Elliott Smith, High Times

Coma kid
Tell me how you come to follow you around where ever you go
Said I don't go, where I'm supposed go
And I don't go, really anywhere you know
Told me how hes driven by a curse, 'til he kicked out into reverse
Said I don't go, where I'm supposed to go
And I don't go, really anywhere you know
I made up my mind, and I don't mind sayin so
I went to meet you at central square
When I couldn't find you there,
I went walking around the city some more
People watching with a cold blank stare
And I saw your face, in everyone I swear
Seems like I never get your kick quite right
I was walking slow to a dirty dive
I'm so sick and tired of trying to change your mind
When it's so easy to disconnect mine
High times
High times
High times, yea I feel fine
High times
High times
High times, man I feel fine
Don't pick me up I'm fine right where I am
I don't go, where I'm supposed go
Where I'm supposed to go