

# Elvis Costello, Boy With A Problem (Demo)

I feel like a boy with a problem  
I can't remember what I've forgotten  
All because I 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 the bow out of Cupid's view

You swore you wouldn't shout  
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 piece I lack  
Came home drunk  
Staggering words  
I've had a drink  
Invited some girls tonight  
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 recall what I've forgotten  
Sleeping with forgiveness in your heart for me