

## Suicie 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