

Elliott Smith, Fear City

Dragged down into lowercase
Trying to get your cops to talk right
But they cant put the paper in your face
You're just trying to walk by
So now I got a new game baby
No one's gonna recognize it
Your broken english over their flat, tired remarks
Still trying to bring some dead beauty back to life
Isn't it pretty, yeah
I'm gonna see my city dead
I can do everything that your man does except for better
Got no interest now in undressing your kids with cheap angst love letters
You write your name in all of the places no one goes
Some can't be satisfied until everybody knows
Isn't it pretty, yeah
I'm gonna see my city dead
Isn't it pretty, yeah
I'm gonna see my city dead (come on)
Isn't it pretty, yeah
I'm gonna see my city dead