

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