

# Stickman

Elliott Smith

I sit here shooting blanks  
Out of emptiness  
Ain't nothing really want to kill  
Maybe your time I guess  
Sit and spin the world and its flipside  
And I listen backwards for meanings  
'Cause i'm a stickman  
I live with one dimension dead  
Try not to think too many moves ahead  
I draw from memory  
The stillest kind of life  
Slide after slide  
You know pain's the sharpest knife  
Project what's done so everyone can see  
To me it's just a reversal  
And I'm a stickman  
Frames they go one by one  
If I sped it up  
You'd see I'm on the run  
From some monster off screen  
Killing sons  
Lonely makes me blue  
Envy turns me green  
Hate might paint me red  
If I load my magazine  
But not just now when it's easy to stay clean  
When no one sees where you're bleeding  
And I'm a stickman  
Stickman