

(i Don't Want To Go To) Chelsea

Elvis Costello

Photographs of fancy tricks to get your kicks at sixty-six

He thinks of all the lips that he licks

And all the girls that he's going to fix

She gave a little flirt, gave herself a little cuddle

But there's no place here for the mini-skirt waddle

Capital punishment, she's last year's model

They call her Natasha when she looks like Elsie

I don't want to go to Chelsea

Oh no it does not move me

Even though I've seen the movie

I don't want to check your pulse

I don't want nobody else

I don't want to go to Chelsea

Everybody's got new orders

Be a nice girl and kiss the warders

Now the teacher is away

All the kids begin to play

Men come screaming, dressed in white coats

Shake you very gently by the throat

One's named Gus, one's named Alfie

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