This Year's Girl

Elvis Costello

See her picture in a thousand places 'cause she's this year's girl
You think you all own little pieces of this year's girl
Forget your fancy manners
Forget your English grammar
'Cause you don't really give a damn about this year's girlStill you're hoping that she's well-spoken 'cause she's this year's girl
You want her broken with her mouth wide open 'cause she's this year's girl
Never knowing it's a real attraction
All these promises of satisfaction
While she's being bored to distraction being this year's girlTime's running out, she's not happy with the cost
There'd be no doubt, only she's forgotten much more than she's lostA bright spark might corner the market in this year's girl
You see yourself rolling on the carpet with this year's girl
Those disco synthesizers
Those daily tranquilizers
Those body-building prizes
Those bedroom alibis

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