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(What's So Funny 'Bout)
Peace, Love And Understanding

Words and Music by Nick Lowe

1. As I walk through

(Verses 2 & 3 see block lyrics)

this wicked world,
searching for light in the darkness of insatiability.

I ask myself:

is all hope lost?

Is there only pain and hatred and misery.

And each
time I feel like this inside, there's one thing I wanna know.

What's so funny 'bout peace, love and understanding?

Oh, what's so funny 'bout peace, love and understanding?
Verse 2:
And as I walk on through troubled times
My spirit gets so downhearted sometimes
So where are the strong and who are the trusted?
And where is the harmony, sweet harmony?

'Cause each time I feel it slip away
Just makes me wanna cry
What's so funny 'bout peace, love and understanding?
Oh, what's so funny 'bout peace, love and understanding?

Verse 3:
Instrumental 8 bars
So where are the strong and who are the trusted
And where is the harmony, sweet harmony?

'Cause each time I feel it slip away
Just makes me wanna cry
What's so funny 'bout peace, love and understanding?
Oh, what's so funny 'bout peace, love and understanding?
Moderately

Don't start me talking:
There was a checkpoint Charlie,

he didn't crack a smile.

My mind goes
sleep-walking while I'm putting the world to right.
laughing party when you've been on the murder mile.

Called careers in formation. Have you got yourself
On-ly takes one itchy trigger, one more widow, one

less white nigger. Oliver's army is here to stay.

Oliver's army are on their way. And I would
rather be anywhere else but here to —
day.

Hong Kong is up for grabs; London is
full of Arabs. We could be in Palestine,
over-run by a Chinese line with the boys from the Mersey and the
Thames and the Tyne. But there's no danger.
It's a professional career, though it could
be arranged with just a word from Mister Churchill's ear.

If you're out of luck or out of work we could send you to

Johannesburg.

Oliver's army is here to stay. Oliver's army are
on their way. And I would rather be anywhere

else but here today. And I would

rather be anywhere else but here to

Repeat and fade

day. Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh,
Watching The Detectives
Words and Music by Elvis Costello

Moderately slow, in 2 (\( \frac{3}{4} \))

Am

Nice girls, not one with a defect, cellulose shrink-wrapped, so correct.

Am

Red dogs under illegal legs.

Am

She looks so good that he gets down and begs.
She is watching the detectives. "Ooh,

he's so cute!" She is watching the detectives when

they shoot, shoot, shoot, they beat him up until the

tear-drops start, but he can't be wounded 'cause he's got no
heart, Long shot of that jumping sign.

Visible shivers running down my spine. Cut the baby taking

off her clothes. Close-up of the sign that says, "We Never Close."
You snatch a tune, you match a cigarette. She pulls the eyes out with a face like a magnet. I don't know how much more of this I can take. She's filling her nails while they're dragging the lake. She is
You think you're alone until you realise you're in it. Now fear is here to stay. Love is here for a visit. They call it instant justice when it's past the legal limit. Someone's scratching at the window. I wonder, who is it? The de-
tectives come to check if you belong to the parents who are
ready to hear the worst about their daughter's disappearance. Though it
nearly took a miracle to get you to stay, it only
took my little fingers to blow you a-
way, just like watching the detectives.

Don't get cute. It's just like watching the detectives.

I get so angry when the tear-drops start, but he can't be wounded 'cause he's got no
heart.

Watching the detectives, it's just like

Watching the detectives.

Watching the detectives.

Watch-ing the de-tect-ives.
Alison
Words and Music by Elvis Costello

Moderately

Moderately

Moderately

Moderately

B

B

G\#m

A

C\#m

B

F\#m

G\#m

B

Oh, it's so

fun-ny to be see-ing you af-ter so long, girl. And with the Well, I see you got a hus-band now. Did he
way you look, I understand that you are not impressed.
leave your pretty fingers lying in the wedding cake?

But I heard you let that little friend of mine—
You used to hold him right in your hand— I'll bet

take off your party dress—
he took all he could take—

I'm not gonna get too sentimental like those
Sometimes I wish that I could stop you from talking when I
other sticky valentines,
hear the silly things that you say.

'cause I don't know if you are loving somebody,
I think somebody better put out the big light, 'cause I only know it isn't mine,
can't stand to see you this way.

Alison, I know this world is kill-
G#7/D#  C#m  B  A
ing you.  Oh,  Al-
son.

E  A  B

my aim is true.

Repeat and fade

D  B  E  A
My aim is true.
(I Don’t Want To Go To) Chelsea

Words and Music by Elvis Costello

Moderately

Bm          A          G          A          Bm          A          G          A

\[ \text{Photographs of fancy tricks to get your kicks at sixty-six.} \]

Bm          A          G          A          Bm          A

\[ \text{He thinks of all the lips that he licks and all the girls that he's} \]

G          A          Bm          A          G          A

\[ \text{gon na fix. She gave a little flirt, gave herself a little cuddle, but there's} \]

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no place here for the mini-skirt waddle. Capital punishment, she's

last year's model. They call her Natasha, but she looks like Elsie.

I don't want to go to Chelsea. Oh, no, it does not move me,

even though I've seen the movie. I don't want to check your pulse.
I don't want nobody else.
I don't want to go to Chelsea.

Everybody's got new orders.
Be a nice girl and kiss the warders.

Now the teacher is away,
All the kids begin to play.
Men come screaming, dressed in white coats, shake you very gently by the throat. One's named Gus, one's named Alfie. I don't want to go to Chelsea. Oh, no, it does not move me.
e-ven though I've seen the mov-ie, I don't want to check your pulse.

I don't want no-body else, I don't want to go to Chel-sea.

D. S.¥ai Coda φ

Repeat and fade
Accidents Will Happen
Words and Music by Elvis Costello

Moderately

D       D/C#    D/B    D/A

Oh, I just don't know where to begin,
so many fish in the sea, that only
so many people to see, so many

G       G/F#  Em7    A

Though he says he'll wait for ever, it's now or never, but she
rise up in the sweat and smoke like mercury. But they
people you can check up on and add to your collection, but they

D       F#m7-5/C F#m7-5/A    G    G/F#

keeps him hanging on. The silly champion,
keep you hanging on. They say you're so young.
keep you hanging on until you're well hung.

