

# Elvis Costello, 45

Bells are chiming for victory  
There's a page back in history

45

They came back to the world that they fought for  
Didn't turn out just like they thought

45

[Chorus:]

Here is a song to sing to do the measuring  
What did you lose?  
What did you gain?  
What did you win?

Nine years later a child is born  
There's a record, so you put it on

45

Nine years more, if we're lucky now  
Nine-year-old puts his money down

45

Every scratch, every click, every heartbeat  
Every breath that I held for you

45

There's a stack of shellac and vinyl  
Which is yours now and which is mine?

45

[Chorus]

Bass and treble heal every hurt  
There's a rebel in a nylon shirt  
But the words are a mystery, I've heard  
'Til you turn it down to 33 and 1/3  
'Cos it helps with the elocution  
Corporations turn revolutions

45

So don't you weep and shed  
Just change your name instead  
What do you lose when it all goes to your head?

I heard something peculiar said:  
"Perhaps he's got a shot and now he's dead"

45

Bells are chiming and tears are falling  
It creeps up on you without a warning

45

Every scratch, every click, every heartbeat  
Every breath that I bless

I'd be lost, I confess

45