

A Silver Chain

Elliott Smith

Sonny boy wore a silver chain,
And he sold the tracks for the train.
But I've got a hat in my hand that fit my best to a T,
Broken easily.

Took the street from the curb below,
Where it's too disturbing to go.
Holding a needle in my hand above the symphony,
Broken easily.

While the trumpets blare,
Dissipate to air,
And I've got praying hands hanging
From a silver chain.

With a talent for catastrophe,
I can't explain.
When i count the steps to safety
That i know will protect me
The pain it just doesn't move
Away from me