

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
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
Oh