

# American Gangster Time

## Elvis Costello & The Imposters

One, two, three, four  
Somewhere downtown a pretty girl kneels  
Offers her soft lips and a handful of pills  
Peels off her dress and then the rest of her skills  
Buys what she wants and the rest she just steals  
He speaks between deep swallows of rum  
While her head is beating like a big bass drum  
And she wishes he were mute and not just dumb  
When the trick asked her quick, "Did you come?"  
It's a drag, saluting that starry rag  
I'd rather go blind for speaking my mind  
Or use it just like a gag  
So raise it in anger, just let it hang  
American gangster time  
He sits back and starts to invent  
All about some Saigon correspondent  
'Til the carbine fell silent and spent  
I never knew it could be so eloquent  
Next week there'll be some fashionable new sin  
For each harlot and each Puritan  
Pull off their wings, stick 'em on a pin  
And just watch the money roll in  
It's a drag, saluting that starry rag  
I'd rather go blind for speaking my mind  
Or use it just like a gag  
So raise it in anger, just let it hang  
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What you got hidden up your sleeve?  
The tracks of the train that were bidding you to leave  
When they say that you should flatter to deceive  
Don't count on any reprieve  
The hands of the helpless are raised  
Your dead little secrets are praised  
The people stand dumbstruck and dazed  
By the inches that you have erased  
It's a drag, saluting that starry rag  
I'd rather go blind for speaking my mind  
Or use it just like a gag  
So raise it in anger, just let it hang  
American gangster time  
Committing the perfect crime  
In American gangster time  
Here we go  
Bye, bye  
American gangster time