

Holiday

Elliott Smith

Here's the foreign son on holiday
Reading her lines about the way
Looking though it's killed many men
And I've been all of them inside a week
See the man in the bar got too drunk to speak
He adores that song, mundane as it is
And days in a dream that wasn't his
And that's about the top of the lift
When continents drift too far away
To keep it together for long, this half holiday
From the bar they walk to place pigalle
Taxi waved down, goodnight, sleep well
Now it's just a step to the door
And he wants all the more to take her way
Out of this temporary half holiday