

# Smog, Nineteen

So she washed her cut in the sink  
And picked up an ulcer along the way  
Down to the bay, where I did stay

I was nineteen  
And so were we to be beating twenty

Without her clothes  
She looked like a leper in the snow  
I left her in the snow without her clothes

My movements were slow  
Long, she didn't even know  
What she was taking away

We didn't talk much  
Oh, it must have shown  
She must have known

The next day, she never called me again  
The day after that, she gave me a call  
She was all drunk

Her words came slow  
Oh, I didn't even know what I had  
I'm taking away