

Elliott Smith, Baby Britain

Baby Britain feels the best
Floating over a sea of vodka
Separated from the rest
Fights problems with bigger problems
Sees the ocean fall and rise
Counts the waves that somehow didn't hit her
Water pouring from her eyes
Alcohol again, very bitter

For someone half as smart, you'd be a work of art
You put yourself apart
And I can't help until you start

We knocked another couple back
The dead soldiers lined up on the table
Still prepared for an attack
They didn't know they'd been disabled
Felt a wave, a rush of blood,
You won't be happy 'til the bottle's broken
You're out swimming in the flood
You kept back, you kept unspoken

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You put yourself apart
And I can't help you until you start

You've got a look in your eye when you're saying goodbye
Like you want to say hi

The light was on but it was dim
Revolver's been turned over
And now it's ready once again
The radio is playing Crimson and Clover
London Bridge is safe and sound
No matter what you keep repeating
Nothing's gonna drag me down
To a death that's not worth cheating

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