Drunk On the Stars

Smog

I wasn't made for this
You tell yourself
As you button up your coat
Head down to the harbor
And standing on the dock
You're drunk on the stars and the sea air
Tell yourself maybe I should throw it all away
And be a sailor
Cause after all
Your true home is the sea
So you walk down to the water
And a big wave crashes on your feet
I don't like this you say
So you turn around and head back home
To some apartment
On some main street of a pointless town
That you're trying to put on the map
And you sit right down and write a big fat check
To the gas company
You drape your wet socks over the radiator
And you laugh at all the sailors
And you laugh at all the sailors
Freezing on the sea

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