

# Elvis Costello, Back On My Feet

(McCartney/MacManus)

How many days does the wet weather lack?  
I wanna go where the clouds when they roll back  
Reveal a man in an old mack  
Living on a park bench  
Sitting on his own

Cut to the rain as it rolls down the glass  
But then she leaves through the lightning and thunder  
You see a man going under  
This is how it happens  
This is what he said

"I don't need love  
Temptation is sweet  
Give me your hand  
Till I'm back on my feet  
You're always telling me  
About my misery  
I'll see things you'll never see  
Don't pity me"

Focus in on the breath of a man  
Takes a brown paper bag from his knapsack  
Between his whispers and wisecracks  
He's looking for the wishing  
Screaming at the sky

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Till I'm back on my feet  
You're always telling me  
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Don't pity me"

"I'll be fine again,  
Be all right without you  
I'll stand up again  
Kick off the puzzlement, too"

Cut back again to a girl walking by  
To the beat of her old shoes and rolled socks  
Climb on an invisible soapbox  
Laughing at the traffic  
Shouting at the word

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Seeing life through the eyes of a man

As he lives and he dies by a simple titan  
Well there you go, though you trying hard to know  
When he's there on his legs  
Sees the kinks where the people all go  
Things start to fade as he pulls down the shade  
And the picture made is in glorious cinemascope