

Elliott Smith, The White Lady Loves You More

You keep your things in a place meant to hide
But I know they're there somewhere
And I know that's where you'll go tonight
I'll be thrown out, just like before
The White Lady loves you more
Need a metal man just to pick up your feet
It's a long time since you cared enough for me to even be discreet
I know what this metal is for
The White Lady loves you more
I'm looking at a hand full of broken plans
And I'm tired of playing it down
You just want her to do anything to you
There ain't nothing that you won't allow
You wake up in the middle of the night
From a dream you won't remember
Flashing on like a cop's light
You say she's waiting
And I know what for
The White Lady loves you more
The White Lady