## Elvis Costello "Georgia And Her Rival"

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Georgie grew to hate her name It sounded like a tiny man And the one she had said, "I can't see you But I'll call you whenever I can"

Sometimes the phone would ring, when she was halfasleep A voice would drag her down with its suggestions Though she often felt cheated

She never felt cheap

Well, heaven knows what fills the heart And makes you feel so alive It's impossible to tear apart Georgie and her rival

It was half-past February And he hadn't called since New Year's Day Maybe he'd found another woman To say those words no chapel girl should say

Her mother would phone and always keep her talking She'd try to be polite, making faces But somewhere in the back of her mind Her rival was stalking

Well, heaven knows what fills the heart And makes you feel so alive It's impossible to tear apart Georgie and her rival

Her rival would always wait 'Til the eighth or ninth bell He'd be desperate anyway And drunk as well

She always liked to hurt him
To prove he was prepared
To love her anyway that she wanted
So she could tell which she preferred

He sat up with his address book

Trying to think what mood he's in His finger traced past Georgie's name To someone who needed less persuading

He didn't hear through her disguise He didn't leave her in a rush Just like the promise that he left On her machine that almost made her blush

The radio plays a lover's symphony
The number you have dialed has been re-directed
Now she puts him on the speaker-phone
Whenever she has company

Well, heaven knows what fills the heart And makes you feel so alive It's impossible to tear apart Georgie and her rival Georgie and her rival

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