

# No Hiding Place

Elvis Costello

In the not very distant future  
When everything will be free  
There won't be any cute secrets  
Let alone any novelty

You can say anything you want to  
In your fetching cloak of anonymity  
Are you feeling out of breath now?  
In your desperate pursuit of infamy

Two lovers rocking up and down  
In an elevator  
15 minutes later  
They'll make a killing in the market  
They know how to work it  
On that close circuit  
My, my, it's a terrible disgrace  
You'll find these days that there's  
No Hiding Place

How proud you are  
You got the knack  
Of howling in a vacuum  
Whatever I said about you  
I didn't say it behind your back

I paid for my immortal sins  
I know the enemy within you  
As it seems these days  
There is no hiding place

Next time someone wants to hurt you  
Or set alight your effigy  
Don't call on me to help you out  
Don't come crying to me for sympathy  
You stay there with your daubs and scratches  
While I summon up the red machine  
I'll be handing somebody matches  
And carrying a can of kerosene

Walk up to me  
And say what you said  
Let's see how brave you are  
When I'm about this far

You sit in judgment and bitch  
Well, baby that's rich  
You're nothing but a snitch

My, my, it's a terrible disgrace  
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