

The Fog Or China

Man Man

Wait for the rainstorm to come wash the scum off the streets you walk at night.

You curse God for hindsight, you're not scared by his light and charm.

You painted his portrait on the inside of your toilet to remind you that he's gone.

You break for the rainstorm to come wash the scum off the streets you walk at night.

It's alright to wear your heart on the outside of your sleeve.

You don't mind if it's cold out it's dark down by your street.

It's alright to wear your heart on the outside of your sleeve.

You don't mind if it's cold out it's dark down by your street.

You break for the rainstorm to come wash the scum off the streets you walk at night.

You curse God for hindsight, you're not scared by his light and charm.

You painted his portrait on all of your toiletry to remind you that he's gone.

You break for the rainstorm to come wash the scum off the streets you walk at night.

It's alright to wear your heart on the outside of your sleeve.

You don't mind if it's cold out it's dark down by your street.

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