

Elliot Smith, Waltz 1

Oooh...

Everytime the day darkens down
And goes away, pictures open in my head of me and you

Silent and clich all the things
We did and didn't say
Covered up, by what we did and didn't do
Going through

Every hour I used to cope to make
The repetition stop
What was I supposed to say?

Oooh...

Now I never leave my zone, we're both alone
I'm going home
I wish I'd never seen your face