

Elvis Costello, Talking In The Dark

I tried in vain to drive myself insane
I talk to myself but I don't listen
I found out what I was missing
I miss talking in the dark
Without you, I'm not conversational
Without the sense of the occasional
Without you, I miss talking in the dark
When the barking and the biting is through
We can talk like we're in love or talk like we're above it
We can talk and talk until we talk ourselves out of it

I look for the news, somebody to abuse
I look at myself but it's so chancy
I see things that I don't fancy

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