## ...This Town...

## **Elvis Costello**

That Charlie Sedarka was a playing the piano
Like he was pawing a dirty book
He bit a hole in his big bottom lip
And gave his very best little boy look
And it was a song with a topical verse which I'm
Afraid he then proceeded to sing
Something about the moody doomed love of
The fish finger kingNobody in this town
Nobody 'til everybody in this town

Knows you're poison

Got your number knows it must be avoided I think nobody 'til everybody in this town

Thinks you're a bastardMr. Getgood moved up to self-made man row

Although he swears that he's the salt of the earth

He's so proud of the kick-me-hard sign that

They hung on his back at birth

Well he said "I appreciate beauty

If I have one, then it's my fault

Beauty is on my pillow

Beauty is there in my vault"Nobody in this town

Nobody in this crowd

Nobody 'til everybody in this town

Knows you're poison

Got your number knows it must be avoided

I think nobody 'til everybody in this town

Thinks you're a bastardThe girl with the eternity rock

Went down on her bookie to buy some stock

Now all her signs in the shopping arcades say

'The corporation thief is The New Jesse James'

Her clothes and her attention were scant

Her eyes were everywhere, her eyes were like absinthe

The little green figures that dance on his screen

Say, "Everything you want to hear and nothing they mean"They made love while she was changing her dress She wiped him off, she wiped him out and then she made him confess

A little amused by the belief in her power

You must remember this it was the fetish of the hourNobody in this town

Nobody in this crowd

Nobody 'til everybody in this town

Knows you're poison

Got your number knows it must be avoided

I think nobody 'til everybody in this town

Thinks you're a bastardNobody in this town

Nobody in this crowd Nobody in this crowd Nobody in this crowd Nobody in this crowd

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