

Elliott Smith, Almost Over

Think I'm unkind
But people aren't the way you think they are
They can't remember all the time
What it was you wanted

They paint you out in straight silhouette
But don't you get the picture yet
Why you getting all upset
The worst parts almost over

Three's such a crowd
You ought to tell me what you tell yourself
You ever gonna speak it aloud
Do I have to guess like everyone else

With an iron will to walk the walk
And the glass drawn that can't be moved to talk
Black eyes always watch the clock
The worst parts almost over

You let yourself be froze by death
You think I'm mean 'cause I call you out
You don't know what you're about
The worst parts almost over now
The worst parts almost over now
Now now