

# Elvis Costello, Boy With A Problem

I feel like a boy with a problem  
I can't believe what we've forgotten  
And I even slapped your face and made you cry

It's the last thing I want to do  
Pull the curtains on me and you  
Pull the carpet from under love  
Pull out like young lovers do

You swore you wouldn't shout  
If it's not your punch then it's your pout  
Days in silence try my temper  
Nights spent drinking to remember  
How memories are always tender

I crept out last night behind your back  
The little they know might be the pieces I lack  
Came home drunk  
Talking in circles  
The spirit is willing but I don't believe in miracles  
I've got a problem but let's go to bed  
I can roll over and I can play dead  
But here I am in the doghouse instead

I feel like a boy with a problem  
I can't believe all you've forgotten  
Sleeping with forgiveness in your heart for me