

Elvis Costello, International Echo

(Costello, Toussaint)

The streets were deserted and the house was dark
Down in the basement there was the faintest spark
Three boys hoping to make their mark
International echo

They said it was nothing but a worthless toy
Sign right here and you can be employed
Woke up startled in the state of joy
International echo

The roof is shaking and the house is ablaze
I've been wide-awake for days
I thought I heard a signal breaking through
And at this distance that is hard to do
Could be seven inches
Could be twelve
Drop the needle on it and let it revolve

I felt a pulse and a drum tattoo
I was just thinking about you

Send out a message and it's sure to rebound
What's that I hear?
What is that sound?
Seems to be coming from under the ground
International echo

It can't be repeated
It can't be resisted
It went out straight and it came back twisted
If you didn't see it then, then you probably missed it
International echo

Must be something in the atmosphere
Let me be your volunteer
I thought I heard a signal coming through
In a language that I never knew
Give me seven inches
Give me twelve
Drop the needle on it and let it revolve

I felt a pulse and a drum tattoo
Even though it was taboo
Solo!

They paid me money for playing pretend
And they said this must be the end
I was just following the popular trend
International echo

Beer from the bottle and wine from the grape
Stood up straight, got bent out of shape
Now I'm just looking for some way to escape
International echo

Everything I said just seems automatic
Radio plays nothing but static
I think that I'm about to flip my lid
My waitress said that she might be my kid
Give me seven inches
Give me twelve
Drop the needle on it and let it revolve

Did you hear me calling you?
'Cos hear I go
International echo
Echo
Solo!

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