

# Smog, Well

I could not work  
So I threw a bottle into the woods  
And then I felt bad  
For the doe paw  
And the rabbit paw  
So I went looking for the pieces  
Of the bottle that I threw  
Because I couldn't work

I went deep  
Further than i could throw  
And i came upon an old abandoned well  
All boarded over  
With a drip hanging from the bucket still

Well I watched that drip but it would not drop  
I watched that drip but it would not drop  
I knew what I had to do  
Had to pull those boards off the well

When I got the boards off  
I stared into the black black black  
And you know I had to yell  
Just to get my voice back

I guess everybody has their own thing  
That they yell into a well

I gave it a coupla hoots  
A hello  
And a f\*\*k all y'all

I guess everybody has their own thing  
That they yell into a well

And as I stood like that  
Staring into the black black black  
I felt a cool wet kiss  
On the back of my neck

Dang

I knew if I stood up  
The drip would roll down my back  
Into no man's land

So I stayed like that  
Staring into the black black black

Well they say black is all colours at once  
So I gave it my red rage my yellow streak  
The greenest parts of me  
And my blues I knew just what I had to do

I had to turn around and go back  
And let that drip roll down my back  
And I felt so bad about that

But wouldn't you know  
When I turned to go  
Another drip was forming  
On the bottom of the bucket  
And I felt so good about that