

# Shooting Star

Elliott Smith

You make the scene like you always do  
Going up stream down the avenue  
To fuck some trophy boy  
That you won tonight at the bar

So bad, so far  
You'll make him sad, shooting star

When it was me  
I was momentarily proud  
Drunk on dreams  
Now I'm glad I didn't say out loud  
You said you'd be for real  
But I don't believe that you are

So bad, so far  
You made me sad, shooting star

You're distant and cold  
And a sight to behold  
Everybody just sighs

No one gets on  
With you very long  
'Cause you don't feel bad when you lie

I'm going to sleep now  
Going back to find square one  
Square two will be where  
I can deal with the shit you've just done  
It won't be soon  
To say the least it's gonna be hard

So bad, so far  
Your love is sad, shooting star  
Your love is sad, shooting star