Favourite Hour

Elvis Costello

Figure hanging on a leather band
Cog consults the watch he cups in his hand
Bejewelled movement measures lost and vanished time
Pray for the boy who makes his bed in cold earth and quicklimeSo stay the hands, arrest the time
Till I am captured by your touch
Blessings, I don't count, small mercies and such
The flags may lower as we approach the favorite hourNow there's a tragic waste of brutal youth
Strip and polish this unvarnished truth
The tricky door that gapes beneath the ragged noose
The crippled verdict begs again for the lamest excuseSo stay the hands, arrest the time
Till I am captured by your touch
Blessings, I don't count, small mercies and such
The flags may lower as we approach the favorite hourPut out my eyes so I may never spy
Waving branches as they're waving goodbye
Their vile perfume brings to my mouth a bitter taste
The murmuring brooks had best speak up, it's a terrible wasteSo stay the hands, arrest the time
Till I am captured by your touch
Blessings, I don't count, small mercies and such
The flags may lower as we approach the favorite hour

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