

# Smog, Devotion

There are some terrible gossips in this town  
There are some terrible gossips in this town  
With jaws like vices  
And eyes like drains

There are some little weasels in this town  
Scampering around loose  
With yellow teeth  
And the beady eyes

We should set a standard amount of words  
That I am to say to these  
We should set a standard type of look  
That you are to give to me  
When you wanna leave

There are some terrible gossips in this town  
With jaws like vices  
And eyes like drains

I won't tell what they say about you  
I won't flourish the shit  
You are my dearest friend  
And I will protect you  
Until the end

With a will like vices  
Complete as a drain