

# The Invisible Man

Elvis Costello

I was committed to life and then commuted to the outskirts  
With all the love in the world  
Living for thirty minutes at a time with a break in the middle  
for adverts  
But it's a wonderful world within these cinema walls  
Where a shower of affection becomes niagra falls  
And you wish she could step down from the  
Screen to your seat in the stalls  
But if stars are only painted on the ciling above  
Then who can you turn to and who do you love  
I want to get out while I still can  
I want to be like Harry Houdini  
Now I'm the invisible man

My head is spinning round faster and faster  
Here I stand on the edge of disaster  
I'm shattered like a piece of crystal porcelain or alabaster  
Crowds surround loudspeakers hanging from the lampposts  
Listening to the murder mystery  
Meanwhile someone's hiding in the classroom  
Forging books of history  
Never mind there's a good film showing tonight  
Where they hang everyone everybody who can read and write  
Oh that could never happen here but then again it might