

The Plan, Foggy Days

Foggy days were fine days
What's there to see clear
Foggy days were fine days
What's now to see clear

I saw through myself
Now I'm done

Crazy nights were fine nights
What's there to be sane
Crazy nights they were fine nights
What's now to be sane

I saw through myself
Now I'm dead

I'm losing distance
I can't play along no more
I'm losing distance

Now I'm dead
Now I'm done