

Elliott Smith, Clementine

They're waking you up to close the bar
The street's wet, you can tell by the sound of the cars
The bartender's singing "Clementine";
While he's turning around the "Open" sign
"Dreadful sorry, Clementine";
Though you're still her man
It seems a long time gone
Maybe the whole thing's wrong
What if she thinks so but just didn't say so?
You drank yourself into slow-mo
Made an angel in the snow
You did anything to pass the time
And keep that song out of your mind
"Oh my darling
Oh my darling
Oh my darling Clementine
Dreadful sorry, Clementine";