

Old 97's, Smokers

She's a singer I'm a smoker
Dragging up all my extra store
She was singing I was smoking
Saving butts all I can afford

I'm just a smoking up what I got heavy into
Dragged it up coughed it up
Sat up wondering where you gone to
All for your return I drank what wouldn't burn
And called your name but you never came

I'm just sitting up its late
It's getting rough
It's two o'clock black and white
Ceilings got no good advice
All for your return I drank what wouldn't burn
And called your name but you never came