

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

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 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
Are you afraid of finding out you're over 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 it is white
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