

Some Song

Elliott Smith

It's a junkie dream, makes you so uptight
Yeah, it's Halloween tonight and every night
Hear you scratch your skin, your sandpaper throat
You're a symphony, man, with one fucking note Charlie beat you up week after week
And when you grow up, you're gonna be a freak
Want a violent girl who's not scared of anything Help me kill my time
'Cause I'll never be fine
Help me kill my time You went down to look at old Dallas Town
Where you must be sick just to hang around
Seen it on TV, how to kill your man
Then like Gacy's scene a canvas in your hand Better call your mom, she's out looking for you
In the jail and the army and the hospital too
But those people there couldn't do anything for you Help me kill my time
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