

Elliot Smith "Son Of Sam"

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Something's happening, don't speak too soon
I told the boss off and made my move
Got no where to go

Son of Sam, son of a shining path, the clouded mind
Couple killer each and every time

I'm not uncomfortable, feeling weird
Long revered options disappear
But I know what to do

Son of Sam, son of a doctor's touch, a nurse's love
Acting under orders from above

King for a day

Son of Sam, son of a shining path, the clouded mind
Couple killer running out of time

Shiva opens her arms now
To make sure I don't get too far
I may talk in my sleep tonight 'cause I don't know what I
am
I'm a little like you, more like son of Sam

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