

Alameda

Elliott Smith

You walk down Alameda
Shuffling your deck of trick cards
Over everyone
Like some precious only son
Face down, bow to the champion

You walk down Alameda
Looking at the cracks in the sidewalk
Thinking about your friends
How you maintain all them in
A constant state of suspense

For your own protection
Over their affection
Nobody broke your heart
You broke your own because you can't finish what you start

Walk down Alameda
Brushing off the nightmares you wish could
Plague me when I'm awake
So now you see your first mistake
Was thinking that you could relate
For one or two minutes she liked you
But the fix is in

You're all pretension
I never pay attention

Nobody broke your heart
You broke your own because you can't finish what you start

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You broke your own because you can't finish what you start

Nobody broke your heart
You broke your own because you can't finish what you start

Nobody broke your heart
If you're alone it must be you that wants to be apart