

# Elliott Smith – King’s Crossing

Capot 6.

## Verse

|   |    |   |     |    |  |  |  |
|---|----|---|-----|----|--|--|--|
| E |    |   |     |    |  |  |  |
| B |    |   |     |    |  |  |  |
| G | E- | C | G/D | A- |  |  |  |
| D |    |   |     |    |  |  |  |
| A |    |   |     |    |  |  |  |
| E |    |   |     |    |  |  |  |

## Verse

|   |   |   |    |    |  |  |  |
|---|---|---|----|----|--|--|--|
| E |   |   |    |    |  |  |  |
| B |   |   |    |    |  |  |  |
| G | G | D | E- | C+ |  |  |  |
| D |   |   |    |    |  |  |  |
| A |   |   |    |    |  |  |  |
| E |   |   |    |    |  |  |  |

The king's crossing was the main attraction  
Dominoes falling in a chain reaction  
Scraping subject, ruled by fear  
Told me whiskey works better than beer.  
The judge is on vinyl, decisions are final  
and nobody gets a reprieve  
Every wave is tidal if you stick around you're going to get wet (G)  
I can't prepare for death any more than I already have  
All I can do now is watch the shells  
The game looks easy that's why it sells (G)

Frustrated fireworks inside your head  
Gonna stand and deliver the dark instead  
The method acting that pays my bills  
Keeps the fat man feeding in Beverly Hills  
I got a heavy metal mouth, it hurls obscenities  
And I get my cheque at the trash treasury  
'cause I took my own insides out

It doesn't matter 'cause I have no sex life  
and all I wanna do now is inject my ex-wife  
I've seen the movie and I know what happens  
It's Christmastime and the needles on the tree  
a skinny Santa is bringing something to me.  
His voice is overwhelming, his speech is slurred  
and I only understand every other word (G)

So get out your parachute and grab your gun  
we're going down like an omen, a setting sun  
read the part and return at five  
it's a hell of a role if you can keep it alive  
but I don't care if I fuck up, I'm goin' on a date  
with a rich white lady, ain't life great?  
give me one reason not to do it

This is the place where time reverses  
and dead men talk to all the pretty nurses  
instruments shine on a silver tray  
don't let me get carried away (G) (x3)