

# High Times

**Elliott Smith**

Coma kid, tell me how you come to  
Follow you around where ever you go  
Said, I don't go where I'm supposed to go  
And I don't go really anywhere, you know  
Told me how he's driven by a curse  
'Til he kicked out into reverse  
Said, I don't go where I'm supposed to go  
And I don't go really anywhere, you know  
I made up my mind and I don't mind saying so  
I went to meet you at Central Square  
And when I couldn't find you there  
I went walking around the city some more  
People watching with a cold blank stare  
And I saw your face in everyone, I swear  
Seems I never get your kick quite right  
I was walking slow to a dirty dive  
I'm so sick and tired trying to change your mind  
When it's so easy to disconnect mine  
High times, high times  
High times, yeah, I feel fine  
High times, high times  
High times, man, I feel fine  
Don't pick me up  
I'm fine right where I am  
I don't go where I'm supposed to go  
Where I'm supposed to go

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