Suicide Machine

Elliott Smith

Baby got a place in the sun selling people shade
Renting out a room in a remote little corner
A profits promenade
Talking on the phone
Waiting for a ring
Well, everybody's trying to turn me into a suicide machine

I'll be riding forth on my pony
You'll want to see me tonight
Dressed in black up at the line of attack
By my counterpoint in white
Can't look every way
Going to move the street
Everybody's trying to turn me into a suicide machine

Everything's all right
Except for how it seems
And everybody wants to turn me into a suicide machine

Baby got a place in the sun
I had to shade my eyes
I don't think I'll ever know anyone besides you
But it's no surprise
I know what you want
I got what you need
Everybody's trying to turn me into a suicide machine
Everybody's trying to turn me into a suicide machine
Everybody's trying to turn me into a suicide machine