

Elliott Smith, King's Crossing

The king's crossing was the main attraction
Dominoes falling in a chain reaction
A scraping subject ruled by fear
Told me whiskey works better than beer
The judge is on vinyl, decisions are final
And nobody gets a reprieve
And every wave is tidal - if you hang around
You're going to get wet
I can't prepare for death any more than I already have
All you can do now is watch the shells
The game looks easy, that's why it sells
Frustrated fireworks inside your head
Are going to stand and deliver talk instead
The method acting that pays my bills
Keeps a fat man feeding in Beverly Hills
I got a heavy metal mouth that hurls obscenity
And I get my check from the trash treasury
Because I took my own insides out
It don't matter 'cos I have no sex life
And all I want to do now is inject my ex-wife
I've seen the movie and I know what happens
It's Christmas time, and the needles on the tree
A skinny Santa is bringing something to me
His voice is overwhelming, but his speech is slurred
And I only understand every other word
Open your parachute and grab your gun
Falling down like an omen, a setting sun
Read the part and return at five
It's a hell of a role if you can keep it alive
But I don't care if I fuck up
I'm going on a date with a rich white lady
Ain't life great?
Give me one good reason not to do it
(Because I love you)
So do it
This is the place where time reverses
Dead men talk to all the pretty nurses
Instruments shine on a silver tray
Don't let me get carried away
Don't let me get carried away
Don't let me be carried away