

Elliott Smith

"King's Crossing"

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The King's crossing was the main attraction
Dominoes falling in a chain reaction
The scraping subject ruled by fear told me
Whiskey works better than beer
The judge is on vinyl, decisions are final
And nobody gets a reprieve
And every wave is tidal
If you hang around you're going to get wet
I can't prepare for death any more than I already have
All you can do now is watch the shells
The game looks easy that's why it sells
Frustrated fireworks inside your head
Are going to stand and deliver talk instead
The method acting that pays my bills
Keeps the fat man feeding in Beverly Hills
I got a heavy metal mouth, it hurls obscenity
And I get my check from the trash treasury
Because I took my own insides out
It don't matter cause I have no sex life
And all I wanna do now is inject my ex-wife
I've seen the movie
And I know what happens
It's Christmas time
And the needles on the tree
A skinny Santa is bringing something to me
His voice is overwhelming
But his speech is slurred
And I only understand every other word
Open your parachute and grab your gun
Falling down like an omen, a setting sun
Read the part and we turn out fine
It's a hell of a role if you can keep it alive
But I don't care if I f**k up
I'm going on a date
With a rich white lady
Ain't life great?
Gi'me one good reason not to do it
This is the place where time reverses
And dead men talk to all the pretty nurses
Instruments shine on a silver tray
Don't let me get carried away
Don't let me get carried away

Don't let me be carried away

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