

Elvis Costello, Jacksons, Monk & Rowe

Sister 4 and brothers 3
Hanging off the family tree
Practising for getting old
Do you want your fortune told
They're looking for you high and low
Now there's nowhere for you to go
So you'll just have to come out and face the music
Jacksons, monk and rowe

Long ago when we were kids and we cut your hair to bits
As we carried off like spoils the heads we'd smash right off
Your dolls
But the wind is changing you know
Are you sure of your friends and your foe
Have you got what it takes to carry it off

Jacksons, monk and rowe

As the sun beats down and life begins to complicate
Will we both incinerate
If we touch that brass name-plate

Messrs. all, noble sirs
Highly paid solicitors
Find enclosed my signed divorce
Sad proceedings you endorse
The burden of pity will show
In the people we used to know
Have you got enough strength to carry it off
Jacksons, monk and rowe