

Finer Days

Smog

Granted passage
Into the finer days
How I got here
I do not know
And if it were all to disappear
I would not know how to return

And all of my old friends
Wait me to stay down down down
With them
I could extend them a hand
But they would only pull it off
In their grasp, in their power

So I find myself
Isolated
Isolated in these fine, fine days