Jimmie Standing In The Rain

Elvis Costello

Third-Class ticket in his pocket
Punching out the shadows underneath the sockets
Tweed coat turned up against the fogSlow coaches rolling o'er the moor
Between the very memory
And approaches of warStale bread curling on a luncheon counter
Loose change lonely, not the right amountForgotten Man of an indifferent nation
Waiting on a platform at a Lancashire station
Somebody's calling you again
The sky is falling
Jimmie's standing in the rain
Nobody wants to buy a counterfeited prairie lullaby in a colliery town
A hip flask and fumbled skein with some stagedoor Josephine is all he'll get now
Eyes going in and out of focus
Mild and bitter from tuberculosisForgotten Man
Indifferent nation
Waiting on a platform at a Lancashire station
Somebody's calling you again
The sky is falling
Jimmie's standing in the rainHer soft breath was gentle on his neck
If he could choose the time to dieThen he would come and go like this
Underneath a painted skyShe woke up and called him "Charlie" by mistake
And then in shame began to cry
Tarnished silver band peals off a phrase
And then warms their hands around the brazier
Forgotten Man
Indifferent nation
Waiting on a platform at a Lancashire station
Somebody's calling you again
It's finally dawning
Jimmie's standing in the rainBrilliantine glistening
Your soft plaintive whistling
And your wan wandering smileDied down at The Hippodrome
Now you're walking off to jeers, the lonely sound of jingling spurs, the "toodle-oos" and "Oh, my dears" down at "The Argyle"Vile vaudevillians applaud sobriety
There's no place for a half-cut cowboy in polite societyForgotten Man
Indifferent nation
Waiting on a platform at a Lancashire station
Somebody's calling you again
It's finally dawning

Jimmie's standing in the rain

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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