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sagen sie nicht: es muss gehen ohne einen kapitel-eins.
mit dem Kopf, aber dein Mund ist unbutton
Mund ist gemacht, aber dein Kopf ist unbutton.
Was passiert wird passieren. Wir

only hit and run. Er war dein Opfer, nun bist du nicht der einzige.

fasten wir passieren. Wir only hit and run. Ich will nicht hören darauf, weil

Bb C To Coda
I. Bb

I know what I've done.

There's
And it's the damage that we do and
ever know. It's the words that we don't say that scare me so. There's

I know what I've, I know what I've done.

I know, I know, I know, I know.
Pump It Up

Words and Music by Elvis Costello

Medium Rock beat

I've been on ten-ter-hooks
She's been a bad girl.

end-ing in dirt-y looks, lis-ting to the Mu zak, think-ing 'bout this 'n' that.
She's like a chem-i-cal. Though you try to stop it, she's like a nar-cot-ic.

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She said that's that. I don't wanna chitter-chat.
You, wanna torture her. You wanna talk to her.
All the things you bought for her,

Turn it down a little bit or
Put it down flat.
Pump it up when you really need it.
Pump it up until you can feel it.
Pump it up when you don't really need it.
Pump it up until you can feel it.

To Coda

37
Down in the pleasure centre, hell bent or heaven sent, listen to the propaganda,

listen to the latest slander. There's nothing underhand that she wouldn't understand.

Pump it up until you can feel it. Pump it up when you don't—

really need it.
Out in the fashion show, down in the bargain bin, you put your passion out

under the pressure pin. Fall into submission, hit-and-run transmission.
No use wishing now for any other sin. Pump it up until you can feel it. Pump it up when you don't really need it.
Radio Radio
Words and Music by Elvis Costello

Moderately fast

I was tuning in the shine on the night dial doing anything my radio advised...
Some of my friends sit around every evening and they worry about the times ahead...

With everyone of those late night stations playing
But everybody else is overwhelmed by indifference and the
songs. bring-ing tears to my eyes, I was se-ri-ous-ly think-ing a-bout
prom-ise of an ear-ly bed. You ei-ther shut up or get cut up; they don't
hid-ing the re-ceiv-er when the wan-na hear a-bout it. It's on-ly inch-es on
the reel - to - reel. And the

They're say-ing things that I can hard-ly be lieve. They real-ly think we're get-ting out of con-
ra-di-o is in the hands of such a lot of fools tryin'to an-aesthesia the way that you

tra. feel.) Ra-di-o is the sound sal-va-tion. Ra-di-o is
cleaning up the nation.

They say you better listen to the

voice of reason.

But they don't

give you any choice 'cause they think that it's treason.

So you had better do as you are told.

You better
listen to the radio.

I want to bite the hand that feeds me. I want to bite that hand so badly.

I want to make them wish they'd never seen me.
I Can't Stand Up For Falling Down

Words and Music by Homer Banks and Allen Jones

1. I'm the living result,
   I'm a man
   (Verse 2 see block lyric)

   who's been hurt a little too

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46
much, and I've tasted all the bitterness of my own tears, sadness
is all my lonely heart can feel.

I can't stand up for falling down.
I can't stand up for falling down.

The vow that we made, (oh)
you broke it in two.

But that don't stop me from loving you.
Verse 2:
Simple though love is
Still it confused me
Why I'm not loved
The way I should be
Now I've lived with heartaches
And I've roomed with fear
I've dealt with despair
And I've wrestled with tears.
With a handful of back pieces
right to work... is traditional.

ers and a bevy of beauty
ed in for the right to refuse admission.

Going off limits, going off duty
they’ve come to

Don’t pass out now, there’s no refund
Did you
Going off the rails, going off with booty. They

do find out what you were missing.

The tell tales of fiction found on they

deceive, winks,

crowd is taking forty winks,

leave him half way to bliss.

all leave you half way to bliss. The

You

lead to a higher, ranking man or a

ladies' invitation never to go.
face seemed linger
with like this.

boys next door, the mums and dads, new wedds and nearly deads,
The long arm of the law slides up the out-
skirts of town,
meanwhile in club-
land they are ready to pull them down.

The
codA

tempt-ment.

Thursday to Saturday

money's gone already,
some things come in com-

mon these days, your hands and work aren't steady.
The
boys next door, the mums and dads, new wed and nearly dears,

Have you ever been had in club land,

in club land, in club land
Good Year For The Roses

Words and Music by Jerry Chesnut

1. I can hardly bear the sight of lipstick on the cigarettes there in the ashtray.

(Verse 2 see block lyric)

Lyin' cold the way you left 'em, but at
least your lips caressed them while you packed...

lip print on a half-filled cup of coffee that you poured and didn't drink.

But at least you thought you wanted it, that's so much more than I can say for me.

What a good year for the
ros - es, ma - ny blooms, still lin - ger there.

The lawn could stand a - no - ther mow - in', fun - ny I don't ev - en
care. As you turn to walk a - way,

as the door be - hind you clos - ses,
Verse 2:
After three full years of marriage
It’s the first time that you haven’t made the bed
I guess the reason we’re not talkin’
There’s so little left to say we haven’t said
While a million thoughts go racing through my mind
I find I haven’t said a word
From the bedroom the familiar sound
Of a baby’s cryin’ goes unheard.
Man Out Of Time

Words and Music by Elvis Costello

So this is where he came to hide
There's a two-penny half-penny millionaire
The biggest wheels of industry

when he ran from you
looking for a four-penny one,
re-tire sharp and short,
in a private detective
with a tight grip on the
and the after dinner

overcoat and dirty dead men's shoes
short hairs of the public imagination
overtures are nothing but an afterthought
The pretty things of Knightsbridge
But for his private wife and kids, somehow real
Somebody's creeping in the kitchen there's

lying for a Minister of State,
life becomes a rum our.
reputation to be made.
Days

are a far cry from the
of Dutch courage, just
Who's nerves are always on a
French letters and a

film

of the

man sense of our
late polishing the blade?
high heel he used to be has been ground down and he
he's got a mind like a sewer and a heart like a fridge, he
Love is always scaring or cowering or fawning, you

listens for the footsteps that would follow him and
stands to be insulted and he pays for the privilege.

drink yourself insensitive and hate yourself in the

round.

