

# Almost Over

Elliott Smith

Think I'm unkind  
But people aren't the way you think they are  
They can't remember all the time  
What it was you wanted

They paint you out in straight silhouette  
But don't you get the picture yet  
Why you getting all upset  
The worst parts almost over

Three's such a crowd  
You ought to tell me what you tell yourself  
You ever gonna speak it aloud  
Do I have to guess like everyone else

With an iron will to walk the walk  
And the glass drawn that can't be moved to talk  
Black eyes always watch the clock  
The worst parts almost over

You let yourself be froze by death  
You think I'm mean 'cause I call you out  
You don't know what you're about  
The worst parts almost over now  
The worst parts almost over now  
Now now