

Elliott Smith, Alameda

You walk down Alameda shuffling your deck of trick cards over everyone
Like some precious only son
Face down, bow to the champion
You walk down Alameda looking at the cracks in the sidewalk, thinking about your friends
How you maintain all them in a constant set of suspense

For your own protection, over their affection
Nobody broke your heart
You broke your own 'cos you can't finish what you start

Walk down Alameda brushing off the nightmares you wish could plague me when I'm awake
So now you see your first mistake was thinking that you could relate
For one or two minutes she liked you
But the fix is in

You're all pretension, I never pay attention
Nobody broke your heart
You broke your own 'cos you can't finish what you start
Nobody broke your heart
You broke your own 'cos you can't finish what you start
Nobody broke your heart
You broke your own 'cos you can't finish what you start
Nobody broke your heart
If you're alone, it must be you that wants to be apart