

# All the Rage

Elvis Costello

1-2-3, 2-2-3

The twitching impulses to speak your mind  
I'll lend you my microscope and maybe you will find it  
Is it in that ugly place that's just behind your face  
Where you keep my picture still despite the fact  
That you had me replaced

Say "Goodbye"  
Baby can't you act your age?  
You know why  
I'm going to give it to you straight  
Although I'll never be  
Unhappy as you want me to be  
Still it's all the rage

I'll probably play along  
Left to my own devices  
Spare me the drone of your advice  
The sins of garter and gin  
Confession may delay  
You know the measuring pole  
The merry boots of clay  
I've heard it all before  
You'll say it anyway

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Alone with your tweezers and your handkerchief  
You murder time and truth, love, laughter and belief  
So don't try to touch my heart, it's darker than you think  
And don't try to read my mind because it's full of disappearing ink

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