

# 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