

Junk Bond Trader

Elliott Smith

The imitation picks you up like a habit
Writing in the glow of the TV static
Taking out the trash to the man
Give the people something they understand

A stick man flashing a fine-line smile
Junk bond trader trying to sell a sucker a style
Rich man in a poor man's clothes
The permanent installment of the daily dose

And you tell off when you tell it like it is
Your world's no wider than your hatred of his
Checking into a small reality
Boring as a drug you take too regularly

The athletes laugh, the broken crutch
The first true love that folded at the slightest touch
Brought down like an old hotel
People digging through the rubble for things they can resell

"Happy Holidays," said sick savior
The leaving lover that I still favor
I won't take your medicine, I don't need a remedy
To be everything I'm supposed to be

I don't want nobody else, I can do it by myself
We're meant to be together

Now I'm a policeman directing traffic
Keeping everything moving, everything static
I'm the hitchhiker you recognize passing
On your way to some everlasting

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