

# Fog of War

## Young Dreams

I am all that I am  
I never tried to be a more  
And yet tis seems too much for me  
Too fun, too high, too soon  
It's just not my day, I'd rather take freedom, than smoking arenas  
Off the beating track is where I am  
Waiting for my own Athena  
The crowd is high in blood, and crying sad  
Off the beating track is where I am  
Waiting for my own Athena  
The crowd is high in blood, and crying sad  
This is just what it is  
It's what I call the fog of war  
There's nothing here that's clear to me  
This place is not, not you  
It's just not my day,  
I'd rather take freedom, than smoking arenas  
Off the beating track is where I am  
Waiting for my own Athena  
The crowd is high in blood, and crying sad  
Off the beating track is where I am  
Waiting for my own Athena  
The crowd is high in blood, and crying sad (people were staring)  
Something's not very  
Looking at what I have just left behind,  
those were the things that would cloud up my life  
I can' go back, but I just can't survive  
Need someone to take me to á<sup>1</sup>—laces where ...  
Athena, Athena take me there  
Waiting for my own Athena  
Waiting for my own Athena  
Waiting for my own Athena  
Waiting for my own Athena  
Off the beating track is where I am  
Waiting for my own Athena  
The crowd is high in blood, and crying sad  
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The crowd is high in blood, and crying sad  
Waiting for my own Athena

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