

Elvis Costello, I Turn Around

Sometimes I try so hard to resist, you say you will and I say you won't.

Sometimes I think that you don't exist and sometimes you don't.

Pinch me 'cause I don't believe it.

Kiss me 'cause it feels like a hit.

I turn around and you're not there.

Why must it always be the less I see of you, the more I care?

You're determined to make me as miserable as you can.

You're like Harry Houdini or the Invisible Man.

Count 10 and then down again.

9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

Doing everything they say shouldn't be done,
more fun than you can have with your clothes on.

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Kiss me 'cause it feels like a hit.

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Why must it always be the less I see of you, the more I care?

The less I see of you, the more I care.

The less I see of you, the more I care.