

No Name #4

Elliott Smith

For a change she got out before he hurt her bad
Took her records and clothes
And pictures of her boy
It really made her sad

Packed it up and didn't look back
I'm okay lets just forget all about him
The car was cold and it smelled like old cigarettes and pine
In her bag I saw things she drew when she was mine

Like this one here
Her alone nobody near
What a shame lets just not talk about it
No it doesn't look like you

But you did wear cowboy boots
That's your fame
There's no question about it
Once we got back inside

With one ear to the ground
I was ready to hide
'Cause I don't know who's around
And you look scared

It's our secret do not tell okay?
Let's just not talk about it
Don't tell okay?
Let's just forget all about it