

# Bayside, Baby Britain

[Originally by Elliot Smith]

Baby Britain feels the best  
Floating over a sea of vodka  
Separated from the rest  
Fights problems with bigger problems  
Sees the ocean fall and rise  
Counts the waves that somehow didn't hit her  
Water pouring from her eyes  
Alcoholic and very bitter

[Chorus:]

For someone half as smart  
You'd be a work of art  
You put yourself apart  
And I can't help until you start

We knocked another couple back  
The dead soldiers lined up on the table  
Still prepared for an attack  
They didn't know they'd been disabled  
Felt a wave, a rush of blood  
You won't be happy 'til the bottle's broken  
And you're out swimming in the flood  
You kept back you kept unspoken

[Chorus:]

For someone half as smart  
You'd be a work of art  
You put yourself apart  
And I can't help until you start

You got a look in your eye  
When you're saying goodbye  
Like you wanna say "hi";

The light was on but it was dim  
Revolver's been turned over  
And now it's ready once again  
The radio was playing "crimson and clover";  
London bridge is safe and sound  
No matter what you keep repeating  
Nothing's gonna drag me down  
To a death that's not worth cheating

[Chorus:]

For someone half as smart  
You'd be a work of art  
You put yourself apart  
I can't help until you start  
For someone half as smart  
you'd be a work of art  
You put yourself apart