

# Elvis Costello, Running Out Of Angels

They say they're running out of angels  
They say I'm running out of time  
Oh you don't have to be lucky  
It is easier than trying, now they're bringing down a  
Hammer on anything that sells  
I suppose you're a winner  
Because they're running out of angels  
And all the lies upon the tongues of all the girls upon the rails  
Will ruin any man who moved too soon  
All except the one who seems to know more than she tells  
You know she looks just like an angel  
but she sings so out of tune

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They say I'm running out of time  
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It is easier than trying, now they're bringing down a  
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I suppose you're a winner  
Because they're running out of angels  
Oh