to bring?  
Every endearing remark  
Reminds her of passionate promises  
That he only made in the dark  
In her bed

She wants to shout at the back of his head  
Look at me, look at me, look at me  
I'm afraid  
See what it's come to  
I'm just your mistress and maid

The wine is warm  
But the dinner is cold  
The look in his eye tells her it won't be long  
Till the girls on the page come to life

And they'll get the flowers that he used to bring  
With every endearing remark  
And all of the passionate promises  
He'll never fulfil in the dark  
In their bed

She wants to shout at the back of his head  
Look at me, look at me, now that I'm not afraid.  
See what it's come to  
I'm not your mistress and maid

See what it's come to  
I'm not your mistress and maid