

# Elliott Smith, Condor Ave.

She took the Oldsmobile out past Condor Avenue  
And she locked the car and slipped past  
Into rhythmic quietude  
Lights burning  
Voice dry and hoarse  
I threw the screen door like a bastard back and forth  
The chimes fell over each other  
I fell onto my knees  
The sound of the car driving off made me feel diseased  
A sick shouting like you hear at the fairground  
Now I'm picking up to put away anything of yours that's still around  
I don't know what to do with your clothes or your letters  
They'll make a whisper out of you  
She took the Oldsmobile out past Condor Avenue  
The fairground's lit  
A drunk man sits by the gate she's driving through  
Got his hat, tipped bottle back in between his teeth  
Looks like he's buried in the sand at the beach  
I can't think about you driving off to leave barely awake  
To take a little nap while the road is straight  
I wish that car had never been discovered  
They took away the bottle and the hat he was under  
That's the one thing that he could never do  
And it'll make a whisper out of you  
She took the Oldsmobile out past Condor Avenue  
Cops were running around the scene  
Looking for some kind of clue  
They never get uptight when a moth gets crushed  
Unless a light bulb really loved him very much  
I'm lying down, blowing smoke from my cigarette  
Little whisper smoke signs that you'll never get  
You're in your Oldsmobile driving by the moon  
Headlights burning bright ahead of you  
And someone's burning out, out on Condor Avenue  
Trying to make a whisper out of you  
What a shitty thing to say  
Did you really mean it?  
You never said a word to me about what passed between us  
So now I'm leaving you alone, you can do whatever the hell you want to  
Na, na na na na na