

Elliott Smith**"Your Mind Is On Vacation/Your Funeral And My Trial"**

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I see you laughin'
Right in my face
I guess I'm gonna have to
Put you in your place

Because if silence was golden
You couldn't raise a dime
Because your mind is on vacation
And your mouth is working overtime

You're quoting figures
And dropping names
You're tellin' stories
About the dames
You're over-laughin'
When things ain't funny
You're tryin' to sound
Like you're the big money, honey

If talk was criminal
You'd lead a life of crime
Because your mind is on vacation
And your mouth is working overtime

Life is short, talk is cheap
Don't go makin' promises that you can't keep
If you don't like this little song I'm singin'
Just grin and bear it
All I can say is if the rich shoe fits, wear it

If you must keep talkin', please try to make it rhyme
Because your mind is on vacation
And your mouth is working overtime

Well, I recall when we first met
It was on a Friday night
We spent two lovely hours together
And the world seemed all right
I'm beggin' you, baby, please stop that off-the-wall jive
'Cause if you don't treat me no better
It's gonna be your funeral and my trial

Well, the Lord made the world and everything that's in
it
The way my baby loves me, it's a sign that it's it [?]
She can love to heal the sick, she can love to raise the
dead
You might think that I'm jokin', you better believe what I
said

I'm beggin' you, babe, please stop that off-the-wall jive
Oh, if you don't treat me no better
It's gonna be your funeral and my trial

I see you laughin'
Right in my face
I guess I'm gonna have to put you in your place
'Cause if talk was criminal
You'd lead a life of crime
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