

Kirsty Maccoll**"There's A Guy Works Down The Chip Shop Swears He's El"**

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(Kirsty MacColl/Philip Rambow)

Oh darling why d'you talk so fast
Another evening just flew past tonight
And now the daybreak's coming in
And I can't win and it ain't right
You tell me all you've done and seen
And all the places you have been without me
Well I don't really want to know
But I'll stay quiet and then I'll go
And you won't have no cause to think about me

There's a guy works down the chip shop swears he's
Elvis
Just like you swore to me that you'd be true
There's a guy works down the chip shop swears he's
Elvis
But he's a liar and I'm not sure about you

Oh darling you're so popular
You were the best thing new in Hicksville
With your mohair suits and foreign shoes
Lou says you changed your pickup for a Seville
And now I'm lying here alone
'Cause you're out there on the phone to some star in
New York
I can hear you laughing now
And I can't help feeling that somehow
You don't mean anything you say at all

There's a guy works down the chip shop swears he's
Elvis
Just like you swore to me that you'd be true
There's a guy works down the chip shop swears he's
Elvis
But he's a liar and I'm not sure about you

There's a guy works down the chip shop swears he's
Elvis
Just like you swore to me that you'd be true
There's a guy works down the chip shop swears he's

Elvis

But he's a liar and I'm not sure about you
I said he's a liar and I'm not sure about you
I said he's a liar and I'm not sure about you
I said he's a liar and I'm not sure about you

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