

# Elliott Smith, Oh Well, Okay

Here's the silhouette, the face always turned away  
The bleeding color gone to black, dying like a day  
Couldn't figure out what made you so unhappy  
Shook your head to say no no no  
And stopped for a spell  
And stayed that way  
Oh well, okay

I got pictures, I just don't see it anymore  
Climbing hour upon hour through a total bore  
With the one I keep, where it never fades  
In the safety of a pitch-black mind  
An airless cell  
That blocks the day  
Oh well, okay

If you get a feeling next time you see me  
Do me a favor and let me know  
'Cos it's hard to tell  
It's hard to say  
Oh well, okay  
Oh well, okay  
Oh well, okay