

# Elliot Smith, 2:45 Am

I'm going out sleepwalking  
where mute memories start talking  
the boss that couldn't help but hurt you  
and the pretty thing he made desert you

I'm going out now like a baby  
a nave unsatisfiable baby  
grabbing onto whatever's around  
for the soaring high or the crushing down  
with hidden cracks that don't show  
but that constantly just grow

I'm looking for the man that attacked me  
while everybody was laughing at me  
you beat it in me that part of you  
but I'm gonna split us back in two  
tired of living in a cloud  
if you're gonna say shit now you'll do it out loud

it's 2:45 in the morning  
and I'm putting myself on warning  
for waking up in an unknown place  
with a recollection you've half erased  
looking for somebody's arms to  
wave away past harms

I'm walking out on center circle  
the both of you can just fade to black  
I'm walking out on center circle  
been pushed away and I'll never go back