

# Smog, Finer Days

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 return

And 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 power

So i find myself  
Isolated  
Isolated in these fine, fine days