

Elliott Smith

"Junk Bond Trader"

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The imitation picks you up like a habit
Writing in the glow of the TV static
Taking out the trash to the man
Give the people something they understand

Mistake a nervous flash for a fine-line smile
Junk bond trader trying to sell a sucker a style
Rich man in a poor man's clothes
The permanent installment of the daily dose

And you tell me, "Fool", you tell it like it is
Your wall's gone wider than your head trip is
Checking into a small reality
Void as a drug you take too regularly

The athlete's laugh, the broken crutch
The first true love folded at the slightest touch
Brought down like an old hotel
People digging through the rubble for things they can resell

"Happy holidays", said, sick savior
The leaving lover I still favor
I won't take your medicine
I don't need a remedy

To be everything I'm supposed to be
I don't want nobody else
I can do it by myself
We're meant to be together

Now, I'm a policeman directing traffic
Keeping everything moving, everything static
I'm the hitch-hiker you recognize passing
On your way to some everlasting

Better sell it while you can
Better sell it while you can
Better sell it while you can
Better sell it while you can

