

# Elvis Costello, Tko

You can run all you like from the classroom or the cot  
From a great big man or a tiny tot  
But from this day everyday will be boxing day  
Don't need your indecision let there be no doubt  
Don't need your permission I can count you out

Tko

They put the numb into number they put the cut into cutie  
They put the slum into slumber and the boot into beauty  
But from this day everyday will be boxing day  
It's a fight to the finish let there be no doubt

As the seconds turn into minutes I can count you out

Tko

You need a back to break or a back to stab  
Now your birthday suit looks dull and drab  
But from this day everyday will be boxing day  
Now you don't look so glamorous  
Whenever I feel so amorous  
I can count you out

Tko