

# Elliot Smith, Alameda

you walk down Alameda  
shuffling your deck of trick cards over everyone  
like some precious only son  
face down, bow to the champion

you walk down Alameda  
looking at the cracks in the sidewalk  
thinking about your friends  
how you maintain all them in  
a constant state of suspense

for your own protection over their affection  
nobody broke your heart

you broke your own  
because you can't finish what you start  
walk down alameda brushing off the nightmares you wish  
could plague me when I'm awake  
and now you see your first mistake  
was thinking that you could relate  
for one or two minutes she liked you  
but the fix is in

you're all pretension, I never pay attention  
nobody broke your heart

you broke your own  
because you can't finish what you start  
nobody broke your heart  
you broke your own  
because you can't finish what you start  
nobody broke your heart  
you broke your own  
because you can't finish what you start  
nobody broke your heart  
if you're alone it must be you that wants to be apart