

Smokers

Old 97's

She's a singer and I'm a smoker
I'm dragging it up all my extra store
She was singing and I was smoking
Saving butts all I can afford

I'm just smoking up what I got heavy into
Dragged it up, coughed it up
Sat up wondering where you gone to
All for your return I drank, what wouldn't burn
And called your name but you never came

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I'm just sitting up it's late, it's getting rough
It's two o'clock, black and white
Ceilings got no good advice
All for your return I drank what wouldn't burn
And called your name but you never came

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