

# Smog, It's Rough

When you're down on your luck  
And you just can't cope  
When the times are bleak  
And the friends are few  
Don't turn to me  
'Cause I'm no hope  
Don't turn to me  
'Cause I don't know what to do

Maybe you should have a drink  
I don't know why you ever stopped anyway

Oh, it's rough  
Baby, to live  
Oh, it's hard  
Baby, to survive  
Everyday lately  
My mind feels like glass  
Ready to be smashed  
Ready to be smashed

Oh well, my best friend  
Took a bullet through his eye  
First he had a patch  
Now he's got a glass eye  
One hard, glass eye  
He says sometimes he wishes  
Both his eyes were glass

Well, it's rough  
Baby, to live  
And it's hard  
Baby, to survive  
Everyday lately  
My mind feels like glass  
Ready to be smashed  
I'm ready to be smashed

At times I lock myself up  
In my room  
Don't come over  
While I listen to a record  
I stare at the cover  
Don't come over  
Don't come over  
'Cause I'm no hope to you  
I'm no hope to you