

Smog, Dirty Pants

And so I dance in dirty pants
A drink in my hand
No shirt and broken tooth
Barefoot and beaming

The crowd is stomping
Stomping a song
For me to dance to
Break glass and give in

My head is springing
Blood ringing
So I walk down to the creek
And I slither in
I catch my breath
Icy cold

Then I walk out to your house
And let myself in
Back you into the corner
And I multiply

I could toll endlessly
Into the bottomless night

God does not answer this type of prayer