

## **Smith Elliott**

### **"junk bond trader"**

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the imitation picks you up like a habit  
writing in the glow of the tv static  
taking out the trash to the man  
give the people something they understand

mistake a nervous flash for a fine-line smile  
junk bond trader trying to sell a sucker a style  
rich man in a poor man's clothes  
the permanent installment of the daily dose

and you tell me, "fool, you tell it like it is"  
your wall's gone wider than your head trip is  
checking into a small reality  
void as a drug you take too regularly

the apple needs to laugh; the broken crutch  
the first true love folded at the slightest touch  
brought down like an old hotel  
people digging through the rubble for things they can  
resell

"happy holidays," sad, sick savior  
the leaving lover i still favor  
i won't take your medicine  
i don't need a remedy  
to be everything i'm supposed to be  
i don't want nobody else  
i can do it by myself  
we're meant to be together

now i'm a policeman directing traffic  
keeping everything moving, everything static  
i'm the hitchhiker you recognize passing  
on your way to some everlasting...

better sell it while you can  
better sell it while you can  
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better sell it while you can

