

Elliott Smith, Fond Farewell

The Litebrite's now black and white
'Cause they took apart a picture that wasn't right
Pitch burning on a shining sheet
The only maker that you'd want to meet

A dying man in a living room
Whose shadow paces the floor
He'll take you out any open door

This is not my life
It's just a fond farewell to a friend
It's not what I'm like
It's just a fond farewell to a friend
Who couldn't get things right
Fond farewell to a friend

He said really I just wanna dance
Good and evil matched perfect it's a great romance
I can deal with some psychic pain
If it'll slow down my higher brain

Veins full of disappearing ink
Vomiting in the kitchen sink
Disconnecting from the missing link

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I see you're leaving me and taking up with the enemy
The cold comfort of the in between
A little less than a human being
A little less than a happy high
A little less than a suicide
The only things that you really tried

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