Elliott Smith, Christian Brothers

No bad dream fucker's gonna boss me around
Christian brothers gonna take him down
But it can't help me get over
Don't be cross
It's sick what I want
I've seen the boss blink on and off
Fake concerns is what's the matter, man
And you think I ought to shake your motherfucking hand
Well I know how much you care
Don't be cross
It's sick what I want
I've seen the boss blink on and off
Come here by me, I want you here
Nightmares become me, it's so fucking clear
Nightmares become me, it's so fucking clear