

Elvis Costello

"...and In Every Home"

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You turn to the sinister when you get the boot
Slidin' down the banister in your Sunday suit
Lyn' on a slag heap of blankets and magazines
She's only thirty-five goin' on seventeen
You'd better roll over and go to sleep if you don't come
clean

And in every home there will be lots of time
I will be all yours, you might have been admired
They say they're very sorry but you are not desired
Oh, heaven preserve us because they don't deserve us

Holdin' your life in your hand
With an artificial limp wrist
And so a young blade becomes a has been
Looking for a new twist

A year after the wedding he broke all their china plates
He's in prison now she's running with his mates
Sees him every Sunday and he asks her where she's
been
She's only thirty-five goin' on seventeen gonna cop a
packet
On a [Incomprehensible] if he ever finds her in
between the sheets

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