

Junk Bond Trader

[Elliott Smith](#)

The imitation picks you up like a habit
Riding in the glow of the TV static
Taking out the trash to the man
Give the people something they understand
Mistake a nervous flash for a fine-line smile
Junk bond trader trying to sell a sucker a stock
Rich man in a poor man's clothes
The permanent installment of the daily dose
And you tell me, "fool, you tell it like it is"
Your wall's gone wider than your head trip is
Checking into a small reality
Void as a drug you take too regularly
The athletes laugh, the broken crutch
The first true love that folded at the slightest touch
Brought down like an old hotel
People digging through the rubble for things they can resell
"Happy Holidays," said Sid the Savior
The leaving lover that I still favor
I won't take your medicine, I don't need a remedy
To be everything I'm supposed to be
I don't want nobody else, I can do it by myself
We're meant to be together
Now I'm a policeman directing traffic
Keeping everything moving, everything static
I'm the hitchhiker you recognize passing
On your way to some everlasting
Better sell it while you can
Better sell it while you can
Better sell it while you can
Better sell it while you can

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