

Roman Candle

Elliott Smith

He played himself
Didn't need me to give him hell
He could be cool and cruel to you and me
Knew we'd put up with anything

I want to hurt him
I want to give him pain
I'm a roman candle
My head is full of flames

I'm hallucinating
I hear you cry
Your tears are cheap
Wet hot red swollen cheeks

Fall asleep
I want to hurt him
I want to give him pain
I'm a roman candle

My head is full of flames
I want to hurt him
I want to hurt him
I want to hurt him

I want to give him pain
And make him feel this pretty burn