

Smog, A Guiding Light

The sun peaked at noon
I watched it hoping it would rise
Just a little higher
And give me a guiding light
A guiding light

I must admit I felt some relief
When the sun began to sink
I mean who really wants to see
Things in blinding white
Blinding white

It grows dark
I feel my way home
Sleep
Sleep if you can sleep

Me I'll be staying up
Long into the night
Trying to prove wrong
All the statements I made

All the statements I just made

A guiding light

You were born in the middle of the night
What better time for a guiding light