

Georgie and Her Rival

Elvis Costello

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 half-asleep
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 talking
She'd try to be polite, making faces
But somewhere in the back of her mind, her rival was stalking

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Her rival would always wait till 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

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