

# 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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Baby you're driving me crazy

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From my emptied out pores  
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And we yell  
And we scream

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