

# Oh Well. Okay

[Elliott Smith](#)

Here's the silhouette, the face always turned away  
The bleeding color gone to black, dying like a day  
Couldn't figure out what made you so unhappy  
Shook your head to say, "No, no, no"  
And stopped for a spell and stayed that way, oh well, ok I got pictures, I just don't see it anymore  
Climbing hour upon hour through a total bore  
With the one I keep, where it never fades  
In the safety of a pitch black mind  
An airless cell that blocks the day, oh well, ok If you get a feeling next time you see me  
Do me a favor and let me know  
'Cause it's hard to tell, it's hard to say  
Oh well, ok, oh well, ok, oh well, ok

Songwriters

SMITH, STEVEN P. Published by

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