

# Elliott Smith, Clementine

They're waking you up to close the bar  
The street's wet, you can tell by the sound of the cars  
The bartender's singing "Clementine";  
While he's turning around the "Open" sign  
"Dreadful sorry, Clementine"  
Though you're still her man  
It seems a long time gone  
Maybe the whole thing's wrong  
What if she thinks so but just didn't say so?  
You drank yourself into slow-mo  
Made an angel in the snow  
You did anything to pass the time  
And keep that song out of your mind  
"Oh my darling  
Oh my darling  
Oh my darling Clementine  
Dreadful sorry, Clementine"