

# Elliott Smith, Everything Reminds Me Of Her

I never really had a problem  
Because of leaving  
But everything reminds me of her  
This evening  
So if I seem a little out of it  
Sorry  
Why should I lie?  
Everything reminds me of her  
The spin of the earth impaled the silhouette of the sun on the steeple  
And I've gotta hear the same sermon all the time now from you people  
Why are you staring into outer space  
Crying  
Just because you came across it  
And lost it?  
Everything reminds me of her  
Everything reminds me of her  
Everything reminds me of her