

Elliott Smith, A Silver Chain

Sunny boy
For a silver chain
And he saw the tracks to the train
Bye, got a hat in my hand that fit my best to a 't',
Broken easily
Took the street from the purple lodge(?)
Where it's too disturbing to go
Holding the needle in my hand above the silk
Beneath, broken easily
While the trumpets blare, dissipate to air and
I got praying hands hangin'
From a silver chain
With a talent for catastrophe, i cant explain
When i count the steps to safety
That i know will protect me
The pain it just doesn't move
Away from me