

# 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  
Your little house on Memory Lane