

# 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