

Elvis Costello & The Attractions, Everyday I Write

Don't tell me
You don't know what love is
When you're old enough
To know better

When you find strange hands
In your sweater
When your dreamboat
Turns out to be a footnote
I'm a man with a mission
In two or three editions

And I'm giving you
A longing look
Everyday, everyday, everyday
Everyday I write the book

Chapter One
We didn't really get along
Chapter Two
I think I fell in love with you
You said you'd stand by me
In the middle of Chapter Three
But you were up to your old tricks
In Chapters Four, Five and Six

And I'm giving you
A longing look
Everyday, everyday, everyday
Everyday I write the book

The way you walk
The way you talk,
And try to kiss me and laugh
In four or five paragraphs

All your compliments
And your cutting remarks
Are captured here
In my quotation marks

And I'm giving you
A longing look
Everyday, everyday, everyday
Everyday I write the book
Everyday I write the book

Don't tell me
you don't know the difference
Between a lover and a fighter
With my pen and
my electric typewriter

Even in a perfect world
where everyone was equal
I'd still own the film rights
and be working on the sequel

And I'm giving you
A longing look
Everyday, everyday, everyday
Everyday I write the book

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