

August Premier, Smoke

somebody tell me i'm much better on my own
somebody pull me out and dig me a new hole

until tomorrow
until the best gets out of hand

when i told my story no one volunteered to help
smoke a cigarette and feel sorry for myself

until tomorrow
until tomorrow gets the best of me

don't waste your tears on him
he's not worth crying for anyway

somebody told me that the siren sounds with light
somebody told me i'm not big enough to fight

until tomorrow
until the best gets out of hand

when i fall i feel like there's nobody on my side
no one to pick me up and tell me it's alright

until tomorrow
until tomorrow gets the best of me

don't waste your tears on him
he's not worth crying for anyway
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