

Elvis Costello, Fish 'n' Chip Paper

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
And the man of the moment is the lifer at large

Chorus:

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...