

# Elliott Smith, A Passing Feeling

Everything is gone but the echo of the burst of a shell  
And I'm stuck here waiting for a passing feeling  
In the city I built up and blew to hell  
I'm stuck here waiting for a passing feeling  
Still I send all the time  
My request for relief  
Down the dead power line  
Though I'm beyond belief  
In the help I require  
Just to exist at all  
Took a long time to stand  
Took an hour to fall  
I'm stuck here waiting for a passing feeling  
Stuck here waiting for a passing feeling  
Still I send all the time  
My request for relief  
Down the dead power line  
Though I'm beyond belief  
In the help I require  
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Took a long time to stand  
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