

# Elliott Smith, Plainclothes Man

You're everybody's second home  
Always trying to get me alone  
An easy way to lose it all  
Always there when all else fails  
Over by the west side rails

But I don't really need that now  
I never really did anyhow  
I only really needed alcohol  
Something that'll treat me okay  
And wouldn't say the things you'd say

Please turn out the light  
I get a sick confusion headache trying to figure out who's right

Dreaming on the silver strand  
Waking up to plainclothes man  
You little bastard, little boy in blue  
Someone's gonna get to you  
And fuck up everything you do

He's so unhappy inside  
He's serious with everyone  
And he thinks he'll win you with his angry kiss  
Acting like he has no needs  
Wanting you to watch him bleed

Made for each other bet you pay me any mind  
Just goes to show my continual decline  
They say that I'll recover my love of her once in a while  
But I don't know  
I don't think so...

There's something that I'll tell you now  
Now that no one else is around  
The sort of lesson that I learned from you  
Not quite the way you planned  
But I know you'll understand

Someone takes a photograph  
A picture while their sweetheart laughs  
A perfect moment in a flash of light  
Counting back from 3 to 1  
That's exactly what you've done

And I'm so unsurprised  
I remember, I remember why I dream in black &&& white

Goes to show my continual decline  
They say that I'll recover my love of her once in a while  
But I don't know  
I don't think so  
I don't think so...