

Elvis Costello, Georgie & Her Rival

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&am

Sometimes the phone would ring, when she was half-asleep

A voice would drag her down with it's suggestions

Though she often felt cheated, she never felt cheap

Chorus

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

Chorus

Her rival would always wait 'til 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

Chorus