

Elliott Smith, A Fond Farewell

The Litebrite's now black and white
'Cos you took apart a picture that wasn't right
Pitch burning on a shining sheet
The only maker that you want to meet
A dying man in a living room
Whose shadow paces the floor
Who'll take you out in the open door
This is not my life
It's just a fond farewell to a friend
It's not what I'm like
It's just a fond farewell to a friend
Who couldn't get things right
A fond farewell to a friend
He said really I just want to dance
Good and evil match perfect, it's a great romance
And I can deal with some psychic pain
If it'll slow down my higher brain
Veins full of disappearing ink
Vomiting in your kitchen sink
Disconnecting from the missing link
This is not my life
It's just a fond farewell to a friend
It's not what I'm like
It's just a fond farewell to a friend
Who couldn't get things right
A fond farewell to a friend
I see you're leaving me
And taking up with the enemy
The cold comfort of the in-between
A little less than a human being
A little less than a happy high
A little less than a suicide
The only things that you really tried
This is not my life
It's just a fond farewell to a friend
It's not what I'm like
It's just a fond farewell to a friend
Who couldn't get things right
A fond farewell to a friend
This is not my life
It's just a fond farewell to a friend