

Bananafishbones, Clue

people disappear like socks in the wash
where they reappear, I got no clue
mixing up the rest into a state of pissed off
fixing up the feelings in a rendezvous

waiting waiting waiting in that ristorante Roma
we sorted out and decided to meet
the waiter checks me out for the very last time
got me so frustrated now Im on my feet

I havent got a clue
eyes staring right through you

tried to phone you up at home and on your mobile
the answering machine says
please leave a message after the beep
Im no more insulted it just gives me the creeps
the saddest guy with a vanished girlfriend

trains go by fast they split up the night
someone smiling sits there right across my bed
Im staring right into his yellow dark eyes
fear is flooding in something hits my head

I havent got a clue
eyes staring right through you
I havent got a clue
times running out for you

time is back head is cracked
I cant sleep there is no need
I know youre here there is no fear
just like socks in the wash
we disappear

I havent got a clue
eyes staring right through you
I havent got a clue
times running out for you

checking my time like some old school clock
ticking really loud when youre winding me up
saying hello to all the five people that I know
I got a bag and plenty of time

Elliot Smith is over there
with a knife in his chest and blood in his black hair
and I see him smoking Winston cigarettes
I wonder where the people are that I detest.....