

Golden Smog, Radio King

hello darkness, come on in
let me light a candle
imagination running
hands start to tremble
knows enough to know not to believe
what is real, and what it seems to be
knows what's keeping him from being free
right outside your door
don't run away,
red headed stepchild
I can only promise you won't
find your way back home
in another room there's laughing
entertaining strangers
wasn't there, don't breathe no more
but keeping out some angels
laughed so much, he almost cried
stranger offers him a ride
city blocks roll on by
never coming back
don't run away,
red headed stepchild
I can only promise you won't
find your way back home
tear your pictures off my wall
I hate to look at strangers
then it's burn before warned
keep me out of danger
knows enough to know not to believe
what is real, and what it seems to be
knows what's keeping him from being free
right outside your door
don't run away,
red headed stepchild
I can only promise you won't
find your way back home
find your way back home