

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:]

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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
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