Man Out Of Time Words & Music: Declan Patrick Aloysius McManus (Elvis Costello) from: Christian Korbanka, Cologne, Germany ΒE ΒE So this is where he came to hide-- when he ran from you. F#m 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. C#m 'Cause the high heel he used to be has been ground down. E/B B7 And he listens for the footsteps that would follow him around. G#m F To murder, my love, is a crime. F#m G#m A F#/A# Bsus4 G#/B# C#m A E 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. C#m He's got a mind like a sewer and a heart like a fridge. E/B B7 He stands to be insulted And he pays for the privilege. Е G#m To murder, my love, is a crime. F#m G#m A F#/A# Bsus4 G#/B# C#m A E

But will you still love - a man out of time?

Е

F

F

G#m

F#sus4

G#m

F#m

F#m

F#sus4

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?

G#m C#m Love is always scarpering or cowering or fawning. F#sus4 **B**7 E/B You drink yourself insensitive and hate yourself in the morning. F#m Е G#m Е To murder, my love, is a crime. A F#/A# Bsus4 G#/B# C#m A E F#m G#m But will you still love - a man out of time?