

# Splitzville

Elliott Smith

Splitzville  
Quitsville  
You want to go to Splitzville  
I got a full tank, let's ride  
And my, my, my, my, my, my  
Splitzville  
I know the way  
And I'll end up there one day in Splitzville  
On a natural high  
My, my, my, my, my, my  
Be beautiful, never cry  
Splitzville  
You don't need a name  
Everybody there behaves the same  
You're not the only one who didn't sleep last night  
My, my, my, my, my, my  
Feel a-okay, quite all right  
Is there something you've got waiting  
Something you want too much  
Hurry up now, you'll miss your bus  
To Splitzville  
And end up right back here  
Just screaming  
About Splitzville  
Splitzville, Splitzville  
Don't dream of death  
In the other world  
There's no diet bars and no pretty girls  
No pusher man to fuck up your mind  
My, my, my, my, my, my  
You feel a-okay all the time  
Something you've got waiting  
Something you want too much  
Hurry up now, you'll miss your bus  
To Splitzville  
And end up right back here