

Smog, Hangman Blues

Ha ha ha
Ha ha ha

Life's a joke
A waiting game now.
A juggling of vices
Tiny tiny vices
And they don't anchor me
To the ground
I know who the hangman is
So life's a joke

Ha ha ha
Ha ha ha

The clocks on the wall
Creeps higher.
Save save
Restraint restraint.
It's a joke
And I know who the hangman is

A ship in a vial
A headstone on the wharf
And it will pin me
To the ground

Ha ha ha
Ha ha ha

All the lights look green
So unbend
Your toughest smile
I think we've got
I think we've got
I think we've got

One more mile