

Elliott Smith, 5. 15. 97

My flower would not unfold, always waiting for some sunnier day.
Quiet and patient, but afraid and hidden away.
And the awful truth's been told, matter of fact
And I can't take it back and I wouldn't want to,
Or at least that's what I say.
Will you come out now?
Now that it's too late for me to be in on the scene.
I hurt you bad, but you know you're a dream.
Do you want success, oh yeah.

Through somebody else, oh no no no no.
So start over, it's been a time since you've had to.
Do you got your own thing? yeah.
What you want to do for now: stop taking everything back.
It confronts you just lying down.
Will you come out now?
Who would you do it for, unlucky charm, beautiful collapsing star?
Who would it be?
Why wasn't it me?