

Elliott Smith

"No Name No.4"

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For a change she got out before he hurt her bad
Took her records and clothes and pictures of her boy
It really made her sad
Packed it up and didn't look back
I'm okay, let's just forget all about it
The car was cold and it smelled like old cigarettes and
pine
In her bag i saw things she drew when she was nine
Like this one here
Her alone, nobody near
What a shame, let's just not talk about it
No, it doesn't look like you
But you did wear cowboy boots, that's your fame
There's no question about it
Once we got back inside
With one ear to the ground
I was ready to hide
Cos I don't know who's around
And you look scared
It's our secret, do not tell, okay?
Let's just not talk about it
Don't tell, okay?
Let's just forget all about it

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