To murder my love is a crime but

will you still love a man out of

62
I Wanna Be Loved

Words and Music by Farnell Jenkins

1. Why must I--------be so lonely?
   (Verse 2 see block lyric)

2. Gmaj7

3. When so many people
   pass me by.

4. Cmaj7

5. I've been waiting for oh so long.
I can't be made now, and yet I'm unable to answer why.

to give up now, can you find room for me in your heart somehow?

I wanna be loved, I just wanna be loved.
I wanna be loved.

Verse 2:
I guess I'm a victim of loneliness
But why should this be my destiny?
A foolish man for a lot of my life
Shouldn't there be someone
Someone for me?
I hope and I pray some happy day
That I'll be around to hear you say
I wanna be loved
I just wanna be loved.
Everyday I Write The Book
Words and Music by Elvis Costello

Don't tell me you don't know what love is when you're be-
old enough to know better. When you find strange hands in your

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sweater, when your dream-boat turns out to be a foot-note, I'm a
writer even in a perfect world where ev'-ry-one was equal, I'd still

man with a mission in own the film rights, and be two or three ed-
tions, and

I'm giving you a long-ing look ev'-ry day, ev'-ry day, ev'-ry
day ev'-ry day I write the book. Chapter One

The way you walk.
we didn't really get along, Chapter Two
the way you talk and try to kiss me and laugh.

I think I fell in love with you
in four or five paragraphs.

You said you'd stand by me in the middle of
All your compliments and your cutting remarks are

up to your old tricks in Chapters Four, Five and Six.
} And

70
Ev'ry day, I write the book.

Don't

CODA

Ev'ry day, ev'ry day, ev'ry day I write the book.

book.

Repeat to fade

Ev'ry day, ev'ry day, ev'ry day, ev'ry day I write the book.
Brilliant Mistake

Words and Music by D P A MacManus

1. He

thought he was the King  of A - m e - r i - c a, where
(Verse 2 & 3 see block lyric)

they pour Co - ca Co - la just like vi n - tage wine. Now

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I try hard not to become hysterical, but I'm not sure if I am laughing or crying. I wish that I could push a button and talk in the past and not the present tense. And watch this hurting feeling.
disappear like it was common sense.

It was a fine idea at the time, now it's a brilliant mistake.

1, 2.

2. She

3. He
Verse 2:
She said that she was working for the ABC News
It was as much of the alphabet as she knew how to use
Her perfume was unspeakable, it lingered in the air
Like her artificial laughter, her mementos of affairs.

Oh, I said, I see you know him
Isn’t that very fortunate for you?
And she showed me his calling card
He came third or fourth and there were more than one or two.

He was a fine idea at the time
Now he’s a brilliant mistake.

Verse 3:
He thought he was the King of America
But it was just a boulevard of broken dreams
A trick they do with mirrors and with chemicals
The words of love in whispers and the axe of love in screams.

I wish that I could push a button
And talk in the past and not the present tense
And watch this loving feeling
Disappear like it was common sense.

I was a fine idea at the time
Now I’m a brilliant mistake.
The Other Side Of Summer

Words and Music by D P A MacManus

1. The sun struggles up, another
(On % see block lyric)

beautiful day, and I feel glad in my own suspicious way.

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah in spite of contradiction and con-
-fusion felt tragic without reason, there's malice and there's magic, in every season.

CHORUS

From the foaming breakers of the poisonous surf, the other side of

summer. To the burning forests in the hills of Astro turf, the

To Coda

other side of summer.

1. The automatic

(Verse 2 see block lyric)
gates close up between the shanties and the palace, the blowtorch amusements, the

voodoo chalice. The pale, pathetic promises that everybody swallows, a

teenage girl is crying 'cause she don't look like a million dollars,

so help her if you can, cause she don't seem to
have the attention span.

summer. The mightiest rose, the

absence of perfume, the casual killers, the

military curfew, the cardboard city and an
unwanted birthday, the other side of

summer. The summer the other side of

summer. The other side of summer. The

Verse 2:
Was it a millionaire who said “imagine no possessions”?
A poor little schoolboy who said “we don’t need no lessons”
The rabid rebel dogs ransack the shampoo shop
The pop princess is downtown shooting up
And if that goddess is fit for burning
The sun will struggle up, the world will still keep turning.

On S:
Madam standing by the side of the road saying
“Look at my eyes, look at my eyes, look at my eyes, look at my eyes”
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Now you can’t afford to fake all the drugs your parents used to take
Because of their mistakes you’d better be wide awake.
Sulky Girl
Words and Music by D P A MacManus

1. She wears— a wedding ring, her sister lent to throw
(Verse 2 & 3 see block lyric)

them off the scent, just let them guess, it's what they expect,
who in the world has bitten her neck? She's dis-

covered wearing last night's dress, the carnal and cunning, she could'n't ex-

who do you think she's trying to impress? I

think you'd better hold your tongue, although you've never been that strong, I'm
sor-ry to say that I knew all a-long you're no match for that sulk-y
girl

G D Em Bm
Sulk-y girl. I'm sure you look a picture

G D C F C G D
when you cry. Threat-en-ing
the silent treatment doesn't qualify.

It's like money in the bank. Your expression is blank.

but when the chance appears

you'll be nearer to tears, sulk - y girl. sulk - y
girl. I won't tell you again, what do you gain by blackening her name, she's smarter than you, oh isn't it a shame? You're gonna lose that sullen girl.
Sulky girl

I saw you practising your blackmail faces.

