

Elliott Smith

"No More"

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Tired of looking sideways
With the things in black and white
No more, no more
Arguing my case to the mean hounds of the night
What for? What for? What for?

Put it in your face and let the peddles fall
Cursing your family name
Rather being happy was the cause of it all
Panicked and hateful, with nothing to blame

That's a useful dream that would tell it to explain
No more, no more, no more

Superstition in the image of
One night I'll rather believe
Easier to use 'cause I made it up to deal with the same
things

Tired of looking sideways
With the things in black and white
What for? What for? What for?

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