

From a Bedroom in the Suburbs

Samantha Lamph/Len

Our connection didn't span
coast to coast;
it was port to port:

a one way love I took for ours
(a sense of worthlessness I'd have to rise above.)

Still, you seemed to invite me in,
time and again, over the years:

"Let's get lost."

Some nights,
in the last hour,
I felt pretty

(enough for you.)

Frustrated fireworks inside my head,
stuck there waiting, wondering:

*How long will you stay,
stay with me, baby,
& shine on me?*

Your love was sad,
strung out again:

on a shooting star or

a passing feeling.

Couldn't get things right.
Still keeping me
around, momentarily proud.

I'm through trying now.

*Don't go down.
Don't keep me around,
distant, and cold.*

Just make it over.

Elliott Smith

From a Basement on the Hill

10/2004

Domino Recording
Company



It was my decision to be open
about myself,
but now I'm glad I didn't say it
out loud.

Instead, I'd change my shape, dissolve
in some dream:
your disappearing ink,
that distorted reality,
that never set me free.