

Smoke

Exit Ten

By God I hope
You're not up in smoke
You lay me too thin
I can't cope with more than four friends
I've not the space in my life
For all this socializing
We creep ever closer to the eye of gloom

Wait on me
I've seen struggling
Forever hold
Walk with me
Weights on me, I'm seen
Struggling, for a foothold
Walk with me while
We will not
I can do anything
It all depends
I trust no one, but myself lately
We're all,
We're all lost
We're all lost
We're all lost
I hope you're not