

## Costello Elvis

### "Favourite Hour"

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Figure hanging on a leather band  
Pa consults the watch he cups in his hand  
The jewel movement measures lost and vanished time  
Pray for the boy who makes his bed in cold earth and  
quicklime

Chorus:

So stay the hands, arrest the time  
'Till I am captured by your touch  
Blessings that don't count  
Small mercies and such  
The flags may lower  
As we approach the favourite hour

Now 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 excuse

-chorus-

Put out my eyes so I may never spy  
Waving branches as they're waving good-bye  
Their vile perfume brings to my mouth a bitter taste  
The murmuring brooks that best speak up  
It's a terrible waste

-chorus-

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