

## 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

Well heaven knows what fills the heart and makes you feel so  
alive  
It's impossible to tear apart  
Georgie and her rival

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

Well heaven knows what fills the heart and makes you feel so  
alive  
It's impossible to tear apart  
Georgie and her rival