

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
All this, but no surprises for this year's girl
All this, but no surprises for this year's girl
All this, but no surprises for this year's girl