

# Elvis Costello, Your Mind Is On Vacation / Your F

(Mose Allison/Sonny Boy Williamson)

I see you laughin'  
Right in my face  
I guess I'm gonna have to  
Put you in your place

Because if silence was golden  
You couldn't raise a dime  
Because your mind is on vacation  
And your mouth is working overtime

You're quoting figures  
And dropping names  
You're tellin' stories  
About the dames  
You're over-laughin'  
When things ain't funny  
You're tryin' to sound  
Like you're the big money, honey

If talk was criminal  
You'd lead a life of crime  
Because your mind is on vacation  
And your mouth is working overtime

Life is short, talk is cheap  
Don't go makin' promises that you can't keep  
If you don't like this little song I'm singin'  
Just grin and bear it  
All I can say is if the rich shoe fits, wear it

If you must keep talkin', please try to make it rhyme  
Because your mind is on vacation  
And your mouth is working overtime

Well, I recall when we first met  
It was on a Friday night  
We spent two lovely hours together  
And the world seemed all right  
I'm beggin' you, baby, please stop that off-the-wall jive  
'Cause if you don't treat me no better  
It's gonna be your funeral and my trial

Well, the Lord made the world and everything that's in it  
The way my baby loves me, it's a sign that it's it [?]  
She can love to heal the sick, she can love to raise the dead  
You might think that I'm jokin', you better believe what I said

I'm beggin' you, babe, please stop that off-the-wall jive  
Oh, if you don't treat me no better  
It's gonna be your funeral and my trial

I see you laughin'  
Right in my face  
I guess I'm gonna have to put you in your place  
'Cause if talk was criminal  
You'd lead a life of crime  
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