You've Gone With So Little For So Long

Now someone should have taught you the difference, baby
(Hats off to Steve Paul)
One's worth sowing and the other's worth nothing
But clouds make rain and the bees make honey,
There's lots more where that came from, baby
There's lots more where that came from, baby
(Whispers underground, pere lachaise they grow)
There's lots more where he came from, baby
There's lots more where he came from, baby
(Only those with wings know what's in my head)
Well it all seems so crystal clear to me now
And you can dance to The Pretty Things"

Maps of sunlight on the carpet rest
In a trance she makes her selections
Sunflower pick your head up, honey
You've gone with so little so long
You've gone with so little so long
You've gone with so little so long
Elliott Smith, The Dream Syndicate

In a trance she makes her selections
Sunflower pick your head up, honey
You've gone with so little so long
You've gone with so little so long
You've gone with so little so long

When I hear what's turned to gold now,
Head to the river and back to the sea
You just gotta look around

I'm so bored of four on the floor
The same cracks in the sidewalk
Pretty soon they'll be gone forever

Am I the only lonely boy, to ever walk in central park?
The sun through the clouds
And if, if I was lost
You try to follow her but

Hey, can you tell me?

I'd lose myself in you

If you're ready?

You can't fool ol' Peter Hook
A way through the crowd

Am I the only lonely boy whose ever walked in Central Park?
Am I the only lonely boy, to ever walk in Central Park?
Am I the only lonely boy, to ever walk in central park?

You just gotta look around

Across the canvas of my face
My reflection in the stream,
And the colors in the trees,
I will never know

And when I hear what's turned to gold now,
Head to the river and back to the sea
You just gotta look around

Ain't got nothing to lose

Ain't got nothing to lose

Am I the only lonely boy?

Lovers, on the pond

The light in you

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If you're ready?

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