

# Hawksley Workman, Smoke Baby

In your underclothes  
You went out for a smoke  
I call you in  
Just before the storm begins

Your last breath of smoke  
You let out in the room  
It makes a cloud  
Like the greyist  
Perfect plume

Smoke baby, smoke baby  
More alcohol baby  
Cocaine in Montreal  
And back out on the plane baby  
An early flight will leave  
And on it will be me  
I'll be half asleep  
And you'll get up at three

(Who gave you time to cry? Who gave you time to find yourself?)

Casual as a light  
Flickers before it's night  
Sadness comes  
And the daylight turns and runs  
As the sun is setting you'll be betting  
I'll be getting through  
I'll find a payphone baby  
And take some time to talk to you

Smoke baby, smoke baby  
More alcohol baby  
Cocaine in Montreal  
And back out on the plane baby  
An early flight will leave  
And on it will be me  
I'll be half asleep  
And you'll get up at three

(Who gave you time to cry? Who gave you time to find yourself?)  
(Who gave you time to cry? Who gave you time to find yourself?)

And I have never felt  
Quite this close to hell  
All this rock and roll baby  
Only time will tell  
But we're young now, having fun now  
On the town now, Get around now  
It's fine for now  
But someday we'll settle down  
But not now, baby

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More alcohol baby  
Cocaine in Montreal  
And back out on the plane baby  
An early flight will leave  
And on it will be me  
I'll be half asleep  
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(Somewhere on the outside.)

(Who gave you time to cry? And time to find yourself?)

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