

Elliott Smith, Memory Lane

This is the place you end up when you lose the chase
Where you're dragged against your will from a basement on the hill
And all anybody knows is you're not like them
And they kick you in the head and send you back to bed
Isolation pulled you past a tunnel
To a bright world where you can make a place to stay
But everybody's scared of this place, they're staying away
Your little house on Memory Lane
The mayor's name is fear
His force patrols the pier
From a mountain of cliché
That advances every day
The doctor spoke a cloud
He rained out loud
You'll keep your doors and windows shut
And swear you'll never show a soul again
But isolation pushes you 'til every muscle aches
Down the only road it ever takes
But everybody's scared of this place, they're staying away
Your little house on Memory Lane
If it's your decision to be open about yourself
Be careful or else
Be careful or else
I'm comfortable apart
It's all written on my chart
And I take what's given me
Most cooperatively
I do what people say and lie in bed all day
Absolutely horrified
I hope you're satisfied
Isolation pushes past self-hatred, guilt, and shame
To a place where suffering is just a game
But everybody's scared of this place, they're staying away
Your little house on Memory Lane
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