

## Twenty-Five To Twelve

Elvis Costello

You say you don't desire me  
You only tire me  
Now you'll hire me  
Expensive care is meaningless  
Feeling nothing and caring less  
Cut off at the passion  
She knows where you're headed  
She wants double time  
Or a temporary wedding

And the lucky girl leads a life of leisure  
With 45 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 sleuth ends up in stitches  
And your urges turn to itches

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I was committed to life  
And then commuted to the outskirts  
I was living with thirty minutes at a time  
With a break in the middle for adverts  
See the human furniture  
But its only for show  
Now you can look all that you like  
But they only let you touch and go

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