

# A Fond Farewell

Elliott Smith

The Litebrite's now black and white  
'Cause they took apart a picture that wasn't right  
Pitch burning on a shining sheet  
The only maker that you'd want to meet

A dying man in a living room  
Whose shadow paces the floor  
He'll take you out any open door

This is not my life  
It's just a fond farewell to a friend  
It's not what I'm like  
It's just a fond farewell to a friend  
Who couldn't get things right  
Fond farewell to a friend

He said really I just wanna dance  
Good and evil matched perfect it's a great romance  
I can deal with some psychic pain  
If it'll slow down my higher brain

Veins full of disappearing ink  
Vomiting in the kitchen sink  
Disconnecting from the missing link

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I see you're leaving me and taking up with the enemy  
The cold comfort of the in between  
A little less than a human being  
A little less than a happy high  
A little less than a suicide  
The only things that you really tried

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