

# No Name #2

**Elliott Smith**

Concrete hands picked up the telephone ring  
Do you know who you're talking to?  
No, and I don't care whoShe whispered quiet terror news  
He didn't give a hoot  
Said do what you have to doAll she had to do was speak  
Mouthpiece to cheek  
Please, say no more  
I'm lying here on the groundA strip of wet concrete  
Her name was just a broken sound  
A stutter step you hear when you're falling downKilling time won't stop this crying  
Killing time won't stop this crying  
Killing time won't stop this cryingBetter start watching what message that you send now  
No more situations I only go in to be kicked out  
He got knocked down leaning like he ran into a clothesline  
He only remembered a couple of words that hid a crime  
You're just fine, you'll be just fine, but I'm on the other lineKilling time won't stop this crying  
Killing time won't stop this crying  
Killing time won't stop this crying

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