Man Out Of Time

Elvis Costello

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 tuppeny, 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?

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