

# Elvis Costello, Green Shirt

There's a smart young woman on a light blue screen  
Who comes into my house every night.  
And she takes all the red, yellow, orange and green  
And she turns them into black and white.  
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 somewhere in the "Quizling Clinic";  
There's a shorthand typist taking seconds over minutes  
She's listening in to the Venus line  
She's picking out names  
I hope none of them are mine

But you tease, and you flirt...

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...

Better send a begging letter to the big investigation  
Who put these fingerprints on my imagination?

You tease, and you flirt...

You can please yourself but somebody's gonna get it  
You can please yourself but somebody's gonna get it