

Elvis Costello, Needle Time

I wish that I didn't hate you
Least not as much as I do
And squander all my contempt for
A little nothing like you
Liars like you are ten-a-penny
Women would slap you, if you knew any

Sometimes I feel just like committing a crime

I've got this suitcase of phony wisdom to dispense
These twenty-seven or so years
You'd think I (would have) made them some cents
Now they want me fingerprinted
Like I was smuggling drugs
While the government does deals with the most convenient thugs

Sometimes I feel just like committing a crime
It's Needle Time

I'm trying not to despise you with a passion that is hard to extinguish
Or maybe I really love you
Although it's hard to distinguish

I wish I could be
A little more like a saint is
Forgiving those who trespass against us

Sometimes I feel just like committing a crime

I started talking nonsense, just like I did to begin with
Around the time I tired of those sour English

Sometimes I feel just like committing a crime
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