condor ave. (dylan travis)

Elliott Smith

She took the Oldsmobile out past condor avenue
And she locked the car and slipped past
Into rhythmic quietude
Lights burning
Voice dry and hoarse
I threw the screen door like a bastard back and forth
The chimes fell over each other
I fell onto my knees
The sound of the car driving off made me feel diseased
A sick shouting like you hear at the fairground
Now I'm picking up to put away anything of yours that's still around
I don't know what to do with your clothes or your letters
It'll make a whisper out of you
She took the Oldsmobile out past condor avenue
The fairground's lit
A drunk man sits by the gate she's driving through
Got his hat tipped bottle back in between his teeth
Looks like he's buried in the sand at the beach
I can't think about you driving off to leave barely awake
To take a little nap while the road is straight
I wish that car had never been discovered
They took away the bottle and the hat he was under
That's the one thing that he could never do
And it'll make a whisper out of you
She took the Oldsmobile out past condor avenue
Cops were running around the scene
Looking for some kind of clue
They never get uptight when a moth gets crushed
Unless a light bulb really loved him very much
I'm lying down
Blowing smoke from my cigarette
Little whisper smoke signs that you'll never get
You're in your Oldsmobile driving by the moon
Headlights burning bright ahead of you
And someone's burning out, out on condor avenue
Trying to make a whisper out of you
What a shitty thing to say
Did you really mean it?
You never said a word to me about what passed between us

So now I'm leaving you alone
You can do whatever the hell you want to
Na, na, na, na, na, na.

Songwriters
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