

Shooting Star

[Elliott Smith](#)

You make a scene, like you always do
Going up stream, down the avenue
To fuck some trophy boy
That you'll win tonight at the bar So bad, so far
You'll make him sad, shooting star When it was me
I was momentarily proud
Drunk on dreams
Now I'm glad I didn't say out loud
You said you'd be for real
But I don't believe that you are
So bad, so far
You make me sad, shooting star You're distant and cold
And a sight to behold
Everybody just sighs No one gets on
With you very long
'Cause you don't feel bad when you lie
I'm going to sleep now
Going back to find square one
Square two will be where
I can deal with the shit you've just done
It won't be soon
To say the least it's gonna be hard
So bad, so far
Your love is sad, shooting star
Your love is sad, shooting star

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