

## Dirty Pants

Smog

And so I dance in dirty pants  
A drink in my hand  
No shirt and broken tooth  
Barefoot and beaming

The crowd is stomping  
Stomping a song  
For me to dance to  
Break glass and give in

My head is springing  
Blood ringing  
So I walk down to the creek  
And I slither in  
I catch my breath  
Icy cold

Then I walk out to your house  
And let myself in  
Back you into the corner  
And I multiply

I could toll endlessly  
Into the bottomless night  
God does not answer this type of prayer