

## Fear City

Elliott Smith

Dragged down into lowercase  
Trying to get your cops to talk right  
But they can't put the paper in your face  
You're just trying to walk by

So now I got a new game baby  
No one's gonna recognize it  
Your broken English over their flat, tired remarks  
Still trying to bring some dead beauty back to life

Isn't it pretty?  
Yeah  
I'm gonna see my city dead

I can do everything that your man does except for better  
Got no interest now in undressing your kids  
With cheap angst love letters  
You write your name in all of the places no one goes  
Some can't be satisfied until everybody knows

Isn't it pretty?  
Yeah  
I'm gonna see my city dead

Isn't it pretty?  
Yeah  
I'm gonna see my city dead (come on)  
Isn't it pretty?  
Yeah  
I'm gonna see my city dead