

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