

Bled White

Elliott Smith

I'm a color reporter
(Rose City on the 409)
But the city's been bled white
(White city on the yellow line)
And the doctor orders
(Drinking to distraction's just a waste of time)
Drinks all night to take away this curse
But it makes me feel much worse

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So I wait for the F-Train
(White city on the yellow line)
And connect through a friend of mine
(White city to a friend of mine)
To a yesterdaydream
(Yesterday a dream was just a waste of time)
'Cos I'd have to be high to track the sunset down
And paint this paling town

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So here it comes with a blank expression
'Specially for me, 'cos he knows I feel the same
'Cos happy and sad come in quick succession
I'm never going to become what you became

Don't you dare disturb me
(Don't complicate my peace of mind)
While I'm balancing my past
(Don't complicate my peace of mind)
'Cos you can't help or hurt me
(The anger, being mean was just a waste of time)
Like it already has, I may not seem quite right
But I'm not fucked, not quite

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