

# Elliott Smith, Stickman

I sit here shooting blanks  
Out of emptiness  
Ain't nothing I really want to kill  
Maybe your time I guess  
Sit and spin the world and its flipside  
And I listen backwards for meanings

Because I'm a stickman  
I live with one dimension dead  
Try not to think too many moves ahead

I draw from memory  
The stillest kind of life  
Slide after slide  
You know pain's the sharpest knife  
Project what's done so everyone can see  
To me it's just a reversal

And I'm a stickman  
Frames they go one by one  
If I sped it up  
You'd see I'm on the run  
From some monster offscreen  
Killing sons

Lonely makes me blue  
Envy turns me green  
Hate might paint me red  
If I load my magazine  
But not just now when it's easy to stay clean  
When no one sees where you're bleeding

And I'm a stickman  
Stickman