

Kara's Flowers, The Fog

Here in this town they have all got the blues
As the paperboy takes off without any news
Angels have wings you can feel free to use
The corner store drugs you can freely abuse

And I'm yelling and screaming cause
Baby you're driving me crazy

So life on your own has been vacant and cold
Everyone's getting somewhere and you're getting old
Career opportunities, they all have been sold
Along with your body, and most of your soul

And I'm yelling and screaming cause
Baby you're driving me crazy

If I could spare more remorse
From my emptied out pores
I would maybe

Cause the fog's getting thicker
And the world's spinning fast
The chaos is building
It's going to last
And it's so hard to see
And you're so hard to find
They're days when I think I am losing my mind

So keep painting pictures of beautiful scenes
Striking the canvas with deep blues and greens
Realists are frowning, they think you're obscene
As you work overtime to make sure they can dream

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And we yell
And we scream

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