

# Elliott Smith, Can't Make A Sound

I have become a silent movie  
The hero killed the clown  
Can't make a sound  
Can't make a sound  
Can't make a sound  
Nobody knows what he's doing  
Still hanging around  
Can't make a sound  
Can't make a sound  
Can't make a sound  
Can't make a sound  
The slow motion moves me  
The monologue means nothing to me  
Bored in the role, but he can't stop  
Standing up to sit back down  
Or lose the one thing found  
Spinning the world like a toy top  
'Til there's a ghost in every town  
Can't make a sound  
Can't make a sound  
Can't make a sound  
Can't make a sound  
Eyes locked and shining  
Can't you tell me what's happening?  
Why should you want any other  
When you're a world within a world?  
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