

# The White Lady Loves You More

Elliott Smith

Keep your things in a place meant to hide  
But I know they're there somewhere  
And I know that's where you'll go tonight  
I'll be thrown over just like before  
The white lady loves you more  
Need a metal man just to pick up your feet  
It's a long time since you cared enough for me  
To even be discrete  
I know what this metal is for  
The white lady loves you more  
I'm looking at a hand full of broken plans  
And I'm tired of playing it down  
You just want her to do anything to you  
There ain't nothing that you won't allow  
You wake up in the middle of the night  
From a dream you won't remember flashing on like a cop's light  
You say, "She's waiting and I know what for"  
The white lady loves you more, the white lady

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