

# Elliot Smith, Bled White

I'm a color reporter (rose city on the 409)  
But the city's been bled white (white city on the yellow line)  
And the doctor orders (drinking till he's trashed is just a waste of time)  
He drinks all night to take away this curse  
But it makes me feel much worse

Bled white

So I wait for the f-train (white city on the yellow line)  
And connect through a friend of mine (white city to a friend of mine)  
To a yesterday dream (yesterday a dream was just a waste of time)  
'Cause I'll have to be high to track the sunset down  
And paint this pailing town

Bled white

So here he comes with a blank expression  
Especially for me 'cause he knows  
I feel the same  
'Cause happy and sad come in quick succession  
I'm never going to become  
What you became

Don't you dare disturb me (don't complicate my piece of mind)  
While I'm balancing my past (don't complicate my piece of mind)  
'Cause you can't help or hurt me (the anger, being mean was just a waste of time)  
Like it already has, it may not seem quite right  
But I'm not fucked, not quite

Bled white

Bled white