

High Times

Elliott Smith

Coma kid taught me how
He'd come to follow you around
Wherever you go
Said I don't go where I'm supposed to go

And I don't go really anywhere you know
Told me how he's driven by a curse
'Til he kicked out into reverse
Said I don't go where I'm supposed to go

And I don't go really anywhere you know
I made up my mind and I don't mind saying so
I went to meet you at central square
And when I couldn't find you there

I went walking around the city some more
People watching with a cold blank stare
And I saw your face in everyone I swear
Seems I never get your kick quite right

I was walkin' slow to a dirty dive
I'm so sick and tired tryin' to change your mind
When its so easy to disconnect mine

High times
High times
High times
Yeah I feel fine
High times
High times
High times

Man I feel fine
Don't pick me up
I'm fine right where I am
I don't go where I'm supposed to go
Where I'm supposed to go