

Son

Golden Smog

hello mom I'm fine where the sun is dying
how's the weather around my old hometown
you seem to worry about my livin'
say that all is forgiven
what's lost is bound to be found
I hope you don't expect to see me
'cause you know I'm very far away
you know I really miss you
but a man's gotta make it on his own someday

soon she sends her greetings
'bout school and civic meetings
says she's doing well in her cell
yeah, my brother's born and raised now
and he's proud to show his face down on the corner scene
in his paper dog dreams
and me I guess I'm living
taking what's for the living
ooh ma, you know how I really wish
you could see what's on my mind, yeah

yeah, I guess it's kind of lonely
and I've been uptight for money
but I'll make it on my own staying high
you seem upset about the drugs and things
I guess finally found my way
it's my way to be free don't think you're a failure to me
someday you'll understand all this
just what it is I mean to say
but just don't try and love me
I don't wanna see you hurt this way
guess I'll be going, makes a guy feel great
knowing that somebody cares somewhere

mom I cannot mail this and let you know I failed
it's just not right somehow, oh no
I'd rather let you think I'm dead
than hung on drugs instead
I'm dying anyhow and it's too late now
I guess there's a moral somewhere
but I can't seem to think just now
if I had to do it over
guess I'd try to change it around somehow
Lord it's really hell when you're living in this spell
and nothing's like it seems
in a cocaine dream