

Fish 'N' Chip Paper

Elvis Costello

When Sunday morning dandruff turns out to be confetti
And the cost of living in sin would make a poor man out of Paul
Getty
The girl in your dreams would have you up on an under age charge
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And the man of the moment is the lifer at large

If you've got something to hide, if you've got something to sell
If you've got somebody's pride she might kiss and tell
Or wind up with a fight fan in the Hammersmith Hotel
You better speak up now if you want your piece
You better speak up now
It won't mean a thing later
Yesterday's news is tomorrow's fish and chip paper

Your girl says she's leaving and this time she really means it
You can just look at the pictures, you don't actually have to read it
Ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh
There's a man in the launderette and he's looking through your
underwear
for clues
And the milkman is working through the News of the Screws

He says...

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