

Elliott Smith

"Christian Brothers"

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No bad dream fucker's gonna boss me around
Christian brothers gonna take him down
It can't help me get over
Don't be cross, this sick I want

I've seen the boss blink on and off
Fake concerns is what's the matter, man
And you think I ought to shake your motherfuckin' hand
Well I, I know how much you care
Don't be cross, this sick I want

I've seen the boss blink on and off
Come here by me, I want you here
Nightmares become me, it's so fucking clear

Don't be cross, this sick I want
I've seen the boss blink on and off
Come here by me, I want you here
Nightmares become me, it's so fucking clear
Nightmares become me, it's so fucking clear

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