Suddenly you're talking like a duchess but you're still a waitress.

I saw through your pretence.
Verse 2:
She left her European town
Before she let the family down
She couldn't stand the Massacre Game
So she dyed her hair and adopted another name.
With the evidence of passing out
Stamped on her hand
She glows in the dark
He thinks she's from another planet.

Verse 3:
He said “Hello my pretty flower”
Just trying out his tycoon power
Avoiding the mirror, her pitying stare.
She said “You’re mistaken, your money’s no good in here.”
Just some stupid little know-it-all
Who thought she looked easy
He’s not that astute
He’ll pay for the distance between cruelty and beauty.
Tokyo Storm Warning

Words and Music by D P A MacManus and Cait O'Riordan

D9

Percussion

fell over cheap Korean monster movie scenery and

(Verses 2, 3 and 4 see block lyric)

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spilled into the mezzanine of the Crushed Capsule Hotel. Between the Disney abattoir and the chemical refinery, I knew

I was in trouble but I thought I was in hell.

2. So you look_
ho - li - day ques - tions. What do we care if the world is a joke (To - ky - o storm
warn - ing.) we'll give it a big kiss we'll give

(To - ky - o storm warn - ing.) Death wears a big hat

'Tcause he's a big bloke. (To - ky - o storm warn - ing.) We're
Holidays are dirt cheap in the Costa del Malvinas in the Hotel Argentina, they can hardly tell between us for Tersa is a waitress though she's now known as Juanita in a tango bar in Stanley or in Puerto Margarita, she's the sweet...
- est and the sauciest, the loveliest and the naughtiest, she's

Miss Buenos Aires in a world of lacy lingerie.

What do we care if the world is a joke

(To-ky-o storm warn-ing.) we'll give it a big kiss we'll give-
(Tokyo storm warning.) Death wears a big hat

'cause he's a big bloke.
(To - ky - o storm warn - ing.) We're only living this instant.

Repeat to fade
Verse 2:
So you look around the tiny room and you wonder where the hell you are
While the KKK convention are all stranded in the bar.
They wear hoods and carry shotguns in the main streets of Montgomery
But they’re helpless here as babies ’cause they’re only here on holiday.

Verse 3:
With the black sand stuck beneath her feet in a warm Sorrento sunrise
A barefoot girl from Naples or was it a Barcelona high-rise?
Whistles out the tuneless theme song of a hundred cheap suggestions
And a million false seductions and all those eternal questions.

Verse 4:
So they flew the Super Constellation all the way from Rimini
And feasted them on fish and chips from a newspaper facsimile
Now dead Italian tourists’ bodies litter up the Broadway
Some people can’t be told, you know they have to learn the hard way.

Verse 6:
Japanese God Jesus robots telling teenage fortunes
For all we know and all we care they might as well be Martians.
They say gold paint on the palace gates comes from the teeth of pensioners
They’re so tired of shooting protest singers that they hardly mention us.
While fountains fill with secondhand perfume and sodden trading stamps
They’ll hang the bullies and the louts that dampen down the day.

Verse 7:
We braved the cold November air and the undertaker’s curses
Saying “Take me to the Folies Bergère and please don’t spare the hearse.”
For he always had a dream of that revolver in your purse
How you loved him till you hated him and made him cry for mercy
He said “Don’t ever mention my name there or talk of all the nights you cried.
We’ve always been like worlds apart now you’re seeing two nightmares collide.”
Veronica
Words and Music by Mac Manus and McCartney

Is it all in that pretty little head of yours? What goes on in that place in the

dark? Well I used to know a girl and I would have sworn that her

name was Veronica. Well she used to have a care-free mind of her own, and a
delicate look in her eye. These days I'm afraid

she's not even sure if her name is Veronica. Do you suppose

that waiting hands on eyes, Veronica has gone to hide? And all

the time she laughs at those who shout her name and steal her clothes. Veronica
(2.) Did the
(3.) Ve-

On the 'Empress of Indiana' and as she closed her eyes upon the

world and picked upon the bones of last week's news, she spoke his name out loud again.
Verse 2
Did the days drag by? Did the favours wane?
Did he roam down the town all the time?
Will you wake from your dream with a wolf at the door,
Reaching out for Veronica?
Well it was all of sixty-five years ago
When the world was the street where she lived,
And a young man sailed on a ship in the sea
With a picture of Veronica.

Verse 3
Veronica sits in her favourite chair
And she sits very quiet and still,
And they call her a name that they never get right
And if they don’t then nobody else will.
But she used to have a carefree mind of her own,
With devilish look in her eye,
Saying, ‘You can call me anything you like, but
My name is Veronica’.
She
Theme from the BBC/TV Series SEVEN FACES OF WOMAN

Lyrics by Herbert Kretzmer
Music by Charles Aznavour

1. She—may be the face I can’t for-

Edim

—get, a trace of pleasure or regret, may be my treasure or the

D♭

price I have to pay, she—may be the song that summer
sings, may be the chill that autumn brings, may be a hundred different things within the measure of a day.

2. She may be the beauty or the beast, may be the famine or the feast, may turn each day into a heaven or hell.

(Verse 3 instr. Verse 4 see block lyric)
She may be the mirror of my dreams a smile reflected in a stream, she may not be what she seem, inside her shell.

She who always seems so happy in a crowd, whose eyes can be so private and so proud, no one's allowed to see them when they cry.
Verse 4:
She may be the reason I survive
The why and wherefore I’m alive
The one I’ll care for through the rough and ready years.
Me, I’ll take her laughter and her tears
And make them all my souvenirs
For where she goes I’ve got to be
The meaning of my life is she, she, she.
Big Tears
Words and Music by Elvis Costello

Moderately

Ev'-ry-one is bus-y with the reg-u-lar rou-tine. The

snip-er just takes his aim. Ev'-ry-one is win-dow-shop-ping,
no one is amazed.
Even if he hit you, you'd still think it's just a graze.

