

Smith Elliott

"oh well, okay"

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here's the silhouette the face always turned away
the bleeding color gone to black, dying like a day
couldn't figure out what made you so unhappy
shook your head to say no no no
and stopped for a spell
and stayed that way
oh well, okay
i got pictures, i just don't see it anymore
climbing hour upon hour through a total bore
with the one i keep where it never fades
in the safety of a pitch black mind
an airless cell that blocks the day
oh well, okay
if you a get a feeling the next time you see me
do me a favor and let me know
'cos it's hard to tell
it's hard to say
oh well, okay
oh well, okay
oh well, okay

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