

Smog, Everything You Touch Becomes A Crutch

Have I said too much
Am I losing my touch.
I don't think we should touch.
You go with the other men
Me I beat myself to sleep
Maybe I should have just
Left all this in a lock-up box
In Boston

Never said too much
I always tried to save face
I never said too much
Tried to save my face.
Only a few spare incidents
Of disgrace.

Never said too much
I said we shouldn't touch
I beat myself to sleep
You go with the other men
Go with your other men
I beat myself to sleep
I beat myself to sleep

Maybe I should have left all this
In an airport lock-up box
In Boston