

# Elliott Smith, Single File

Here in line where stupid shit collides with dying shooting stars

All we got to show what we really are is the same kind of scars

And looking at you, all I see is you're waiting for something

Single file

You're a murder mile

You idiot kid

Your arm's got a death in it

If you're choking up, take this paper cup, but there's a price you'll pay

For trying hard to become whatever they are, and saying whatever they say

So help yourself to this bitter pill

Or somebody else will

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