

# Elvis Costello, When It Sings

All the words you say to me  
Have music in them  
All the sorrows and the joys like magnetism  
And a selfish boy looks through a prism  
And says what is  
But never asks what isn't

But a voice contains many precious things  
It laughs  
And then it sings  
And all the lies that we can tell  
To our foolish selves

Maybe this is the love song that I refused to  
Write her when I loved her like I used to  
And I fear my heart may spin and fracture  
Like tears of stone falling from a statue

But a voice contains all that's true and false  
Then cries for someone else  
And for some honest tenderness  
So I must confess

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