

## Smog

### "Butterflies Drowned in Wine"

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Butterflies drowned in wine  
I'm headed into town  
Where up is up and down is down  
None of this fumbling around

Phantom fingers straighten a phantom tie  
I'm going to talk to some people there  
Forget everything I'm told  
In one ear and out the other

An eagle flies right through my mind  
The shadow skims across the land

Some people add and some subtract  
I love an expert I hate a hack  
You've got to bust up a sidewalk  
sometimes  
To get people to gather round  
And I'm prepared to do whatever it takes  
I'm prepared to do whatever it takes  
For temporary brother sisterhood

Move the tables and the chairs aside  
And give me some room  
I'm going to show you something  
You won't soon forget

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None of this fumbling around

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