

Green Shirt

Words & Music:
Declan Patrick Aloysius MacManus (Elvis Costello)

C
There's a smart young woman on a light blue screen

F
That comes into my room every night.
And she takes all the red, yellow, orange and green
And she turns them into black and white.

CHORUS:

C F Bb Bb/A Bb/G F
And you tease, and you flirt, and you shine all the buttons on your green shirt.

Bb F C
You can please yourself, but somebody's going to get it.

Bb F C Bb F G
Better cut off all identifying labels, before they get you on the torture table.

'Cause somewhere in the quisling clinic
There's a short time typist taking seconds over minutes.
She's listening into the Venus line,
She's picking out names, I hope none of them are mine.

CHORUS:

BRIDGE:

Bb F Bb F
Never said I was a stool pigeon. Never said I was a diplomat.
Bb F C F
Everybody is under suspicion; but you don't want to hear about that.

CHORUS:

Bb F C F
Better send the naked ledger to the big investigation.

Bb F C F
Who put these fingerprints on my imagination?

There are wives in the windows, there are wives in the walls.
There are wives in the kitchens and wives in the halls.

There are wives on poles, there are wives in your face.
There are wives in holes, coming out all over the place.

CHORUS:

You can please yourself, but somebody's going to get it.
You can please yourself, but somebody's going to get it.