

# High Times

Elliott Smith

Coma kid taught me how  
He'd come to follow you around  
Wherever you go  
Said I don't go where I'm supposed to go

And I don't go really anywhere you know  
Told me how he's driven by a curse  
'Til he kicked out into reverse  
Said I don't go where I'm supposed to go

And I don't go really anywhere you know  
I made up my mind and I don't mind saying so  
I went to meet you at central square  
And when I couldn't find you there

I went walking around the city some more  
People watching with a cold blank stare  
And I saw your face in everyone I swear  
Seems I never get your kick quite right

I was walkin' slow to a dirty dive  
I'm so sick and tired tryin' to change your mind  
When its so easy to disconnect mine

High times  
High times  
High times  
Yeah I feel fine  
High times  
High times  
High times

Man I feel fine  
Don't pick me up  
I'm fine right where I am  
I don't go where I'm supposed to go  
Where I'm supposed to go