

## Fences

## Smoke Fairies

Come on my friend  
Let's leave these men in the bed  
And go back home  
While the city's still dead  
Across the bridge as the sun rises

Past the mountains and the boats below  
I got out way before I couldn't let go  
Best to leave while on a high

Had no money to afford a bed  
No lock on the door and alcohol on my breath  
And strange men in my head

Oh I've been bad, I don't want to be bad anymore

We got home  
Our building still asleep  
Try to order in breakfast  
Check the answer machine  
Pin business cards to the wall

Try to decipher the eviction note  
Come the first of the month it says that we have to go  
But where to I'm not sure

Left our mark carved in the hardwood floor  
Empty bottles old balloons on the door  
And bass amps in the hall