

Elliot Smith, Roman Candle

he played himself
didn't need me to give him help
he could be cool, cruel to you and me
knew we'd put up with anything
I wanna hurt him
I wanna give him pain
I'm a Roman candle
my head is full of flames
I'm hallucinating, hallucinating
I hear you cry
your tears, cheap
wet hot red swollen cheeks

fall asleep
I wanna hurt him
I wanna give him pain
I'm a Roman candle
my head is full of flames
I wanna hurt him
I wanna hurt him
I wanna hurt him
I wanna give him pain

he can feel this pretty burn