

# Elliott Smith, Son Of Sam

Something's happening, don't speak too soon  
I told the boss off and made my move  
Got nowhere to go  
Son of Sam, son of the shining path, the clouded mind  
The couple killer each and every time  
I'm not uncomfortable, feeling weird  
Lonely leered, options disappeared  
But I know what to do  
Son of Sam, son of a doctor's touch, a nurse's love  
Acting under orders from above  
King for a day  
Son of Sam, son of the shining path, the clouded mind  
The couple killer running out of time  
Shiva opens her arms now to make sure I don't get too far  
I may talk in my sleep tonight 'cos I don't know what I am  
I'm a little like you  
More like Son of Sam