## 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 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.....