

Russian Red, Cigarettes

No tell me what it is, it isn't fair
'Cause I'm wasting time, but it isn't my heart
it isn't my fault.
And every situation understands, well
The anecdote of chasing the location to your door,
Yeah yeahda da

'Cause I'm wasting time, now I'm wasting money again
and all the cigarettes that I have never smoked
And all the letters that I have never sent, da da

And he was sitting by the swimming pool
But he was scared, 'cause it wasn't his time, it wasn't his chance.
Getting older's not been on my plans
But it's never late, it's never late enough for me to stay, da da

'Cause I'm wasting time, now I'm wasting money again
and all the cigarettes that I have never smoked
And all the letters that I have never sent, da da