

Elliott Smith

"1. 4. 98"

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You'll make the scene like you always do.
Goin' upstream down the ave. to fuck some
Trophy boy that you'll win tonight at the bar.
So bad, so far. you'll make him sad, shooting star.
When it was me, I was mementarily proud;
Full of dreams now I'm glad
I didn't say out loud, hoping you'd be for real
When I don't believe that you are.
So bad, so far. you make me sad, shooting star.
Distant and cold and a sight to behold.
Everybody sighs. no one gets on
With you very long, 'cus you don't feel bad
When you lie.
I'm goin' to sleep now,
Which I guess would be step 1.
Step 2 is where I can deal with the thing
You've just done.
It won't be soon, to say the least it's gonna
Be hard.
So bad, so far. you made me sad, shooting star.

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