

Elliott Smith, Stickman

I sit here shooting blanks
Out of emptiness
Ain't nothing I really want to kill
Maybe your time I guess
Sit and spin the world and its flipside
And I listen backwards for meanings

Because 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 offscreen
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