

Elvis Costello

"Fish 'n' Chip Paper"

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When Sunday morning dandruff turns out to be confetti
And the cost of living in sin would make a poor man out
of Paul Getty

The girl in your dreams would have you up on an
underage charge

And the man of the moment is the lifer at large

If you've got something to hide, if you've got
something to sell

If you've got somebody's pride she might kiss and tell
Or wind up with a fight fan in the Hammersmith hotel

You better speak up now if you what your piece
You better speak up now it won't mean a thing later
Yesterday's news is tomorrow's fish and chip paper

Your girl says she's leaving and this time she really
means it

You can just look at the pictures, you don't actually
have to read it

There's a man in the launderette

And he's looking through your underwear for clues
And the milkman is working through the news of the
screws

He says

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