

# Elliott Smith, Last Call (Edit)

He was sick of it all  
Asleep at home  
Told you off and goodbye  
Well you know one day it'll come to haunt you  
That you didn't tell him quite the truth  
You're a crisis  
You're a icicle  
You're a tongueless talker  
You don't care what you say  
You're a jaywalker and you just just walk away  
And that's all you do  
The clap of the fading out sound of your shoes  
Made him wonder who he thought that he knew  
Last call  
He was sick of it all  
The endless stream of reminders  
Made him so sick of you sick of you sick of you  
Sick for your sound  
Sick of you coming around  
Trying to crawl under my skin  
When I already shed my best defense  
It comes out all around that you won  
And I think I'm all done  
You can switch me off safely  
While I'm lying here waiting for sleep to overtake me  
Yeah yeah you're still here but just check to make sure  
All you aspired to do was endure  
You can't ask for more ask for none  
Knowing you'll never get that which you ask for  
So you cast your shadow everywhere like the man in the moon  
You start to drink you just want to continue  
It'll all be yester year soon  
You start to drink you just want to continue  
It'll all be yester year soon  
Church bells and now I'm awake and I guess it must be some kind of  
holiday  
I can't seem to join in the celebration  
But I'll go to the service  
And I'll go to pray  
And I'll sing the praises of my maker's name  
Like I was as good as she made me  
And I wanted her to tell me that she would never wake me  
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I wanted her to tell me that she would never wake me  
I wanted her to tell me that she would never wake me  
I'm lying here waiting for sleep to one take me