

Oh Well, Okay

Elliott Smith

Here's the silhouette, the face always turned away
The bleeding color gone to black, dying like a day
Couldn't figure out what made you so unhappy
Shook your head to say no no no
And stopped for a spell
And stayed that way
Oh well, okay

I got pictures, I just don't see it anymore
Climbing hour upon hour through a total bore
With the one I keep, where it never fades
In the safety of a pitch-black mind
An airless cell
That blocks the day
Oh well, okay

If you get a feeling next time you see me
Do me a favor and let me know
'Cos it's hard to tell
It's hard to say
Oh well, okay
Oh well, okay
Oh well, okay