Man Out Of Time

Words & Music:
Declan Patrick Aloysius McManus (Elvis Costello)
from: Christian Korbanka, Cologne, Germany

So this is where he came to hide-- when he ran from you.
In a private detective overcoat and dirty dead men's shoes.
The pretty things of Knightsbridge, lying for of Minister of State,
Are a far cry from the nod and wink here at Traitors' Gate.

'Cause the high heel he used to be has been ground down.
And he listens for the footsteps that would follow him around.
To murder, my love, is a crime.
But will you still love - a man out of time?

There's a tupenny ha'ppenny millionaire looking for a fourpenny one,
With a tight grip on the short hairs of the public imagination.
But for his private wife and kids, somehow real life becomes a rumour.
Days of Dutch courage, just three French letters & a German sense of humor.

He's got a mind like a sewer and a heart like a fridge.
He stands to be insulted And he pays for the privilege.
To 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 after the dinner overtures are nothing but an afterthought.
Somebody's creeping in the kitchen there's a reputation to be made.
Whose nerves are always on the knife's edge & who's up late polishing the blade?

Love is always scarpering or cowering or fawning.
You drink yourself insensitive and hate yourself in the morning.
To murder, my love, is a crime.
But will you still love - a man out of time?