

## No Name #4

Elliott Smith

For a change she got out before he hurt her bad  
Took her records and clothes  
And pictures of her boy  
It really made her sad

Packed it up and didn't look back  
I'm okay lets just forget all about him  
The car was cold and it smelled like old cigarettes and pine  
In her bag I saw things she drew when she was mine

Like this one here  
Her alone nobody near  
What a shame lets just not talk about it  
No it doesn't look like you

But you did wear cowboy boots  
That's your fame  
There's no question about it  
Once we got back inside

With one ear to the ground  
I was ready to hide  
'Cause I don't know who's around  
And you look scared

It's our secret do not tell okay?  
Let's just not talk about it  
Don't tell okay?  
Let's just forget all about it