

Elliott Smith, Strung Out Again

You get what you see...
I saw a rich fuck given charity.
I saw an evil emperor
Wearing my clothes.

Far from the best...
They might suit you better than the rest.
Just looking in the mirror
Will make you a brave man.

I know my place...
I hate my face...
I know how I begin, and how I'll end.
Strung out again...

Was a parliament of owls
Flying over a city of canals
Voting on the body
Floating in the downs

You get what you see.
Some things, they just change invisibly.
I don't know where I'm going,
And I don't even want to know.

I know my place...
I hate my face...
I know how I begin, and how I'll end.
Strung out again...

Standing, smiling
On some fantasy island.
Looking at my lost reflection again,
But the tide's rolling in,
And I'm strung out again.
Strung out again...