

# Elvis Costello, My Little Blue Window

This is a calling card  
Maybe it will be a farewell note  
The poison fountain pen now requires the antidote  
But if I avert your gaze  
And I should become a shrinking flower  
Just punch me on the arm  
This could be our finest hour

'Til now this was my view  
But I'm counting on you  
How am I ever going to make you see?  
Nothing in this ugly world comes easily  
I want you to be...

My lovely hooligan  
Come by and smash my pane  
'Til I can see right through  
My little blue window

This is a fingerprint  
Maybe you will feel a fond caress  
But when you start to speak  
Are you tempted to confess?

Well, I was a gloomy soul  
Never thought I see a brighter day  
The dark interior  
Blows those silver clouds away

'Til now this was my view  
But I'm counting on you  
How am I ever going to make you see?  
Nothing in this ugly world comes easily  
I want you to be...

My lovely hooligan  
Come by and smash my pane  
'Til I can see right through  
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