

# Clementine

Elliott Smith

They're waking you up to close the bar  
The street's wet you can tell by the sound of the cars  
The bartender's singing clementine  
While he's turning around the open sign

Dreadful sorry clementine, though you're still her man  
It seems a long time gone  
Maybe the whole thing's wrong  
What if she thinks so but just didn't say so?

You drank yourself into slo-mo  
Made an angel in the snow  
Anything to pass the time  
And keep that song out of your mind

Oh, my darling  
Oh, my darling  
Oh, my darling clementine  
Dreadful sorry clementine  
Dreadful sorry clementine