You go to a movie, you go to a show. You think that you're living;

you don't really know. Big tears mean nothing.

You can count them as they fall. Big tears mean nothing when you're
lying in your coffin. Tell me who's been taken in.

Oh, you

Talk about the new boss automatic clause. But of

course they make it all up for you. Always fascinated by the

weird edge of town, come home disappointed every
ever had a drink. You wouldn't even like me if you

time they put you down. Laughing with the old boys,
ever stopped to think. Standing in the shadow,

saying that it's all noise, I suppose big Don't you know, big
turning wives to widows.
So Like Candy

Words and Music by Mac Manus and McCartney

1. Here lies the powder and perfume.
(Verses 2 & 3 see block lyrics)

The pretty clothes are scattered 'round the room and it's

so like Candy.

Here lies the lipstick and the
face, the coloured tablets keep it all in place,

and it's so like Candy,

so like Candy. What did I do to make her go?

Why must she be the one that I have to love?

So like
2. Here lies a picture of a so I re-
member the day that that picture was taken, we were so happy then,

but that's so like Candy. She seemed so sweet to me, I was mistaken,

oh no not that again, but that's so like Candy. She just can't face the
day, so she turns and melts away.

Dm/A C#7/G# G7 F#sus4
D.8. al Coda

3. Here lie the records that she

Coda Bm G/B

waste, she couldn't say goodbye but

Bm6 Bm7 Em

I admire your taste, and it's so like Can-
Verse 2:
Here lies a picture of a girl
Her arms are tight around that lucky guy
And it's so like Candy,
And in her eyes a certain look
I thought I'd seen the last of long ago
And it's so like Candy
So like Candy.

Verse 3:
Here lie the records that she scratched
And on the sleeve I find a note attached
And it's so like Candy
"My darling dear, it's such a waste"
She couldn't say 'goodbye', but "I admire your taste"
And it's so like Candy
So like Candy.
Beyond Belief

Words and Music by Elvis Costello

Fast Beat

D

History repeats the old conceits, the
My hands were clammy and cunning

G

Glib replies, your jealous defeats,
She's been suitably stunning

D

Keep your fingers on important issues with
In a sense she still smiles
But I know there's not a
crocodile tears and a pocketful of tissues, hope in Hades, charged with insults.

I'm just the oily slick on the wind. All the ladies call.

up world, her body moves with her body moves with malice

in a very fashionable, do you have to be so cruel to be so-called gentlemen and ladies dog fight like
I hang around dying
And now you find
I'll never be alone in this identical kit
The bone orchard, this battle with the bottle is yours
Nothing so novel then leave discreetly
So in this
most empty gin palace through a two-way looking glass you see your Alice.

I might make it, California's fault, be locked in Geneva's deepest vault, just like the canals of Mars and the Great Barrier
Reef I come to you beyond belief.

I've got a feeling I'm going to get a lot of grief.

Once this seemed so appealing now I am beyond belief.
Don't say you love me when it's just a rumour.
You say you're sorry for the things that you've done.

Don't say a word if there is any doubt.
You say you're sorry but you know you don't mean it.

Sometimes I think that love is just a rumour;
I wouldn't worry. I had so much fun.
Bm(no 3rd)

you've got to almost feel it out.

Sometimes I almost feel it out just like a

2.

hu-man be-ing. It's you,

not just an-

other mouth in the lipstick vogue.
It's you, not just another mouth in the lip stick vogue,
Get to the slot machine almost dead on arrival. Just hit me
Select the control and then insert the token. You wanna
one more time with that live wire. Maybe they've
throw me away but I'm not broken. You've got a

told you you were only a girl in a million. You say I've
lot to say. Well, I'm not joking. There are some

got no feelings; this is a good way to kill them.
words they don't allow to be spoken.
Sometimes I almost feel just like a human being.

It's not just another mouth lost in the lipstick vogue.
Green Shirt

Words and Music by Elvis Costello

Moderately slow

There's a smart young woman on a light blue screen who comes somewhere in the "Quizzing clinic" there's a

in - to my house every night
short-hand typist taking seconds over minutes.

And she takes all the red, yellow, orange and green,
She's listening in to the Venus line. She's
and she turns them into black and white,
picking out names. I hope none of them are mine.

But you tease and you flirt and you

shine all the buttons on your green shirt.

You can

please yourself, but somebody's gonna get it.

Better
cut off all identifying labels before they put you on the torture table.

'Cause never said I was a stool pigeon.

I never said I was a diplomat. Everybody is under suspicion, but you don't wanna hear about that. 'Cause you tease and you flirt and you
shine all the buttons on your green shirt. You can please yourself, but someone's gonna get it. Better send a begging letter to the big investigation.

Who put these fingerprints on my imagination? But you tease and you flirt and you shine all the buttons on your green...
shirt.
You can please your self, but some bod y's gon na get it.

You can please your self, but some bod y's gon na get it.

Repeat and fade
Shipbuilding
Words and Music by Elvis Costello and Clive Langer

Is it worth it, a new winter

coat and shoes for the wife, and a bicycle

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on the boy’s birthday. It’s just a rumour that was spread around town
by the women and children, soon we’ll be shipbuilding.

Well, I ask you

the boy said “Dad they’re gonna take me to task,
but I'll be back by Christmas. It's just a rumour that was spread around town somebody said that someone got filled in, for saying that people get killed in the result of this shipbuilding.
will in the world diving for dear life, when we could be diving for pearls.

It's just a rumour that was spread around town, a telegram on a picture postcard.
within weeks they'll be reopening the shipyard and notifying the next of kin,

once again. It's all we're skilled in, we will be

ship-building. With all the

will in the world diving for dear life,
when we could be diving for pearls.

Trumpet solo

Coda
It's all we're singing for pearls.

When we could be diving for pearls.

