

Elvis Costello, Running Out Of Fools

Sure you haven't got the wrong number
Sure it's me you want to talk to tonight
Everyone in town's got your number
Everyone in town's got you pegged just right
Is that why you got in touch with me
I guess you must be running out of fools

Even when you left me there crying
Your goodbye was even colder than ice
You didn't care that you left me there crying
Now you wanna break my heart twice

Is that why you got in touch with me
I guess you must be running out of fools

I guess you got back to my name in your little black book
Hey guess what I bet you forgot how I even look
So go ahead with all your sweet talking
Go ahead for all the good it will do
Have yourself a dime's worth of talking
Then I'm gonna hang right up on you

Cause this time you're not getting through to me
I guess you must be running out of fools

Even fools like me
Even fools like me
I guess you're running out of fools
Even fools like me