

# Elliot Smith, No Name

for a change she got out before he hurt her bad  
took her records and clothes  
and pictures of her boy  
it really made her sad  
packed it up and didn't look back  
I'm okay let's just forget all about him

the car was cold and it smelled like old cigarettes and pine  
in her bag I saw things she drew when she was mine  
like this one here  
her alone nobody near  
what a shame let's just not talk about it

no it doesn't look like you  
but you did wear cowboy boots  
that's your fame  
there's no question about it  
once we got back inside  
with one ear to the ground  
I was ready to hide  
'cause I don't know who's around  
and you look scared  
it's our secret do not tell, okay  
let's just not talk about it  
don't tell okay  
let's just forget all about it