

# 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