

# No Hiding Place

## Elvis Costello & The Imposters

In the not very distant future  
When everything will be free  
There won't be any cute secrets  
Let alone any novelty  
You can say anything you want to  
In your fetching cloak of anonymity  
Are you feeling out of breath now?  
In your desperate pursuit of, infamy  
Two lovers rocking up and down  
In an elevator  
15 minutes later  
They'll make a killing in the market  
They knew how to work it  
On that close circuit  
My, my, it's a terrible disgrace  
You'll find these days that there's  
No hiding place  
How proud you are  
You have the knack  
You're howling in a vacuum  
Whatever I said about you  
I didn't say it behind your back  
I paid for my immortal sins  
I know the enemy within you  
As it seems these days  
There is no hiding place  
Next time someone wants to hurt you  
Or set alight your effigy  
Don't call on me to help you out  
Don't come crying to me  
sympathy  
You stay there with your daubs and scratches  
While I summon up the red machine  
I'll be handing someone matches  
And carrying a can of kerosene  
Walk up to me  
And say what you said  
See how brave you are  
When I'm about this far away  
You sit in judgment and bitch  
Well, baby that's rich  
You're nothing but a snitch  
Na, na, na ,na, na , na, na  
Na, na, na ,na, na , na, na  
Na, na, na ,na, na , na, na  
My, my, it's a terrible disgrace (Repeat 3X)  
You'll find these days that there's  
No hiding place

Songwriters

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patents pending.

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