

# Golden Smog, Williamton Angel

he is reaching up for climbing  
ropes hanging down below  
I see the children smiling  
no need to let it show  
I know, I wont be coming home  
no more  
the street in sidewalk borders  
stretch out beyond the scenes  
the sweet and dark emotions  
every day hopes and dreams  
my God, I know whos waiting  
beneath the bedroom floor  
her eyes anticipating  
Im reaching every move  
I know, I wont be coming home  
no more  
all I ever wanted  
was to turn from my side  
all I ever wanted  
was to turn from my side  
the rake is scratching harder  
the half drawn window shade  
like any empty memory  
the colors seem to fade  
my God, I know whos waiting  
beneath the bedroom floor  
remember summer showers  
outside the cabin walls  
I know, I wont be coming home  
no more