

...And In Every Home

Elvis Costello

You turn to the sinister when you get the boot
Sliding down the banister in your Sunday suit
Lying on a slag heap of blankets and magazines
She's only thirty-five going on seventeen
You'd better roll over and go to sleep if you don't come clean

And in every home there will be lots of time
I will be all yours you might have been admired
(And in every home there will be lots of time)
They say they're very sorry but you are not desired
Oh heaven preserve us
Oh heaven preserve us
Oh heaven preserve us
Because they don't deserve us

Holding your life in your hand
With an artificial limp wrist
And so a young blade becomes a has-been
Looking for a new twist

A year after the wedding he broke all their china plates
He's in prison now she's running with his mates
Sees him every Sunday
And he asks her where she's been
She's only thirty-five going on seventeen
She's going to cop a packet if he ever finds her
In between the sheets

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