

Smog, Song

I'm a bit like a soldier
In the way I wear no uniform
And choose not to fight
And fight all night
For some other cause
Have Mercy

I'm a bit like the grave digger
Who wields no shovel
And digs no hole
But leaves the bodies to rot
In the places that they stand
For some other cause

I'm a bit like the pack mule
Carrying no load
Into the canyons of your jive
For some other cause
Have Mercy

I'm a bit like the freelance fence painter
Who takes the iced tea you brought him
Then eyes your backside as you leave
For some other cause
Have Mercy

I'm a bit like the peephole
That falls in love with all the eyes
That look through
Watching major things unfold
From minor flaws
For some other cause
Have Mercy