

# 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 cause I'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 cause I'm a bit like the pack mule  
Carrying no load  
Into the canyons of your jive  
For some other cause I'm a bit like the freelance fence painter  
Then eyes your backside as you leave  
For some other cause I'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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