

# 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 found I 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 someday Soon 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 dreams And 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, yeah Yeah, 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 me Someday 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 way Guess I'll be going, makes a guy feel great  
Knowing that somebody cares somewhere Mom, 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 now I 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 somehow Lord 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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