

# Elliott Smith, Roman Candle

He played himself  
Didn't need me to give him hell  
He could be cool and cruel to you and me  
Knew we'd put up with anything  
I want to hurt him  
I want to give him pain  
I'm a roman candle  
My head is full of flames  
I'm hallucinating  
Hallucinating  
I hear you cry  
Your tears are cheap  
Wet hot red swollen cheeks  
Fall asleep  
I want to hurt him  
I want to give him pain  
I'm a roman candle  
My head is full of flames  
I want to hurt him  
I want to hurt him  
I want to hurt him  
I want to give him pain  
Make him feel this pretty burn