

## No Name #2

Elliott Smith

Concrete hands picked up the telephone ring  
Do you know who you're talking to?  
No, and I don't care who  
She whispered quiet terror news  
He didn't give a hoot  
Said do what you have to do

All she had to do was speak  
Mouthpiece to cheek  
Please say no more  
I'm lying here on the ground  
A strip of wet concrete  
Her name was just a broken sound  
A stutter step you hear when you're falling down

Killing time won't stop this crying  
Killing time won't stop this crying  
Killing time won't stop this crying

You better start watching what message that you send now  
No more situations I only go in to be kicked out  
He got knocked down leaving like he ran into a clothesline  
And remembered a couple of words that hid a crime  
You're just fine  
You'll be just fine  
But I'm on the other line

Killing time won't stop this crying  
Killing time won't stop this crying  
Killing time won't stop this crying