

# Kirsty MacColl, There's A Guy Works Down The C

Oh darling why'd you talk so fast  
Another evening just flew past tonight  
And now the daybreak's coming in  
And I can't win and it ain't right

You tell me all you've done and seen  
And all the places you have been without me  
Well I don't really want to know  
But I'll stay quiet and then I'll go  
And you won't have no cause to think about me

There's a guy works down the chip shop swears he's Elvis  
Just like you swore to me that you'd be true  
There's a guy works down the chip shop swears he's Elvis  
But he's a liar and I'm not sure about you

Oh darling you're so popular  
You were the best thing new in Hicksville ...  
With your mohair suits and foreign shoes  
News is you changed your Pick-up for a Seville

And now I'm lying here alone  
'Cause you're out there on the phone  
To some star in New York  
I can hear you laughing now and  
I can't help feeling that somehow  
You don't mean anything you say at all

There's a guy works down the chip shop swears he's Elvis  
Just like you swore to me that you'd be true  
There's a guy works down the chip shop swears he's Elvis  
But he's a liar and I'm not sure about you

There's a guy works down the chip shop swears he's Elvis  
Just like you swore to me that you'd be true  
There's a guy works down the chip shop swears he's Elvis  
But he's a liar and I'm not sure about you  
I said he's a liar and I'm not sure about you  
I said he's a liar and I'm not sure about you  
He's a liar and I'm not sure about you