

## **Elvis Costello**

### **"Forty - Five"**

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Bells are chiming for victory  
There's a page back in history, 45  
They came back to the world that they fought for  
Didn't turn out just like they thought, 45

Here is a song to sing to do the measuring  
What you lose, what you gain, what you win?

Nine years later a child is born  
There's a record, so you put it on, 45  
Nine years more, if we're lucky now  
Nine-year-old puts his money down, 45

Every scratch, every click, every heartbeat  
Every breath that I held for you, 45  
There's a stack of shellac and vinyl  
Which is yours now and which is mine? 45

Here is a song to sing to do the measuring  
What you lose, what you gain, what you win?

Bass and treble heal every hurt  
There's a rebel in a nylon shirt  
But the words are a mystery, I've heard  
'Til you turn it down to 33 and 1/3  
'Cos it helps with the elocution  
Corporations turn revolutions, 45

So don't you weep and shed  
Just change your name instead  
What you lose when it all goes to your head?  
I heard something peculiar said  
"Perhaps he's got a shot and now he's dead", 45

Bells are chiming and tears are falling  
It creeps up on you without a warning, 45  
Every scratch, every click, every heartbeat  
Every breath that I bless, I'd be lost, I confess, 45  
45, 45, 45  
Yeah

