

Elliott Smith, Splitzville

Splitzville
Quitsville
You want to go to Splitzville
I got a full tank, let's ride
And my, my, my, my, my, my, my
Splitzville
I know the way
And I'll end up there one day in Splitzville
On a natural high
My, my, my, my, my, my, my
Be beautiful, never cry
Splitzville
You don't need a name
Everybody there behaves the same
You're not the only one who didn't sleep last night
My, my, my, my, my, my, my
Feel a-okay, quite all right
Is there something you've got waiting
Something you want too much
Hurry up now, you'll miss your bus
To Splitzville
And end up right back here
Just screaming
About Splitzville
Splitzville, Splitzville
Don't dream of death
In the other world
There's no diet bars and no pretty girls
No pusher man to fuck up your mind
My, my, my, my, my, my, my
You feel a-okay all the time
Something you've got waiting
Something you want too much
Hurry up now, you'll miss your bus
To Splitzville
And end up right back here