

A Passing Feeling

Elliott Smith

Everything is gone but the echo of the burst of a shell
And I'm stuck here waiting for a passing feeling
In the city, I built up and blew to hell
I'm stuck here waiting for a passing feeling
Still I send all the time
My request for relief
Down the dead power lines
Though I'm beyond belief
In the help I require
Just to exist at all
Took a long time to stand
Took an hour to fall I'm stuck here waiting for a passing feeling
Stuck here waiting for a passing feeling
Still I send all the time
My request for relief
Down the dead power lines
Though I'm beyond belief
In the help I require
Just to exist at all
Took a long time to stand
Took an hour to fall

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