

Smog Moon

Matthew Sweet

There's a smog moon in the amber sky
Wavering and burning like a golden lie
I fell so far, i didn't think I'd make it back
And we all made as an after thought
Destined to believe that we are what we are not
I'm a fade, and I don't need to tell you that
Theres a smog moon coming I can always feel it
Cartoon trees cannot concieve it
When it's high up in the sky it almost looks like it is white
When it's high up in the sky it almost looks like
There's a lost man with a bitter soul
Only for a moment did life make him whole
He thought he was, he thought he was invincible
There's a smog moon coming I can always feel it
Cartoon trees cannot conceive it
When it's high up in the sky it almost looks like it is white
When it's high up in the sky it almost looks like it, is white
They're not your words but you're
reciting the lines
You don't mean a thing but you exist in their minds
How does it feel when they have turned out the lights
Cause you know they sooner would get rid of you, than fight
And the dark night has the
strongest pull
We both know that staying young can take its toll
And you're afraid of finding out you're over that
There's a smog moon coming I can always feel it
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