

Baumer, Lucky Strike

How am I not myself?
Do people ever change?
Perhaps it is you who are not the same?
You breathe in love like a cigarette.
And put it out as you light up the next.

Love- you say it calms your nerves.
Love- stills your hand as it burns.
You say it's cool and keeps you thin.
This one's done- light one up again...

Burning baby, you're making your way,
Through lines of lovers,
you're up to a pack a day.
So long baby, I wish I could stay.
So long romance.

How am I not myself?
Can people remain the same?
Relapsing into what you call insane.
Inhaling love like a cigarette.
And hoping a lucky strike's up next.

Love- you say it calms your nerves.
Love- stills your hand as it burns.
You say it's cool and keeps you thin.
This one's done- light one up again...

Burning baby, you're making your way,
Through lines of lovers,
you're up to a pack a day.
So long baby, I wish I could stay.
So long romance.

Love- you say it calms your nerves.
Love- stills your hand as it burns.
You say it's cool and keeps you thin.
This one's done- light one up again...

Burning baby, you're making your way,
Through lines of lovers,
you're up to a pack a day.
So long baby, I wish I could stay.
So long romance.