

# Elvis Costello, Man Out Of Time

So this is where he came to hide  
When he ran from you  
In a private detective's overcoat  
And dirty dead man's shoes

The pretty things of Knightsbridge  
Lying for a minister of state  
Are a far cry from the nod and wink  
Here at traitor's gate

'Cause the high heel he used to be has been ground down  
And he listens for the footsteps that would follow him around

[Chorus:]  
To murder my love is crime  
But will you still love  
A man out of time

There's a tuppenny hapenny millionaire  
Looking for a fourpenny one  
With a tight grip on the short hairs  
Of the public imagination

But for his private wife and kids somehow  
Real life becomes a rumour  
Days of dutch courage  
Just three French letters and a German sense of humour

He's got a mind like a sewer and a heart like a fridge  
He stands to be insulted and he pays for the privilege

[Chorus]

The biggest wheels of industry  
Retire sharp and short  
And the after dinner overtures  
Are nothing but an after thought  
Somebody's creeping in the kitchen  
There's a reputation to be made  
Whose nerves are always on a knife's edge  
Who's up late polishing the blade

Love is always scarpering or covering or fawning  
You drink yourself insensitive and hate yourself in the morning

[Chorus]