

# Elvis Costello, Unwanted Number

You should hear the things that they say about me  
They're saying "She's no better than she needed to be"  
They don't know that he was kind and strong and tender  
And now I'll never be another Unwanted Number  
Unwanted Number  
How can I tell them?  
How can I express?  
How it felt to step out of this life and into his embrace

How can I tell them?  
How can I explain?  
All the love that I never had I found in him

There may be a stain on the family name  
And if my father was here I think I know who he'd blame  
Mama says that he just doesn't care to remember  
And all he thinks of me is another Unwanted Number  
Unwanted Number

(How can I tell her?  
How can I express?  
How it felt when he came to my room  
And helped me to undress  
What can she tell me?  
How can I believe  
That she really didn't hear me cry  
When he wouldn't leave?)

There's a local game where they whisper my shame  
They say "He gave her his child  
He wouldn't give her his name"

They will torture me from January till September  
And soon there's going to be another Unwanted Number  
Unwanted Number  
Unwanted number

And I will give my love to another Unwanted Number  
Unwanted Number  
Unwanted Number