

Elliott Smith**"99 2"**

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The sweet hot(?) of the passing hour
My make up's starting to crack
People talk behind my back
And I don't like that

See the man of the moment
Trying to get himself in my shot
Telling everyone he's not
Confidence artist

There's so many people
There's so many people
There's so many people
You gotta settle the score

Look a little bit closer now
See if the side you can take
The suspense has to got break
And it will someday

Still life in a darkened room
Will be flooded with light
And it might make you uptight
But you won't die from exposure

There's so many people
There's so many people
There's so many people
You gotta settle the score

There's so many people
Too many people
No no no

I'm just enchanted now
Some other time

If you're seeing something
That you're not supposed to see
You'll be charged a penalty
And you'll pay forever

I been working night and day
Building sets on a lot
In a land that time forgot
Captured here in my camera

There's so many people
There's so many people
There's so many people
You gotta settle the score

There's so many people
Too many people
No no no

I'm too enchanted now
Some other time
Some other time

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