

Waltz #1

Elliott Smith

Every time the day darkens down and goes away
Pictures open in my head of me and you
Silent and cliché, all the things we did and didn't say
Covered up by what we did and didn't do
Going through every out I used to cop to make the repetition stop
What was I supposed to say?

Now I never leave my zone, we're both alone
I'm going home
I wish I'd never seen your face