Son

Golden Smog

Hello mom, I'm fine where the sun is dying
How's the weather around my old hometown
You seem to worry about my livin', say that all is forgiven
What's lost is bound to be foundI hope you don't expect to see me
'Cause you know I'm very far away
You know I really miss you
But a man's gotta make it on his own somedaySoon she sends her greetings 'bout school and civic meetings
Says she's doing well in her cell
Yeah, my brother's born and raised now and he's proud to show his face
Down on the corner scene in his paper dog dreamsAnd me, I guess I'm living
Taking what's for the living
Ooh ma, you know how I really wish
You could see what's on my mind, yeahYeah, I guess it's kind of lonely and I've been uptight for money
But I'll make it on my own staying high
You seem upset about the drugs and things, I guess finally found my way
It's my way to be free don't think you're a failure to meSomeday you'll understand all this
Just what it is I mean to say
But just don't try and love me
I don't wanna see you hurt this wayGuess I'll be going, makes a guy feel great
Knowing that somebody cares somewhereMom, I cannot mail this and let you know I failed
It's just not right somehow, oh no
I'd rather let you think I'm dead and than hung on drugs instead
I'm dying anyhow and it's too late nowI guess there's a moral somewhere
But I can't seem to think just now
If I had to do it over
Guess I'd try to change it around somehowLord it's really hell when you're living in this spell
And nothing's like it seems in a cocaine dream

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