

## Cigarettes & Loneliness

Chet Faker

Maybe this could be the kind of one  
Where I sit on the words  
Or talking through each style  
Everything is overheard  
See everything I take upon loses worth  
Well now that you're not the one that I thought you were  
And it hurts that I'm done

Now I don't believe in nothing  
Avoiding night, tell me you know

Maybe I could be this lonely guy  
That'll sing on a song  
Another tease will come along  
With everything I don't want  
And you won't see me  
Or pass with another one

I, I cannot dream this is enough when you're gone  
Only to stomach a night without eating at all  
Everyone's coming but now this will all be yours  
Breathe, this is love without love without love without love without love without love  
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Love, what've you done with my tongue?  
I open my mouth but you hear me wrong  
Love, what've you done with my tongue?  
I open my mouth but you steer me wrong

I'm walking through each smile  
Everything is over turned  
See everything that dies  
It takes a small piece to rust  
Well now the stones been thrown  
The trust is dust