

## ...This Town...

Elvis Costello

That Charlie Sedarka was a-playing the piano  
like he was pawing a dirty book  
He bit a hole in his big bottom lip and gave his  
very best little boy look  
It was a song with a topical verse which I'm  
afraid he then proceeded to sing  
Something about the moody doomed love of  
the Fish-Finger King

You're nobody in this town  
You're nobody in this crowd  
You're nobody till everybody in this town  
thinks you're poison,  
Got your number knows it must be avoided  
You're nobody till everybody in this town  
thinks you're a bastard

Mr. Getgood moved up to Self-Made Man Row  
Although he swears that he's the salt of the earth  
He's so proud of the "kick-me-hard" sign that  
they hung on his back at birth  
He said "I appreciate beauty, if I have one, then  
it's my fault"  
"Beauty is on my pillow, beauty is there in  
my vault"

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The girl with the eternity rock went down on  
her bookie to buy some stock  
Now all her signs in the shopping arcades say  
"The corporation thief is The New Jesse James"  
Her clothes and her attention were scant, her  
eyes were everywhere,  
Her eyes were like abstinthe [sic]  
The little green figures that dance on his screen  
say everything you want to hear and nothing  
they mean  
They made love while she was changing her dress  
She wiped him off she wiped him out and then  
she made him confess  
A little amused by the belief in her power  
You must remember this it was the fetish of  
the hour

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