

# Elliott Smith, Looking Over My Shoulder

Wiped out in the city slick  
Another sick rock 'n' roller acting like a dick  
Needing cash  
Burning through the trash  
That piles up in this place  
And fills up behind my empty face  
Full of things that I'm not to do

You come over with all of your friends  
And all their opinions I don't want to know  
And I'm looking over my shoulder  
Booking away with nowhere to go

I run down to the corner lot  
It's forty-five past two  
I almost forgot to show  
Got a date to make with Mr. So-and-So  
After which  
I won't care when you all start to bitch and moan  
About being alone

You come over with all of your friends  
And all their opinions I don't want to know  
And I'm looking over my shoulder  
Booking away with nowhere to go

Well, can't you just leave me alone?  
You've already thrown all the sticks and stones  
You had to send my way  
Well, can't you just leave it at that?  
And spare us both the bother  
Because I just bounce back anyway  
I got nothing that I want to do more  
Than make another sonic "fuck you" to play  
Whenever you make my life cliché  
So to fit in some little box with the all the labeled shit  
You would say to keep confusion away

You come over with all of your friends  
And all their opinions I don't want to know  
And I'm looking over my shoulder  
Booking away with nowhere to go

You come over with all of your friends  
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