

Elliott Smith, Speed Trials

He's pleased to meet you underneath the horse
In the cathedral with the glass stained black
Singing sweet high notes that echo back
To destroy their master
May be a long time 'til you get the call-up
But it's sure as fate and hard as your luck
No one'll know where you are

It's just a brief smile crossing your face
I'm running speed trials standing in place

When the socket's not a shock enough
You little child, what makes you think you're tough
When all the people you think you're above
They all know what's the matter
You're such a pinball, yeah you know it's true
There's always something you go back running to
To follow the path of no resistance

It's just a brief smile crossing your face
I'm running speed trials standing in place
It's just a brief smile crossing your face
Running speed trials all over the place