

Back On My Feet
Elvis Costello

A

A
How many days will the wet weather last?

A **G**
I want to know will the clouds

E
When they roll back

A **F#m**
Reveal a man in an old mac

Bsus4 **B**
Living on a park bench

Esus4 **E**
Sitting on his own?

A
Cut to the rain as it runs down the glass

G **E**
Eventually through the lightning and thunder

A **F#m**
We see a man going under

Bsus4 **B**
This is how it happens

Esus4 **E**
This is what he said

E **A**
I don t need love

E **A**
Though temptation is sweet

E **F#m**
Give me your hand

D **A**
Til I m back on my feet

E **A** **E** **A**
You re always telling me about my misery

E **F#m**
I ve seen things you ll never see

D **A**
Don t pity me

A
Focus in on the breath of a man

A **G**
Who takes a brown paper bag

E
From his knapsack

A **F#m**
Between his whispers and wise cracks

Bsus4 B
He s looking for permission
Esus4 E
Screaming at the sky

E **A**
I don t need love

E **A**
Though temptation is sweet

E **F#m**
Give me your hand

D **A**
Til I m back on my feet

E **A** **E** **A**
You re always telling me about my misery

E **F#m**
I ve seen things you ll never see

D **A**
Don t pity me

C
I ll be right again

A
Be upright without you

C
I ll stand up again

A
Kick up a fuss again too

A
Cut back again to a girl walking by

G **E**
Until the feet that are all shoes and no socks

A **F#m**
Climb an invisible soap box

Bsus4 B
Laughing at the traffic

Esus4 E
Shouting at the world

E **A**
I don t need love

E **A**
Though temptation is sweet

E **F#m**
Give me your hand

D **A**
Til I m back on my feet

E **A** **E** **A**
You re always telling me about my misery

E **F#m**

I ve seen things you ll never see

D **A**

Don t pity me

C

I ll stand up again

A

Kick up a fuss again too

C

I ll be right again

A

Be upright without you

A

We see a life through the eyes of a man

As he live and he dies

By a simple tattoo

C

I ll be back again

A

When I land on my feet

C

I ll stand up again

A

Kick up a fuss again, wouldn t you

A

Well there you go, though we tried hard to know him

It s there on his face

He s a case where there s clearly no hope

C

Give me your hand again

Til I land again

A

His face starts to fade

As we pull down the shade

And the picture we made

Is in glorious cinemascope

C

A

I ll be back...