

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