

Baby Britain

[Elliott Smith](#)

Baby Britain feels the best
Floating over a sea of vodka
Separated from the rest
Fights problems with bigger problems Sees the ocean fall and rise
Counts the waves that somehow didn't hit her
Water pouring from her eyes
Alcoholic and very bitter For someone half as smart
You'd be a work of art
You put yourself apart
And I can't help until you start We knocked another couple back
The dead soldiers lined up on the table
Still prepared for an attack
They didn't know they'd been disabled Felt a wave, a rush of blood
You won't be happy 'til the bottle's broken
You're out swimming in the flood
You kept back, you kept unspoken For someone half as smart
You'd be a work of art
You put yourself apart
And I can't help you until you start You got a look in your eye
When you're saying, goodbye
Like you wanna say, hi The light was on but it was dim
Revolver's been turned over
And now it's ready once again
The radio was playing 'Crimson and Clover' London bridge is safe and sound
No matter what you keep repeating
Nothing's gonna drag me down
To a death that's not worth cheating For someone half as smart
You'd be a work of art
You put yourself apart
And I can't help until you start For someone half as smart
You'd be a work of art
You put yourself apart

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