

# Elvis Costello, ... & In Every Home

You turn to the sinister when you get the boot  
Sliding down the banister in your sunday suit  
Lying on a slag heap of blankets and magazines  
She's only thirty-five going on seventeen  
You'd better roll over and go to sleep if you don't come clean

And in every home there will be lots of time  
I will be all yours you might have been admired  
(and in every home there will be lots of time)  
They say they're very sorry but you are not desired  
Oh heaven preserve us  
Oh heaven preserve us  
Oh heaven preserve us  
Because they don't deserve us

Holding your life in your hand  
With an artificial limp wrist  
And so a young blade becomes a has-been  
Looking for a new twist

A year after the wedding he broke all their china plates  
He's in prison now she's running with his mates  
Sees him every sunday  
And he asks her where she's been  
She's only thirty-five going on seventeen  
She's going to cop a packet if he ever finds her  
In between the sheets

(chorus)