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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