When we could be diving for pearls.
Pills And Soap
Words and Music by Elvis Costello

They talked to the sister, the father and the mother with a four and twenty crowbars jemmy your desire, sugar coated pill is getting bitter still you

microphone in one hand and a cheque book in the other, and the out of the frying pan into the fire, the think your country needs you but you know it never will, so

camera noses into the tears on her face, the king is in the counting house some folk have all the luck, and pack up your troubles in a stolen handbag,
tears on her face, the tears on her face. You can
all we get are pictures of Lord and Lady Muck. They
don't dilly dally boys, rally round the flag.

put them back together with your paper and paste, but you can't
came from lovey people in hard line in hypocrisy, there are
Give us our daily bread in individual slices, and

put them back together you can't put them back together.
ashtrays of emotion for the flag ends of the aristocracy, some thing in the daily rag to cancel any crisis.

What would you say, what would you do, children and animals two by two,
Give me the needle give me the rope, we're going to melt them down for pills and soap.

Give me the needle
give me the rope.

To Coda
CODA

We're going to melt them down

for pills and soap.

Repeat to fade
Tramp The Dirt Down
Words and Music by D P A MacManus

(1.) I saw a

news - pap - er pic - ture from the po -
-li-ti-cal cam-paign. A wo-man was
kiss-ing a child who was ob- vi-ous-
ly in pain. She spills with com-pass-
ion as that young child's
face in her hand she grips. Can you imagine

all that greed and avarice coming down on

that child’s lips? Well, I hope I don’t

die too soon, I pray the Lord my
soul to save. Yes I'll be a good boy.

I'm trying so hard to behave.

Because there's one thing I know, I'd like to live

long enough to savour.

That's when
they finally put you in the ground,

I'll stand on your grave and

tramp the dirt down.

When
England was the whore of the world, Margaret was her madam,

future looked as bright and as clear as the black tarmac

Well I hope that
she sleeps well at night, isn't haunted by
every tiny detail, when she held that lovely
face in her hands, all she thought of was be-
tray - al.
me she isn’t angry with this

pitiful discontent. (2.) When they

who takes all the glory and

none of the shame.
Verse 2
And now the cynical ones say that it all ends the same in the long run.
Try telling that to the desperate father who just squeezed the life
from his only son,
And how it's only voices in your head and dreams you never dreamt.
(Try telling him the subtle difference between justice and contempt.)

Verses at A
1. (Try telling me she isn't angry with this pitiful discontent.)
2. When they flaunt it in your face as you line up for punishment.
3. And then expect you to say 'Thank you', straighten up, look proud
   and pleased.
4. Because you've only got the symptoms, you haven't got the whole disease.
5. Just like a schoolboy, whose head's like a tin can, filled up with
   dreams then poured down the drain.
6. Try telling that to the boys on both sides, being blown to bits or
   beaten and maimed.

D.S.
Well I hope you live long now, I pray the Lord your soul to keep
I think I'll be going before we fold our arms and start to weep.
I never thought for a moment that human life could be so cheap
'Cause when they finally put you in the ground,
They'll stand there laughing and tramp the dirt down.
Moderately fast

Some things you never get used to
Even though you're nowhere near me

Even though you're feeling like another man,
And I know you kiss him so sincerely now,
There's nothing that he can do for you
even though the signal's in distinctly and you

shut me away as you walk through
worry what silly people think, who just can't wait to

amateur hour, holding hands in the corridors of power
feel so frozen out? I bet he thinks that he was chosen

even though I'm with somebody else right now.
out of millions I suppose he'll never know about.
There's a new kind of dedication. Maybe you'll find it down the tunnel. Maybe I got above my station. Maybe be you're only changing channel.

D.S. \(\text{at Coda}\)

Coda

Repeat and fade

Can you hear me?
New Lace Sleeves
Words and Music by Elvis Costello

Moderately

Bad lovers face to face in the morning
The salty lips of the socialite sisters with their

shy apologies and continental

 lite regrets finger. They’ve slow dances that left no warning of
never seen working blisters oh I know they

in-discreet yawning, good manners and bad breath get you nowhere, even

got their problems I wish I was one of them, they,

---

on presidents have newspaper lovers
say daddy’s coming home soon

Min with his

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154
and his Empire mug and spoon. She's no more

And when are they gonna learn their lesson
When are they gonna

covered up with white washed newsprint, and you say
the teacher

never told you anything but white lies. But you never see
the lies and you believe. Oh you know you have been captured.
You feel so civilized and you look so pretty in your new lace sleeves.

Repeat to fade
(slecet 10)

Look so pretty in your new lace sleeves.
(The Angels Wanna Wear My) Red Shoes

Words and Music by Elvis Costello

Moderately
E(no 3rd)  B  E(no 3rd)  B  E

Oh, I used to be disgusted.

G&m

and now I try to be amused.

But since their
wings have got rusted, you know, the angels wanna wear my red shoes. But when they told me 'bout their side of the bargain, that's when I knew that I could not refuse. And I won't get any older, now the angels wanna wear my red shoes. Oh,
I was watching while you're dancing away. Our love got fractured in the

echo and sway. How come everybody wants to be your friend? You

know that it still hurts me just to say it. Oh, I

know that she's disgusted (Oh, why's that?) because she's
feeling so abused.
(Oh, that's too bad.) She gets tired of the lust.
(Oh,)

I'm so sad, but it's so hard to refuse.
How can you

say that I'm too old, when the angels have stolen my red shoes.

Oh, I said, "I'm so happy, I could die."
She said, "Drop dead," then left with another guy. That's what you get if you go chasing after vengeance. Ever since you got me punctured, this has been my sentence. Oh, I Red shoes, the angels wanna wear my red shoes. Red shoes, the angels wanna wear my red
New Amsterdam
Words and Music by Elvis Costello

Moderately fast

You're sending me tulips, mistaken for lilies, You
don the main-spring, listen to the tick-tock,

give me your lip after punching me silly,
clock all the faces who move in on your block,

You turned my head till it rolled down the brain-drain, If I
Twice shy and tired because you've been bitten,
had any sense now, I wouldn't want it back again.
everything you say now sounds like it was ghost written.

New Amsterdam, it's become much too much, till I

have the possession of everything she touches. Till I

step on the brake to get out of her clutches, till I
speak double Dutch to a real double Duchess.

