Finer Days

Smog

Granted passage
Into the finer days
How I got here
I do not know
And if it were all to disappear
I would not know how to returnAnd all of my old friends
Wat me to stay down down down
With them
I could extend them a hand
But they would only pull it off
In their grasp, in their powerSo I find myself
Isolated
Isolated in these fine, fine days

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