

# Green Day, Green Day

A small cloud has fallen  
The white mist hits the ground  
My lungs comfort me with joy  
Vegging on one detail  
The rest just crowds around  
My eyes itch of burning red

Picture sounds  
Of moving insects so surreal  
Lay around  
Looks like I found something new

Laying in my bed  
I think I'm in left field  
I picture someone, I think it's you  
You're standing so damn close  
My body begins to swell  
Why does  $1 + 1$  make 2

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