

Elliott Smith

"True Love"

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true love is a rose
behind glass that's locked and kept closed
maybe just for me
'cos my soul's been attacked
and shattered by tough love, bad love
i bought mine on the street
true love it just can't be beat
i felt so complete
married to heavenly bodies above
and each night i'd look up
at a bright honeymoon
'cos it sure seemed built to last
and even after my honeymoon passed
i kept right on it man
like a ghost
to the house it was haunting
day after day
i'd steal with my true love away
to some hide out left undisturbed
we could do what we wanted
but i started to feel like a liar
saying i love you
mad in love and at me
there's no in between
came on and on
i found you can't make a stand
i'm her hired hand
i have to do harm
one day i got sick
she played me a nasty old trick
said i need cigarettes

walked round the block
caught a cab
stayed gone for too long
and my love had gotten so strong
just to try being back on my own
i had to go to rehab
all i need is a safe place to bleed
is this where it's at
having no chance
steps in a dance

your whole life's been in combat
now i'm the king of the ward
'cos i'm good and i swallow my sword
and puke it out
for the doctors to write a new prescription
tranquil as a dove
people that have lost their true love
all seem to fit the same description
i feel cold, useless and old
I wish i was no one
take me home my love
take me home today
take me out of this place
take me home with you today

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