

Elliott Smith

"Coraliza"

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Did you think if i was dead, i'd give up trying?
Caught in a wake of almost crying
And i thought you had a lot of nerve
But you don't feel that much
Sessions of confessions
A body for a crutch
I'll tell you one thing, if you wanna know something
Somewhere out there is a dutch man smoking

A tired old drunk warning
Coraliza
You're up all night with your bottle of rum
I'm asleep in my room with my momentum

Did you head what i said
When you turned your shoulder
The whistle you playing dead
You can roll over
You dried out you hair
Blushed through your eyes
Pictures of your man, a paranoid crime
The little i can do i don't know how
I never even saw you, listen to her now

All the princesses love couldn't fit the slipper
Even the one worn by your mother
Coraliza
You're up all night with your bottle of rum
I'm asleep in my room with my momentum

I'm not one of your older men
Coraliza
I'm asleep again
I'm not one of your older men
Coraliza

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