

A Passing Feeling

Elliott Smith

Everything is gone but the echo of the burst of a shell
And I'm stuck here waiting for a passing feeling

In the city I built up and blew to hell
I'm stuck here waiting for a passing feeling

Still I send all the time
My request for relief
Down a dead power line
Though I'm beyond belief

In the help I require
Just to exist at all
Took a long time to stand
Took an hour to fall

I'm stuck here waiting for a passing feeling
Stuck here waiting for a passing feeling

Still I send all the time
My request for relief
Down a dead power line
Though I'm beyond belief

In the help I require
Just to exist at all
Took a long time to stand
Took an hour to fall