

# 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  
We are all made, as an afterthought,  
Destined to believe that we are what we are not  
I'm afraid, but I don't need to tell you that

There's a smog moon coming I can always feel it  
The cartoon trees cannot conceal 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  
And while he was, he thought he was invincible

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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  
Are you afraid of finding out you're over that

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