

Elvis Costello, Unwanted Number

You should hear the things that they say about me
They're saying "She's no better than she needed to be";
They don't know that he was kind and strong and tender
And now I'll never be another Unwanted Number
Unwanted Number
How can I tell them?
How can I express?
How it felt to step out of this life and into his embrace

How can I tell them?
How can I explain?
All the love that I never had I found in him

There may be a stain on the family name
And if my father was here I think I know who he'd blame
Mama says that he just doesn't care to remember
And all he thinks of me is another Unwanted Number
Unwanted Number

(How can I tell her?
How can I express?
How it felt when he came to my room
And helped me to undress
What can she tell me?
How can I believe
That she really didn't hear me cry
When he wouldn't leave?)

There's a local game where they whisper my shame
They say "He gave her his child
He wouldn't give her his name";

They will torture me from January till September
And soon there's going to be another Unwanted Number
Unwanted Number
Unwanted number

And I will give my love to another Unwanted Number
Unwanted Number
Unwanted Number