

## Favourite Hour

Elvis Costello

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

So stay the hands, arrest the time  
Till I am captured by your touch  
Blessings I 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

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Put out my eyes so I may never spy  
Waving branches as they're waving goodbye  
Their vile perfume brings to my mouth a bitter taste  
The murmuring brooks had best speak up, it's a terrible waste

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Small mercies and such  
The flags may lower as we approach the favourite hour