

Elliott Smith

"A Silver Chain"

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sunny boy
for a silver chain
and he saw the tracks to the train
bye, got a hat in my hand that fit my best to a T
broken easily

took the street from the pier below
where it's too disturbing to go
holding the needle in my hand above the silk
beneath, broken easily
while the trumpets blare, dissipate to air and

i got praying hands hangin'
from a silver chain
with a talent for catastrophe i can't explain
when i count the steps to safety
that i know will protect me

the pain, it just doesn't move
do it anyway

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