

# 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