

# Elvis Costello, The People's Limousine

It's a chilly Florentine evening  
Two men in evening hats  
Telling tales of the underground and  
fishing for Reds  
Policemen armed with Uzis  
stand guard but they don't speak  
Ain't seen no Michaeangelo  
he'll be here next week.

The girl in the shoes  
with the crystal heels went chaperoned by her brother  
They raise a glass of amber wine  
take pictures of each other  
of the policemen in the fountains  
and the sickle and the hammer  
and they came with Uncle Romulus  
with his walking cane and camera  
She looked like someone's girlfriend  
she looked like a dream  
she looked as unlikely  
as the people's limousine.

Come and sit by me, girl, before I breathe the breath out of you  
Hush your mouth and cover your eyes for I'll tell your father of you  
He paid to have you painted in the company of angels  
Only to find you flirting anew with Chico Marx and perverted Engels

The patron saint of television smiles down from the shelf  
Romulus can't criticize but he can't bless himself  
He has a tin of pea-green paint and a big roll of black tape  
To vandalize these obscenities then make his escape

She walked up to the nice policeman and asked him for a match  
He saw Romulus approaching and slipped off the safety catch  
Then cut down her uncle, he was painted red and green  
Just as she was kidnapped in the people's limousine.