

Elvis Costello

Bells are chiming for victory  
 There's a page back in history  
 Forty five  
 They came back to the world that they fought for  
 Didn't turn out just like they thought  
 Forty five Here is a song to sing to do the measuring  
 What you lose, what you gain, what you win? Nine years later a child is born  
 There's a record, so you put it on  
 Forty five  
 Nine years more, if we're lucky now  
 Nine year old puts his money down  
 Forty five  
 Every scratch, every click, every heartbeat  
 Every breath that I held for you  
 Forty five  
 There's a stack of shellac and vinyl  
 Which is yours now and which is mine?  
 Forty five Here is a song to sing to do the measuring  
 What you lose, what you gain, what you win? Bass and treble heal every hurt  
 There's a rebel in a nylon shirt  
 But the words are a mystery, I've heard  
 'Til you turn it down to thirty three and a third  
 'Cause it helps with the elocution  
 Corporations turn revolutions  
 Forty five So don't you weep and shed  
 Just change your name instead  
 What you lose when it all goes to your head? I heard something peculiar said:  
 "Perhaps he's got a shot and now he's dead"  
 Forty five Bells are chiming and tears are falling  
 It creeps up on you without a warning  
 Forty five  
 Every scratch, every click, every heartbeat  
 Every breath that I bless  
 I'd be lost, I confess  
 Forty five, forty-five, forty-five, forty-five, yeah Ooo ooo ooo ooo  
 Ooo ooo ooo ooo  
 Ooo ooo ooo ooo  
 Ooo ooo ooo ooo  
 Ooo ooo ooo ooo

Ooo ooo ooo ooo

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