Single File

Elliott Smith

Here in line where stupid shit collides
With dying shooting stars
All we got to show what we really are
Is the same kind of scarsAnd looking at you all I see is
Your waiting for something single file
You're a murder mile, you idiot kid
Your arm's got a death in itIf your choking up take this paper cup
But there's a price that you'll pay for
Trying hard to become whatever they are
And saying whatever they saySo help yourself to this bitter pill
Or somebody else will
Single file you're a murder mile
You idiot kid your arm's got a death in itSingle file, single file
Single file, single file