

Smog, Not Lonely Anymore

I am not lonely anymore
Now that I realized
I got two hands not four

So, I'm not lonely anymore
When the ship goes down

There will be 1000 rats
Swimming 1000 shores
So I'm not lonely anymore

You will try open hands
You will be kissing sweet sand

And that pretty wedding ring doesn't mean a damn thing
You're going down

I'm not lonely anymore
Now that I realized
I got two hands not four