

Lene, Up In Smoke

Did your high rent low life friends all leave
Cos even they know
Your living make believe
And if I was to cut off your supply
Would you curl up into a ball and die?

If you lost the number of your man in town
Would you start crying baby
When the sun went down
Could you handle the chills
Could you handle the sweat
It'll cloud out your mind
Can't make me forget

Busy crazy
I'm just lazy
When I let ya
Phase me
I don't get it cos
U don't understand
You just keep saying
baby I'm your man
Busy
Too spacey
Stir-crazy
Don't need a man
All up in smoke
All up in smoke
Up in smoke
All up in smoke

You so hot on deliveries
But you never bring me
the thing that I need
You look a little green
Don't need your blues
Your the only thing I ever wanted to do
But as you lock yourself in your haze
You got too many ultraviolet rays
Your heads a mess
Your brains got slow
You say I'll never leave
but I'm the first to go

Can you ever let go
Baby I'm the first to know
I know you like to take it real slow
This ain't no joke
your up in smoke so lets go