

# Elliott Smith, Shooting Star

You'll make the scene like you always do  
Going upstream down the avenue  
To fuck some trophy boy that you'll win tonight at the bar  
So bad, so far  
You'll make him sad  
Shooting star  
When it was me I was momentarily proud  
Drunk on dreams now I'm glad I didn't say out loud  
You said you'd be for real but I don't believe that you are  
So bad, so far  
You make me sad  
Shooting star  
You're distant and cold and a sight to behold  
Everybody just sighs  
But no one gets on with you very long  
'Cos you don't feel bad when you lie  
I'm going to sleep now, going back to find square one  
Square two, beware, I can deal with the shit you've just done  
It won't be soon, to say the least it's gonna be hard  
So bad, so far  
Your love is sad  
Shooting star  
Your love is sad  
Shooting star