

Elliott Smith, Can't Make A Sound

I have become a silent movie
The hero killed the clown
Can't make a sound
Can't make a sound
Can't make a sound
Nobody knows what he's doing
Still hanging around
Can't make a sound
Can't make a sound
Can't make a sound
Can't make a sound
The slow motion moves me
The monologue means nothing to me
Bored in the role, but he can't stop
Standing up to sit back down
Or lose the one thing found
Spinning the world like a toy top
'Til there's a ghost in every town
Can't make a sound
Can't make a sound
Can't make a sound
Can't make a sound
Eyes locked and shining
Can't you tell me what's happening?
Why should you want any other
When you're a world within a world?
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