

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