Dear Sweet Filthy World

Elvis Costello

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 thatI 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 wrungDon'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 meLife 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

Songwriters
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