

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 girl
Still 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 girl
Time's running out, she's not happy with the cost
There'd be no doubt, only she's forgotten much more than she's lost
A 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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