All the Rage

Elvis Costello

One, two, three, two, two, three
The twitching impulses to speak your mind
I'll lend you my microscope and maybe you will find it
Is it in that ugly place that's just behind your face?
Where you keep my picture still, despite the fact that
You had me replacedSay "goodbye"
Baby, can't you act your age?
You know why
I'm going to give it to you straight
Although I'll never be
Unhappy as you want me to be
Still, it's all the rageI'll probably play along
Left to my own devices
Spare me the drone of your advice
The sins of garter and gin
Confession may delay
You know the measuring pole
The merry boots of clay
I've heard it all before
You'll say it anywaySay "goodbye"
Baby, can't you act your age?
You know why
I'm going to give it to you straight
Although I'll never be
Unhappy as you want me to be
Still, it's all the rageAlone with your tweezers and your handkerchief
You murder time and truth, love, laughter and belief
So don't try to touch my heart, it's darker than you think
And don't try to read my mind because it's full of disappearing inkSay "goodbye"
Baby, can't you act your age?
You know why
I'm going to give it to you straight
Although I'll never be
Unhappy as you want me to be
Still, it's all the rageAlthough I'll never be
Unhappy as you want me to be
Still, it's all the rage

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