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
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