

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