

Elliott Smith, Stained Glass Eyes

People sink your boat
When you cut a tragic figure
They drink their lemonade
And throw you a line

Boil your problem down
To yes or no, what's the matter?
They bomb your promenade
And this makes it shine

So you must play the comic
If they want one
And describe their moment
When they're in one

People pass you by
Passing up the chance to know you
They're irregular
In the usual way

You should crack a smile
Once in a while, it makes you pretty
It makes you want to give them
A piece of your mind

But they can't be people
Not if I'm one
If I have to be like them
I'd rather be no one

Couldn't make the scene
Not with all the people looking
All these connoisseurs
On guard all the time

Rather spend the day
Blank as hell by the window
Looking out of my
Stained glass eyes

La la la la la la la la . . .