

Elliott Smith, 2:45 AM

I'm going out sleepwalking
Where mute memories start talking
The boss that couldn't help but hurt you
And the pretty thing he made desert you
I'm going out like a baby
A naive unsatisfiable baby
Grabbing onto whatever's around
For the soaring high or the crushing down
Hidden cracks that don't show
But that constantly just grow
Looking for the man that attacked me
While everybody was laughing at me
You beat it in me, that part of you
But I'm gonna split us back in two
Tired of living in a cloud
If you're gonna say shit now you'll do it out loud
It's 2:45 in the morning
And I'm putting myself on warning
For waking up in an unknown place
With a recollection you've half-erased
Looking for somebody's arms
To wave away past harm
Walking out on Center Circle
Both of you can just fade to black
Walking out on Center Circle
Been pushed away and I'll never come back