

Shooting Star

Elliott Smith

You'll make the scene
Like you always do
Goin' up stream
Down the avenue
To fuck some trophy boy that you won
Tonight at the bar So bad, so far
You'll make him sad
Shooting star When it was me
I was momentarily proud
Drunk on dreams
Now I'm glad I didn't say out loud
You said you'd be for real
But I don't believe that you are So bad, so far
You'll make me sad
Shooting star You distant and cold
And a sight to behold
Everybody just sighs
But no one gets on
With you very long
'Cause you don't feel bad when you lie Goin' to sleep now
Goin' back to first square one
Square two be where I can deal with
The shit you've just done
It won't be soon
Say the least it's gonna be hard So bad, so far
Your love is sad
Shooting star
Your love is sad
Shooting star

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