

Elvis Costello, Mistress & 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