

## **Elliott Smith**

### **"No Name #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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