

Go By

Elliott Smith

Go on parade and fade
Hit the scene in slow
Spending all your time with some girl
You'll never get to know
Wound up tight
Dressed all in white
Some torment saint
Blowing out to drift
Leave you even if

You live up in your head
Scared of every little noise
Someone's always breaking in accidentally
Using nothing but their voice
Shrill and small
Echo down the hall
Repeating pet names
Seeing it in your eyes
You're only passing by
Go by
Someone's in the way
Pretty words and inside slurs
All the things they have to say
To perform the work that they've rehearsed
It's a waste of time
I put it behind me
Once and for all
And let the hype decline
If the problem wasn't mine
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