

# Elliot Smith, Oh Well, Okay

here's the silhouette, the face always turned away  
the bleeding color gone to black, dying like a day  
couldn't figure out what made you so unhappy  
shook your head to say no, no, no  
and stopped for a spell and stayed that way  
oh well, okay

I got pictures, I just don't see it anymore  
climbing hour upon hour through a total bore  
with the one I keep where it never fades  
in the safety of a pitch black mind  
an airless cell that blocks the day  
oh well, okay

if you a get a feeling the next time you see me  
do me a favor and let me know  
'cause it's hard to tell  
it's hard to say  
oh well, okay  
oh well, okay  
oh well, okay