

**" There's A Guy Works Down  
The Chip Shop Swears He's Elvis"**

Oh, darling why d'you talk so fast?  
Another evening just flew past tonight.  
And now the daybreak's coming in,  
And I can't win and it ain't right.  
You tell me all you've done and seen,  
And all the places you have been without me.  
Well, I don't really want to know,  
But I'll stay quiet and then I'll go,  
And you won't have no cause to think about me.

There's a guy works down the chip shop swears he's Elvis,  
Just like you swore to me that you'd be true.  
There's a guy works down the chip shop swears he's Elvis,  
But he's a liar and I'm not sure about you.

Oh, darling you're so popular.  
You were the best thing new in Hicksville,  
With your mohair suits and foreign shoes  
Lou says you changed your pickup for a Seville.

And now I'm lying here alone,  
Cause you're out there on the phone to some star in New York.  
I can hear you laughing now,  
And I can't help feeling that somehow  
You don't mean anything you say at all.

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I said he's a liar and I'm not sure about you  
I said he's a liar and I'm not sure about you  
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Kirsty MacColl R.I.P.

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