

Elliott Smith

"Place Pigalle"

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Here's the fallen sun on holiday
Meeting her eyes about halfway
A look, you know, it's killed many men
And I've been all of them, inside a week
See the man on the bar who got too drunk to speak

He adores that song, mundane as it is
Days in a dream that wasn't his
Night's about the top of the lift
Where continents drift too far away
To keep it together for long, on this half holiday

From the bar they walk to place pigalle
The taxi waved down
Goodnight, sleep well
Now it's just a step to the door
And he wants all the more to bring her away
Out of this temporary half holiday

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