

Looking Over My Shoulder

Elliott Smith

Wiped out in the city slick
Another sick rock 'n' roller acting like a dick
Needing cash
Burning through the trash
That piles up in this place
And fills up behind my empty face
Full of things that I'm not to do

You come over with all of your friends
And all their opinions I don't want to know
And I'm looking over my shoulder
Booking away with nowhere to go

I run down to the corner lot
It's forty-five past two
I almost forgot to show
Got a date to make with Mr. So-and-So
After which
I won't care when you all start to bitch and moan
About being alone

You come over with all of your friends
And all their opinions I don't want to know
And I'm looking over my shoulder
Booking away with nowhere to go

Well, can't you just leave me alone?
You've already thrown all the sticks and stones
You had to send my way
Well, can't you just leave it at that?
And spare us both the bother
Because I just bounce back anyway
I got nothing that I want to do more
Than make another sonic "fuck you" to play
Whenever you make my life cliché
So to fit in some little box with the all the labeled shit
You would say to keep confusion away

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And all their opinions I don't want to know
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