

# 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