

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