

Man in the Fog

The Flying Burrito Brothers

She calls me the man in the fog
Take me she says just one time
Our seats are so close in the dark and this feeling's not mine
I can't stop this feeling's not mine

I came by her place once before
Thought I would go for a ride
I saw through the screen on the door how her old mama cried
She wouldn't let me inside

My daughter is in such a fog
She seems to be under a spell
It's all I can do just to keep you away if I can
Soon as you're gone she'll be well

A note came along in the mail
Be under my window at nine
I got up the money for bail, baby, everything's fine
We're gonna make it this time

We can get lost in the crowd
Places we already know
Like all the parks and the taverns where old people go
Waiting for winter's white snow