Elliott Smith, Miss Misery

I'll fake it through the day
With some help from Johnny Walker red
And the cold pain behind my eyes
It shoots back through my head
With two tickets torn in half
And a lot of nothing to do
But its alright
Cause some enchanted night I'll be with you
Tarot cards and the lines in my hand
Tell me I'm wrong
But they're untrue
Got plans for both of us
That involved a trip out of town
To a place I've seen in a magazine that you left lying around
I cant hold my liquor
But I keep a good attitude
Cause its alright
Some enchanted night I'll be with you
Though you'd rather see me gone
Than to see it come the day ill be waiting for you anyway
Next door the TV's flashing blue frames on the wall
Its a comedy from the 70s
With the lead no one recalls
Vanished into oblivion
Its easy to do a
And I cry to see
When you talk to me
The day you said we were through
But it's alright
Some enchanted night I'll be with you