

Smoking Popes, Breaking

Breaking, breaking up
Breaking, breaking up
Breaking up with you

Breaking, breaking down
Breaking, breaking down
Breaking down without you

I saw you standing in my dead sparrows
I should have known but who could have guessed
And when we kissed I felt like a woman
And I was shocked and you'd get offended

Now I've spoken
Spoken till I can't breathe
Spoken till I cannot breathe your name

Smokey, smokey trouble
Smoke gets in my eyes
And I can't see your face

I was walking in your shadow
Until you turned out the light
I stumbled around
I was lost but now I'm crying