

Smog, Chosen One

Oh whoa (x4)

Well you're a wild horse
On a collision course
With the sun
(repeat)

I wanted to ride that wild horse
Into the sun
(repeat)

But I no longer think that
I'm your chosen one
Oh no, I no longer think that
I'm your chosen one
Oh whoa (x2)

Maybe it's best for you to ride
Ride into the sun
Because I no longer think that
I'm your chosen one
Oh no, I no longer think that
I'm your chosen one
Oh whoa (x4)