

Golden Smog, Red Headed Stepchild

if we were just a little smarter
wouldn't be such a fire starters
then you wouldn't have to put me out
if times were just a little kinder
carry you as a reminder
as is, you say you've got some doubts
you say you're looking through me
you don't like what you see
but I swear it's only reflections on me
seeing through a two-way mirror
looking back it's all a little clearer
or just the line up of your life
all day long you put 'em through their paces
late at night haunted by their faces
darkness fades into the morning light
you say you're looking through me
scared of the things that you see
but I swear it's only reflection on me
one more time for old times, come with me
just one last time for old times
seeing things the same way, differently
could have been a little smarter
shouldn't have been such a fire starters
fires they always burn out
you say you're looking through me
scared of the things that you see
but I swear it's only reflection on me