International Echo

Elvis Costello

The streets were deserted and the house was dark Down in the basement there was the faintest spark Three boys hoping to make their mark International echo They said it was nothing but a worthless toy Sign right here and you can be employed Woke up startled in the state of joy International echo The roof is shaking and the house is ablaze I've been wide-awake for days I thought I heard a signal breaking through At this distance that is hard to do Could be seven inches, could be twelve Drop the needle on it and let it revolve I felt a pulse and a drum tattoo I was just thinking about you Send out a message and it's sure to rebound What's that I hear and what's that sound? Seems to be coming from under the ground International echo It can't be repeated, it can't be resisted It went out straight, it came back twisted If you didn't see it their then you probably missed it International echo Must be something in the atmosphere Let me be your volunteer I thought I heard a signal coming through In a language that I never knew Give me seven inches, give me twelve Drop the needle on it and let it revolve I felt a pulse and a drum tattoo Even though it was taboo Solo Well, they paid me money for playing pretend

Then they said that it must be the end
But I was just following the popular trend
International echo
The beer from the bottle, wine from the grape
I stood up straight, got bent out of shape

Now I'm just looking for some way to escape
International echo
But everything I said just seems automatic
The radio plays nothing but static
I think that I'm about to flip my lid
My waitress said that she might be my kid
And give me seven inches, give me twelve
Well, drop the needle on it and let it revolve
Did you hear me calling you?

'Cause hear I go
International echo, echo
Solo

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Three boys hoping to make their mark
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