

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