

## Son of Sam

Elliott Smith

Something's happening, don't speak too soon  
I told the boss off and made my move, got nowhere to go  
Son of Sam, son of a shining path, the clouded mind  
The couple killer each and every time

I'm not uncomfortable, feeling weird  
Lonely leered, options disappeared but I know what to do  
Son of Sam, son of a doctor's touch, a nurse's love  
Acting under orders from above

King for a day

Son of Sam, son of a shining path, the clouded mind  
The couple killer running out of time

Shiva opens her arms now  
To make sure I don't get too far  
I may talk in my sleep tonight 'cause I don't know what I am  
I'm a little like you, more like Son of Sam