

# Man in the Fog

## The Flying Burrito Brothers

She calls me the man in the fog  
Take me she says just one time  
Our seats are so close in the dark and this feeling's not mine  
I can't stop this feeling's not mine I came by her place once before  
Thought I would go for a ride  
I saw through the screen on the door how her old mama cried  
She wouldn't let me inside My daughter is in such a fog  
She seems to be under a spell  
It's all I can do just to keep you away if I can  
Soon as you're gone she'll be well A note came along in the mail  
Be under my window at nine  
I got up the money for bail, baby, everything's fine  
We're gonna make it this time We can get lost in the crowd  
Places we already know  
Like all the parks and the taverns where old people go  
Waiting for winter's white snow

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