

## **Elliott Smith**

### **"Single File"**

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Here in line where stupid shit collides with dying  
shooting stars  
All we got to show what we really are is the same kind  
of scars  
And looking at you, all I see is you're waiting for  
something  
Single file  
You're a murder mile  
You idiot kid  
Your arm's got a death in it  
If you're choking up, take this paper cup, but there's a  
price you'll pay

For trying hard to become whatever they are, and  
saying whatever they say  
So help yourself to this bitter pill  
Or somebody else will  
Single file  
You're a murder mile  
You idiot kid  
Your arm's got a death in it  
Single file  
Single file  
Single file  
Single file

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