

Speed Trials

Elliott Smith

He's pleased to meet you underneath the horse
In the cathedral with the glass stained black
Singing sweet high notes that echo back To destroy their master
May be a long time 'til you get the call-up
But it's sure as fate and hard as your luck No one will know where you are
It's just a brief smile crossing your face
I'm running speed trials standing in place When the socket's not a shock enough
You little child what makes you think you're tough?
When all the people you think you're above They all know what's the matter
You're such a pinball yeah you know it's true
There's always something you come back running to To follow the path of no resistance
It's just a brief smile crossing your face
I'm running speed trials standing in place
It's just a brief smile crossing your face
I'm running speed trials all over the place

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