

# Elvis Costello, Dear Sweet Filthy World

Dear sweet filthy world, my wife or whoever reads this  
I think that I've lived too long  
With all of my promise unfulfilled  
But there is a veil drawn over all of that  
I know you'll probably say, "Spare us the melodrama"  
&"I don't know how he chose the pills or the stupid revolver"  
I'm out of luck  
I'm not that strong  
My hands, your neck  
I might have wrung

Don't try to find me  
I'm not worth anything anymore  
I am not leaving you with all of your problems  
The biggest one is me

Life is dark  
Cold as the sea  
Embrace me in my anguish  
Put seaweed in my hair and vow that you won't cry because  
I've gone  
I can't go on, I can't go on, I can't go on  
I must close now