Duchess. Back in London they'll take you to heart after a little while. Though I look right at home, I still feel like an exile. Somehow I found myself
down at the dock-side, thinking 'bout the old days of
Liverpool and Rother-hide, The transparent people who
live on the other side, living a life that is almost like

D. S. % al Coda

suicide.

Repeat and fade

Coda

Duchess.
I Hope You're Happy Now

Words and Music by Elvis Costello

\[ \begin{array}{c}
\text{\textbf{Verse 1}} \\
\text{He's a fine figure of a man and handsome} \\
\text{(Verse 3 see block lyric)}
\end{array} \]

\[ \begin{array}{c}
\text{\textbf{Verse 2}} \\
too. \\
(Verse 2 see block lyric)
\end{array} \]

\[ \begin{array}{c}
\text{\textbf{Chorus}} \\
\text{With his eyes upon the secret places, we'd like to undo.}
\end{array} \]

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still he knows who knows who and where and

how. And I hope

D  E  A

you're happy now.

NC.

2. He's got all the things you need and some that you will
And I hope that you're happy now, like you're supposed to be.

And I know that this will hurt you more than it hurts me.

D.C. al Coda
Coda

Bm

hope you're happy now, because you'll

D/F# E D C#m E/B

soon put paid to that.

F#m E/G# A F#m E/G#

If I knew then what I know now, I never loved you

D F#m Bm

any how. And I hope
Verse 2:
He's got all the things you need and some that you will never
But you make him sound like frozen food, his love will last forever
Still he knows what you want and what don't allow
And I hope that you're happy now.

Verse 3:
He's acting innocent and proud, still you know what he's after
Like a matador with his pork sword while we all die of laughter
In his turquoise pyjamas and his motorcycle hat
And I hope you're happy now because you'll soon put paid to that.
Riot Act

Words and Music by Elvis Costello

Moderately slow, in 2

They never say forget her.

Now it looks like you're either gonna be before me or against me.
I said "for ev yer let ter."

er," but it doesn't look like I'm gonna be a- round much an-y-more col-or that it paints me. when the heat gets

sub-trop-i-cal and the talk gets so top-i-cal.

bad is bad e-nough. Don't make me

G 090. Bm To Coda 0 Em

Dm/A 000. A

C F D

G 090.
You can make me a matter of fact or a villain in a million. A slip of the tongue is gonna keep me civilian, Why do you talk such stupid nonsense, when my mind could rest much
easier.
instead of all this dumb, dumb

in-so-lence, I would be happier with amnesia.

laugh by talking tough. Don't put your heart out on your sleeve, when your remarks are off the cuff.
My Funny Valentine
from BABES IN ARMS

Words by Lorenz Hart
Music by Richard Rodgers

Tempo rubato - slow

My funny Valentine, sweet comic Valentine,

you make me smile, with my heart.

Your looks are laughable, unphotographable, but you’re my favorite work of

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art. Is your figure less that Greek? Is your mouth a little weak? When you open it to speak, are you smart? Don't change a hair for me, not if you care for me stay little Valentine, stay! Each day is Valentine's Day.
Indoor Fireworks
Words and Music by Elvis Costello

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\[ J. 126 \]
\[ \text{a tempo} \]
\[ E \]
\[ \text{Ad lib.} \]

1. We play these par-lour games,
( Verses 2 \& 3 see block lyrics )

when we get to the part—where I say that I'm
gonna leave, everybody loves a hap—

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- py ending but we don’t even try.

We go straight past pretending to the part where
ev’rybody loves to cry.

Indoor fireworks can still burn your fingers,
in - door fire - works, we swore were,
safe as hou - ses. They're not so spec - ta - c'lar they don't
burn up in the sky, but they can daz - zle
or de - light, or bring a tear when the smoke gets in your
Verses:

**Verse 2:**
You were the spice of life
The gin in my vermouth
And though the sparks would fly
I thought our love was fireproof
Sometimes we'd fight in public darling
With very little cause
But different kinds of sparks would fly
When we got on our own behind closed doors.

**Verse 3:**
It's time to tell the truth
These things have to be faced
My fuse is burning out
And all that powder's gone to waste
Don't think for a moment dear
That we'll ever be through
I'll build a bonfire of my dreams
And burn a broken effigy of me and you.
Almost Blue
Words and Music by Elvis Costello

Almost blue, almost doing things we used to do,
Almost blue, it's almost touching, it will almost do

There's a girl here and she's almost you,
There is part of me that's always true,

All the things that your eyes once promised
Not all good things come to an end now it is only a chosen
too,
now your eyes are red
from
crying,

few,
I have seen such an unhappy couple,

almost blue.
Flirting with this disaster be-

came me,
it named me as the fool who on-
ly aimed to be.

almost me,
almost you, almost blue.
molto rit.
Talking In The Dark

Words and Music by Elvis Costello

Moderately bright

I tried in vain to drive myself insane,
look for the news, somebody to abuse.

I talk to myself, but I don't listen,
I found out what I was missing.
I look at myself, but it's so changey,
I see things that I don't fancy.

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I miss talking in the dark. Without you, I'm not conversational, without the sense of the occasional. Without you, I miss talking in the dark when the barking and the biting is through.

We can talk like we're in love or talk like we're above it. We can talk and talk until we
talk ourselves out of it...

C C/B C/A C/G D D/C♯ D/B D/A

G G/F♯ G/F Em Em7 A7

D. S.♯ at Coda

Coda A/F♯ A/E Repeat and fade

A A/G A/F♯ A/E

talking in the dark. Without you, I miss talking in the dark. Without
I Want You
Words and Music by D P A MacManus

1. Oh my baby, baby. I love you more than I can
(Verse 2 see block lyric)
tell, I don’t think I can live without you, and I

know that I never will.

[1.]
[2. ad lib. a tempo \( \frac{3}{4} \) = 69]

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1. I want you, you've had your fun, you don't get well no more.

I want you, your fingernails go dragging down the wall.

