

Elvis Costello "Twenty-Five To Twelve"

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You say you don't desire me
You only tire me
Now you hire me

Expensive care is meaningless
Feeling nothing and caring less
Cut off at the pass

She knows where you're headed
He wants double time
Or a temporary wedding

And the lucky girl leads a life of leisure
With forty-five years for seconds of pleasure
The hands on the clock move so precisely
And I only kiss but once or twice

I can't help you now
I can't help myself
'Cause the time's running out
And it's twenty-five to twelve

Crowds surround loudspeakers on the lampposts
Listening to the murder mystery
Meanwhile someone's in the classroom
Busy forging books on history

Wouldn't give that man my hand
He'd steal my fingers
So the truth ends up in stitches
And your urges turn to itches

And the lucky girl leads a life of leisure
With forty-five years for seconds of pleasure
The hands on the clock move so precisely
And I only kiss but once or twice

I can't help you now
I can't help myself
'Cause the time's running out
And it's twenty-five to twelve

I was committed to life
And then commuted to the outskirts
I was living for thirty minutes at a time
With a break in the middle for adverts

See the human furniture
But it's only for show
Now you can look all that you like
But they only let you touch and go

And the lucky girl leads a life of leisure
With forty-five years for seconds of pleasure
The hands on the clock move so precisely
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