

Elvis Costello, Forty - Five

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
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 or which is mine? - 45

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

Bass and treble heal every hurt
There's a rebel in a nylon shirt
But the words are a mystery I've heard
Till you turn it down to thirty-three and a third
'cause it helps with the elocution
Corporations turn revolutions - 45

I heard something peculiar said
"perhaps he's got a shot" and "now he's dead"
So don't you weep and shed(?)
Just change my name instead
But what do you lose when it all goes to your head?

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've blessed
I'll be lost I confess - 45 45 45