

# To Call My Own

## Golden Smog

It's blowing through my losing streak  
Bought the farm on a dead end street  
Nothing ever grows under your sun  
It's filling voids with emptiness  
And driving past your old address  
Loneliness, two has turned into one  
They welcome you with broken arms  
You know they don't mean no harm  
Do they mean anything at all?  
You feel crowded by my company  
You can't hate but parts of me  
And I know there's a new myth on your floor  
Staying up in 409  
The days are yours, the nights are mine  
Burned out everything except the door  
It's like breaking out of broken homes  
They tell you they don't eat their own  
Searching for one thing to call my own, to call my own  
There's a goldmine in the local scene  
You get nine lives, you need thirteen  
Paid the price, landed on all four  
You used to mean the world to me  
Scared to death, of what that means  
So we don't mean nothing at all  
I welcome you with broken arms  
You know I don't mean no harm  
Do I mean anything at all?  
And they all come from broken homes  
They tell you they don't eat their own  
Searching for one thing to call my own

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