

Elliott Smith, Confusion

Funny you swear you got nowhere special to go
But I know you will, before too long
Cos you're always there, standing there
Staring at the hole in the robe
Like it was a place somebody would go

Confusion is king, the talk of your town
With the hollywood design, knowing everyone
Would you cover mine?

You spoke softer than anybody i ever heard
Softer than the velvet in your hair, tying back
Black while you laugh at me, black as a bird
I live in a cage, and i could take you there

Confusion is king, the talk of your town
Streets, i'm living with the pain
This is what you see always looking down

Hanging out, better off? Can't tell how to behave
With her on the stage i hear your song
With the animals painted in the dark on the walls of the cage
Pictures of the ones i guess you won't forget

Confusion is king, the talk of my town
I don't know if you hear the meaning of the word
Maybe just yourself?

Little things trigger big problems
You can wipe out a stain and
Maybe i destroy what makes you sad

If you're rid of so many minds
Buried that you never relay until
Your body's numb and it's all too bad

Confusion is king, the talk of the town
I don't know how to speak it
I don't know how to help you
I'll just be around

I don't know how to speak
I don't know how to help
I'll just be around