

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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