

# Man Out Of Time

## Elvis Costello & The Attractions

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  
For a minister of state  
Is 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 aroundTo murder my love is a 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 imaginationBut for his private wife and kids somehow  
Real life becomes a rumor  
Written in a French letters with some dutch courage  
And a German sense of humorHe's got a mind like a sewer  
And a heart like a fridge  
He stands to be insulted  
And he pays for the privilegeTo murder my love is a crime  
But will you still love  
A man out of time?The biggest wheels of industry  
Retire sharp and short  
And the after dinner overtures  
Are nothing but an after thoughtSomebody'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 bladeLove is always scampering  
In a cowering or a fawning  
You drink yourself insensitive  
And hate yourself in the morningTo murder my love is a crime  
But will you still love  
A man out of time?But will you still love  
A man out of time?