

Elvis Costello, Button My Lip

Don't want to talk about the government
Don't want to talk about some incident
Don't want to talk about some peppermint gum
Don't want to talk about the time to come

Button my lip
'Til I'm smart enough

Don't raise your hand
'Cos I'm not offering
It serves you right
Now you are suffering
Give me a chance
To see it though
It all depends on what you hold is true

Button my lip
With your kiss

Don't want to hear some little sniveling
You just don't get what I'm delivering
Maybe you want me
But you know you can't
I'd say, 'I want you?
But you know I don't

Button my lip
'Til I'm old enough
'Til I'm smart enough
'Til I'm?
Button my lip

Don't want to come at your beckoning
For any day they'll be a reckoning
Don't want to hear what is impossible
Baby, you've become invisible

Button my lip

I've seen those clowns vacant and insolent
I stand accused but I am innocent
I am the mighty and magnificent