Fish 'n' Chip Paper

Elvis Costello

When Sunday morning dandruff turns out to be confetti
And the cost of living in sin would make a poor man out of Paul Getty
The girl in your dreams would have you up on an underage charge
And the man of the moment is the lifer at largeIf you've got something to hide, if you've got something to sell
If you've got somebody's pride she might kiss and tell
Or wind up with a fight fan in the Hammersmith hotelYou better speak up now if you what your piece
You better speak up now it won't mean a thing later
Yesterday's news is tomorow's fish and chip paperYour girl says she's leaving and this time she really means it
You can just look at the pictures, you don't actually have to read it
There's a man in the launderette
And he's looking through your underwear for clues
And the milkman is working through the news of the screws
He saysIf you've got something to hide, if you've got something to sell
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