

Elvis Costello, Couldn't You Keep That To Yourself

The tiny slip at midnight
A little sip at noon
You're tired and torn approaching dawn
My penitent buffoon
Wouldn't you think I'd know by now
I shouldn't have entertained it
Couldn't you keep that to yourself
You cried for my forgiveness
You say it sets you free
You summon dear the shameful tears
That spill all over me
Wouldn't you think I'd know by now
I shouldn't have entertained it
Couldn't you keep that to yourself

The penny rides at evening tide
The vain requests
The blush of the night
And the blooming bush
Where you failed every test
What should I believe of you?
What should I forget
Am I innocent yet

Is it the wife you would have beaten
Is it the child you couldn't bear?
I fear you have mistaken me
For somebody who cares
The sophisticated victim
That you skilfully request
You can hide behind your wishes
You can hide behind despair
And all the wretched syndroms
That carry away the blame
Couldn't you keep you keep that to yourself
And wouldn't you shouldn't you couldn't you
Keep that to yourself