

# Less Than Jake, Portrait Of A Cigarette Smoker A

I used to be a stereotype;  
Half alive with half open eyes,  
With a one track mind,  
And a flawed design.  
Feeling like I was lost at sea  
At only the age of 19.  
Floating around in alcohol and apathy,  
Taking in too much caffeine and nicotine.

And if we make it out of here alive,  
Just say you won't look back to see,  
Just who we left behind.

(There might not be a next time)  
With all the ups and downs and turnarounds.  
(There might not be a next time)  
To the breaking ups and breaking downs.  
(There might not be a next time)  
Yeah we were the ones who say...  
(There might not be a next time)

I used to be a stereotype;  
Someone you'd never recognize.  
With fingers so yellow,  
That it matched the yellow skies.  
And there was a few things I memorized,  
From all those blurry times.  
Like bottles clinking under blinking signs,  
And a few last words from long lost friends of mine.

And if we make it out of here alive,  
Just say you won't look back to see,  
Just who we left behind.

(There might not be a next time)  
With all the ups and downs and turnarounds.  
(There might not be a next time)  
To the breaking ups and breaking downs.  
(There might not be a next time)  
Yeah we were the ones who say...  
(There might not be a next time...)

And if we make it out of here alive,  
Just say you won't look back to see,  
Just who we left behind,  
Just who we left behind.

After all the fuck ups and fall downs.  
(There might not be a next time)  
With all the ups and downs and turnarounds.  
(There might not be a next time)  
To the breaking ups and breaking downs.  
(There might not be a next time)  
Yeah we were the ones who say...  
(There might not be a next time...)  
(There might not be a next time...)  
(There might not be a next time...)  
(There might not be a next time)

Words to live by,  
We're all doing just fine...