

## **Elvis Costello**

# **"Chemistry Class"**

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She throws back her hair, she shows you her mouth  
The breath that I waste trying to ruin your life  
Beauty's on a budget but you take it on the chin  
'Cause you have to do your duty taking orders from the  
kingpin

You've got a chemistry class, I want a piece of your  
mind  
You don't know what you started when you mixed it up  
with mine  
Are you ready for the final solution?  
Oh, oh

Chopped you up in butcher's school  
Threw you out of the academy of garbage  
You'll be a joker all your life, a student at the comedy  
college  
People pleasing, people pleasing, people like you  
You've been around so long but you still don't know  
what to do

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with mine  
Are you ready for the final solution?  
Oh, oh

Sparks are flying from electrical pylons  
Snakes and ladders running up and down her nylons  
Ready to experiment, you're ready to be burned  
If it wasn't for some accidents then some would never  
ever learn

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mind  
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Oh, oh

