

The Whirlwind

Elvis Costello

I came out to this town
To seek a new career
Or just another kind of whirlwind
Than one that brought me here
I stare up through the ceiling
Past the plaster and the paint
Considering the stars that shine
And flare and fall before they're spent

How could you know?
My common senses had deserted me
On certain nights
When other gentlemen have courted me
But in the light of morning
They would turn to see me go

I've had my moments
But all too few
You think you know me
Maybe you do

But in the light of morning
You will turn to see me go
Nothing's lost and no one's won
It's over now and now it's done

I may be lying
This may be true
You think you know me
Maybe you do, maybe you do
Maybe you do