Dirty Pants

Smog

And so I dance in dirty pants
A drink in my hand
No shirt and broken tooth
Barefoot and beamingThe crowd is stomping
Stomping a song
For me to dance to
Break glass and give inMy head is springing
Blood ringing
So I walk down to the creek
And I slither in
I catch my breath
Icy coldThen I walk out to your house
And let myself in
Back you into the corner
And I multiplyI could toll endlessly
Into the bottomless nightGod does not answer this type of prayer

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