

Elliott Smith, Junk Bond Trader

The imitation picks you up like a habit
Writing in the glow of the TV's static
Taking out the trash to the man
Give the people something they'd understand
A stickman flashing a fine-lined smile
Junk bond trader trying to sell a sucker a style
Rich man in a poor man's clothes
The permanent installment of the daily dose
And you tell off when you tell it like it is
Your world's no wider than your hatred of his
Checking into a small reality
Boring like a drug you take too regularly
The athlete's laugh, the broken crutch
The first true love that folded at the slightest touch
Brought down like an old hotel
People diggle through rubble for things they can resell
Happy holidays, said sick savior
The leaving lover that I still favor
I won't take your medicine, I don't need a remedy
To be everything I'm supposed to be
I don't want nobody else
I can do it by myself
We're meant to be together
Now I'm a policeman directing traffic
Keeping everything moving, everything static
I'm a hitchhiker you'll recognize passing
On your way to some everlasting
Better sell it while you can
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