

# 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

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>