

# Chewing Gum

Elvis Costello

With their cardboard hands by their sides,  
here's a naked man and lady  
And they're yours to cut out and keep  
So you can dress them up maybe  
They don't know just who they are, or who they're  
supposed to be  
You can make them happy or sad  
Or assume their identity  
So here they are in the departure lounge  
It's the "Gateway to the East"  
She is just another mail-order bride  
She doesn't know he's a kinky beast  
So he gives her a picture of Maradona and child  
She wants to "roll and rock"  
As he spills his beer over her, bumps and he  
grinds, as he repeats "Bang-Cock"

There must be something that is better than this  
It starts with a slap and ends up with a kiss  
Begins with you bawling and it ends up in tears  
Oh my little one, take that chewing gum out of  
your ears

She might as well be in the jungle  
She might as well be on the moon  
He's away on a business trip, in Dusseldorf [sic], but  
she's becoming immune  
To the lack of glamour and danger in a West-  
German city today  
The nearest she comes to the "Dynasty" he  
promised her  
Is a Chinese takeaway

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Though he only taught her three little words, it  
doesn't matter if they're dirty or clean  
He can only control what they look like  
He can never possess what they mean  
Now he wants to whisper in her ear  
All the shrinking nothingness  
But something always comes between them,  
I wonder if you can guess

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