Fear City

Elliott Smith

Dragged down into lower case
Trying to get your cops to talk right
They can't put the paper in your face
And you're just trying to walk by
So now I got a new game, baby
No one's gonna recognize it
You're broken [Incomprehensible] over their flat tired [Incomprehensible]
Still trying to bring some dead beauty back to life
Isn't it pretty? Yeah
I'm gonna see my city dead
I can do everything that your man does except for better
Got no interest now in undressing your kids
With cheap angst love letters
You write your name in all of the place no one goes
Some can't be satisfied until everybody knows
Isn't it pretty?Yeah
I'm gonna see my city dead
Isn't it pretty? Yeah
I'm gonna see my city dead
Come on, isn't it pretty? Yeah
I'm gonna see my city dead

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