

Single File

Elliott Smith

Here in line where stupid shit collides with
Dying shooting stars all we got to show
What we really are is the same kind of scars
And looking at you all I see is your waiting

For something single file you're a murder mile
You idiot kid your arm's got a death in it
If your choking up take this paper cup
But there's a price you'll pay for

Trying hard to become whatever they are
And saying whatever they say
So help yourself to this bitter pill
Or somebody else will

Single file you're a murder mile
You idiot kid your arm's got a death in it
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