

# No Name #4

## Elliott Smith

For a change she got out before he hurt her bad  
Took her records and clothes and pictures of her boy  
It really made her sad, packed it up and didn't look back  
I'm okay lets just forget all about him  
The car was cold and it's smelled like old cigarettes and pine  
In her bag, I saw things  
She drew when she was nine, like this one here  
Her alone nobody near what a shame let's just not talk about it  
No, it doesn't look like you  
But you did wear cowboy boots  
That's your fame

There's no question about it  
Once we got back inside with one into the ground  
I was ready to hide  
'Cos I don't know who's around  
And you look scared  
It's our secret do not tell okay?  
Let's just not talk about it  
Don't tell okay  
Let's just forget all about it

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