

Smog Moon

[Matthew Sweet](#)

There's a smog moon in the amber sky
Waverin' and burnin' like a golden lie
I fell so far, I didn't think I'd make it back
We are all made as an afterthought
Destined to believe that we are what we are not
I'm afraid but I don't need to tell you that
There's a smog moon comin', I can always feel it
The cartoon trees cannot conceal it
When it's high up in the sky, it almost looks like it is white
When it's high up in the sky, it almost looks like
There's a lost man, with a bitter soul
Only for a moment did life make him whole
And while he was, he thought he was invincible
There's a smog moon comin', I can always feel it
The cartoon trees cannot conceal it
When it's high up in the sky, it almost looks like it is white
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They're not your words, but you're reciting the lines
You don't mean a thing, but you exist in their minds
How does it feel when they have turned out the lights?
'Cause you know they sooner would get rid of you then fight
And the dark night has the strongest pull
We both know that stayin' young can take its toll
Are you afraid of findin' out you're over that?
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