

# Elvis Costello, Oh Well

The ink is running  
The words are taught  
I'm sitting helpless with my paper and charts  
I had to follow my passion  
Oh well

I don't get paid that much for all I deserve  
To waste a sentence or shatter my nerves

I had to follow my passion  
Oh well

Sometimes I long to run outside  
I'd give it all up but it's my pride  
Oh well  
Oh well

I had a dream once or so I thought  
I'd be a pilot or an astronaut  
I had a dream like that until I found  
Even an astronaut goes into the ground

Life is just passing us bye-bye

Oh well  
Oh well  
Oh well