

# Elliott Smith, Let's Turn The Record Over

Tomorrow i'll feel fine, it's yesterday that took my breath away  
Flying off the handle, fighting with sweeping down the avenue  
God's up in his heaven, and the devil's on bonnie brae  
But there seems to be no room for us

So choose a poison, it's up to you  
I recommend you think about it  
Long and hard  
'Cause the words can get thick quick inside  
Dark and tangled and petrified  
And you wander through the endless night  
And never see the light of day

Let's turn the record over  
Your life's a pleasant valley  
Moonlight drives the gods in the sun  
His shadow stays behind you  
Graceful as a dancer in a ballet