Be careful darling you might fall.

2. I want you,

I woke up and one of us was crying. I want you, you
said "Young man, I do believe you're dying." 3. I want you, if you
(Verse 5 see block lyric)

need a second opinion as you seem to do these days. I want you,

you can look in my eyes and you can count the ways.

shaking for 6. I want you, it's knowing that he knows you now after only guessing, it's the
thought of him undressing you or you undressing

6. I want you he tossed some tatty compliment your way.
   I want you and you were fool enough to love it

when he said. "I want you."
7. I want you, the truth can't hurt you. It's just like the dark, it scares you witness,

(Verses 9 & 11 see block lyrics)

but in time you see things clear and stark. 8. I want you, go on and hurt me, then we'll let it

(Verse 10 see block lyric)

drop. I want you, I'm afraid I won't know where to stop.
Coda

I want you.

I want you,

every night when I go off to bed. And when I wake up.

I want you,

I'm goin' to say it once again till

I'm going, going to feel this way until you kill it.
Verse 2:
Oh my baby, baby
I want you so, it scares me to death
I can't say anymore than "I love you"
Everything else is just a waste of breath.

Verse 4:
I want you, did you mean to tell me but seem to forget?
I want you, since when were you so generous and inarticulate?

Verse 5:
I want you, it's the stupid details that my heart is breaking for
It's the way your shoulders shake and what they're shaking for

Verse 9:
I want you, I not ashamed to say I cried for you
I want you, I want to know the things you did that we do too

Verse 10:
I want you, I want to hear he plesases you more than I do
I want you, I might as well be useless for all it means to you.

Verse 11:
I want you, did you call his name as he held you down?
I want you, oh no my darling, not with that clown
I want you.

Verse 12 (8):
I want you, you've had your fun, you don't get well no more
I want you, no one who wants you could want you more
I want you.
That Day Is Done
Words and Music by Mac Manus & McCartney

I feel such sorrow,
I feel such shame. I know I

(Verses 2, 3, 4 & 5 see block lyrics)
won't ___ arrive on time, before what ________

ever _______ out there is gone.

What can I ______ do, that day is ________

1, 3. ______________ 2, 4, 5. ____________

done. 2. It's just a __________ That day is __________

4. There was a ________
That day is done.

That day is done.

You know where I've gone,

I won't be coming back.

That day is done.

(That day is done.)

(That day is done.)

3. Well I re-
That's why she walks 
or so they say, 
she always knew 
just what I needed. 
Now if she would 
just look my way 
one
time, before they proceed.

5. She sprinkles

\[ \emptyset \text{Coda} \]

You know where it's gone.

I won't be coming back, that day is done.

(That day is done.)
Verse 2:
It's just a promise, that I made
I said I'd walk in her parade
Hot scalding tears I thought would flow
Still in my heart they'll never show.

Verse 3:
Well I recall the time and place
When they announced her precious face
I thought at once my heart would burst
Still, everytime is like the first.

Verse 4:
There was applause as she stepped up
I wished that I could interrupt
I made no sign, I made no sound
I know I must stay underground.

Verse 5:
She sprinkles flowers in the dirt
That's when a thrill becomes a hurt
I know I'll never see her face
She walks away from my resting place.
God Give Me Strength
Words and Music by Elvis Costello and Burt Bacharach

1. Now I have noth-ing, so God give me strength. 'Cause I'm weak in her wake and if I'm strong I might

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still break. And I don’t have anything to share.

(3rd vocal)

that I won’t throw away into the air.

That song is sung out. This

bell is rung out. She was the light that I’d
bless. she took my last chance of happiness. So

To Coda

God give me strength, God give me

1. D Gmaj7 Em7 A'sus4

strength.

2. D Gmaj7 Em7 A13

grant me her indulgence and decline, I might as well
wipe her from my memory, Fracture the spell as
she becomes my enemy. Maybe I was washed out like a
lip print on his shirt. See I'm only human, I want him to

D.\% al Coda

hurt. I want him, I want him to
**Coda**

rall.

D

give me strength.

\(\text{a tempo}\)

\(\text{Gm}^9\)

D

(Wipe her from your brain.)

(Gm\(^9\))

Bm\(^7\)

A/B

Bm\(^7\)

Repeat to fade

Verse 2:
I can’t hold on to her
God give me strength.
When the phone doesn’t ring
And I’m lost in imagining
Everything that kind of love is worth
As I tumble back down to the earth.

That song is sung out *etc.*

Verse 3 D.\(\infty\):  
*Instrumental 14 bars*
Since I lost the power to pretend
That there could ever be a happy ending.

That song is sung out *etc.*
I Want To Vanish

Words and Music by Elvis Costello

1. I want to vanish, this is my fondest wish,
   (Verses 2 & 3 see block lyric)

   To Coda ◇

   go where I cannot be captured, laid on a decorated
dish, even in splendour this curious fate is

more than I care to surrender now it's too late.

Whether in wonder or indecent haste.

You arrange the mirrors and the spools to snare the rare and precious
Verse 2:
If you should stumble upon my last remark
I'm crying in the wilderness
I'm trying my best to make it dark
How can I tell you
I'm rarer than most?
I'm certain as a lost dog pondering a signpost.

Whether in wonder etc.

Verse 3 D. 8th:
I want to vanish, this is my last request
I've given you the awful truth
Now give me my rest.
THE VERY BEST OF Elvis Costello
All the songs from the double album for voice, piano & guitar. Includes lyrics & guitar chords

1. (What's So Funny 'Bout) Peace, Love & Understanding 2. Oliver's Army
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6. Accidents Will Happen 7. Pump It Up 8. I Can't Stand Up For Falling Down
31. (The Angels Wanna Wear My) Red Shoes 32. Talking In The Dark
33. New Amsterdam 34. I Hope You're Happy Now 35. Riot Act
36. My Funny Valentine 37. I Want To Vanish 38. Indoor Fireworks
39. Almost Blue 40. I Want You 41. God Give Me Strength 42. That Day Is Done

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