

Elliott Smith

"Let's Turn The Record Over"

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Tomorrow, I'll feel fine
It's yesterday that took my breath away
Flyin' off the handle
Finally sweepin' down the avenue
God's up in his Heaven
And the Devil's on Bonnie Raitt
But there seems to be no room for us

So choose your poison, It's up to you
I recommend you think about it long and hard
'cause the words can get thick inside (?)
Dark and tangled and petrified
And you wandered through the endless night
And never see the light of day

Let's turn the record over
Your life's a pleasant valley
Moonlight drives the gods in the sun
His shadow stays behind you
Graceful as a dancer in a ballet

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