

Elliott Smith, Angeles

Someone's always coming around here, trailing some new kill
Says I've seen your picture on a hundred dollar bill
And what's a game of chance to you, to him is one of real skill
So glad to meet you

Angeles

Picking up the ticket shows, there's money to be made
Go on and lose the gamble, that's the history of the trade
And you add up all the cards left to play to zero
And sign up with evil

Angeles

Don't start me trying now
'Cos I'm all over it

Angeles

I could make you satisfied in everything you do
All your secret wishes could right now be coming true
And be forever with my poison arms around you
No one's gonna fool around with us
No one's gonna fool around with us
So glad to meet you

Angeles