Everyday I Write the Book

Elvis Costello

Yeah, 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 editionsAnd I'm giving you a longing look
Everyday, everyday, everyday, everyday, everyday
Everyday I write the bookChapter 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 sixAnd I'm giving you a longing look
Everyday, everyday, everyday, everyday, everyday
Everyday I write the bookThe 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 marksI'm giving you a longing look
Everyday, everyday, everyday, everyday, everyday
Everyday I write the book
Everyday I write the bookDon'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 sequelI'm giving you a longing look
Everyday, everyday, everyday, everyday, everyday
Everyday I write the bookEveryday, everyday, everyday
Everyday I write the book
Everyday, everyday, everyday
Everyday I write the book, yeahEveryday, everyday, everyday
Everyday I write the book
Everyday, everyday
Everyday I write the bookEveryday, everyday
Everyday I write the book
Everyday, everyday
Everyday I write the book
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