Song

Smog

I'm a bit like a soldier
In the way I wear no uniform
And choose not to fight
And fight all night
For some other causeI'm a bit like the grave digger
Who wields no shovel
And digs no hole
But leaves the bodies to rot
In the places that they stand
For some other causeI'm a bit like the pack mule
Carrying no load
Into the canyons of your jive
For some other causeI'm a bit like the freelance fence painter
Then eyes your backside as you leave
For some other causeI'm a bit like the peephole
That falls in love with all the eyes
That look through
Watching major things unfold
From minor flaws
For some other cause(Have Mercy)

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