

# 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 . . .