

# Long Division

## Elvis Costello with Burt Bacharach

His head was a city of paper buildings  
In the echoes that remained of old friends and lovers  
Their features bleeding together in his brain, ohh  
But once it starts it's harder to tell them apart, ohh  
He was always distracted  
By the very mention of an open door, ohh  
'Cause he had sworn  
Not to be what he'd been before  
To be a remain, remain, remain, remainder  
To be a remain, remain, remain, remainder  
The television was snowing softly  
As she hunted for her key  
She said, she'd never envisioned  
Him a type of person capable of such deceit, ohh, ohh  
And they carried on like long division  
'Cause it was clear with every page  
Oh, that they were farther away  
From the solution that would play  
Without a remain, remain, remain, remainder  
Without a remain, remain, remain, remainder  
Without a remain, remain, remain, remainder  
Without a remain, remain, remain, remainder  
He had sworn not to be what he'd been before  
To be a remain, remain, remain, remainder  
To be a remain, remain, remain, remainder  
To be a remain, remain, remain, remainder  
To be a remain, remain, remain, remainder  
To be a remain, remain, remain, remainder  
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