

Diminished Ex

Lloyd Cole

Maybe I was a little over zealous
But that was such a long long time ago
It wasn't me made a fool of your fella
He didn't need any help from me
Just to call me
On the phone
Would that have broken your back, baby?

Maybe I aimed a little too high
No question that I failed in my endeavour
But that was not the pretext to this bitterness
Here I must give credit where it's due
You wanted to break me
On the wheel
But I was already broke, baby
Gone up in smoke, baby

And did I have it coming?
Maybe I did
I sure did disappoint you, didn't I?
Time and again, and again and again and again
I won't disavow my sinful weakness
No need to tell me
I already know
It can never be the same, baby
You've got to lay some blame, baby
If you've got to pin that scarlet letter to my breast
Well, do what you've got to do

So in light of these diminished expectations
I propose a temporary truce
If we are to negotiate these waters
Without further casualties