

Elvis Costello, When It Sings

All the words you say to me
Have music in them
All the sorrows and the joys like magnetism
And a selfish boy looks through a prism
And says what is
But never asks what isn't

But a voice contains many precious things
It laughs
And then it sings
And all the lies that we can tell
To our foolish selves

Maybe this is the love song that I refused to
Write her when I loved her like I used to
And I fear my heart may spin and fracture
Like tears of stone falling from a statue

But a voice contains all that's true and false
Then cries for someone else
And for some honest tenderness
So I must confess

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