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