

## Elvis Costello

# "Jacksons, Monk And Rowe"

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Sister's four and brother's three  
Hangin' off the family tree  
Practicin' for gettin' old  
Do you want your fortune told

They're lookin' for you high and low  
Now there's nowhere for you to go  
So you'll just have to come out and face the music  
Jacksons, Monk and Rowe

Long ago when we were kids  
And we cut your hair to bits  
As we carried off like spoils  
The heads we'd smash right off your dolls

The wind is changing you know  
Are you sure of your friends and your foe  
Have you got what it takes to carry it off  
Jacksons, Monk and Rowe

As the sun beats down  
And life begins to complicate  
Will we both incinerate  
If we touch that brass name-plate

Messrs. All, noble Sirs  
Highly paid solicitors  
Find enclosed my signed divorce  
Sad proceedings you endorse

The burden of pity will show  
In the people that we used to know  
Have you got enough strength to carry it off  
Jacksons, Monk and Rowe

Jacksons, Monk and Rowe

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