

Boy With A Problem

Elvis Costello

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