

# Elliot Smith, Son Of Sam

Something's happening  
Don't speak to soon  
I told the boss off and made my move  
Got no where to go

Son of Sam, son of that shining path, the clouded mind  
Couple killer each and every time

I'm not uncomfortable, feeling weird  
Long revered options disappear  
But I know what to do

Son of Sam, son of a doctor's touch, a nurse's love  
Acting under orders from above

King for a day

Son of Sam, son of that shining path, the clouded mind  
Couple killer running out of time

Shiva opens her arms now  
To make sure I don't get too far  
I may talk in my sleep tonight cause I don't know what I am  
I'm a little like you, more like Son of Sam