

# The Fog

## The Tough Shits

Baby come down to the bottom of the stairs  
There's a reflection I want you to see  
Our history of loneliness has  
Defeated our devices  
Lady come down, it's time to stop and stare  
There's a successor I want you to meet  
His misery and loneliness has  
Exceeded expectations  
But still we fold down  
Look at the stars they're getting younger

Look at your pain you're getting older  
Not feeling right but always hoping for more  
I'm going to tumble to the centre of the square  
There's a triangle I wanted to see  
The fog has cast a shadow over  
We're losing our direction  
So forget the whole thing  
Look at the stars they're getting younger  
Look at your pain you're getting older  
Not feeling right but always hoping for more

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