

Augustana, Coffee & Cigarettes

Wake up, take your pills dear, I know this time of year ain't
right for you...
you came with a sickness, shot down back in Christmas,
Kamikaze rain...
and I'm sure you've lost that weight again,
I'm sure the pills keeping pouring in,
like smoke that falls, it's caving into you...
so put me on a plane, and fly me to anywhere...with you...

one night...when you woke up, you bled...till you spoke up,
oh this ain't pretty dear,
with clocks, watch the time go...till spring, when the sun can
finally be free...
and I'm sure you've lost that weight again,
I'm sure the pills keeping pouring in,
we'll scream at night, to make it go away...
so put me on a plane, and fly me to anywhere...with you...