

# First Drag Of The Day

Bob Mould

Don't make me do it, don't make me sell the things I love  
There's too much happening in this world  
Don't choose the other side right away  
It's been left alone for a while

If I can get to the words before that first smoke  
Everything seems to come out differently

Leaving a large hole in my hip  
I've never tried to quit  
Here I go with the first drag of the day  
Sometimes it makes me fall backwards on back into bed

Don't stop me, don't correct me  
Please don't interfere with me  
I'm trying to write as fast as I can  
Yesterday wasn't so bad  
I thought it a little worse than it was  
I don't know why I tried to sabotage my day  
I wanted everything my own way

I wanted it all my own way, so don't apologize  
I learn to devise these ways of explaining away

Happenstance, you don't let me take a stand  
And it sits inside on the great white picket fence deep inside  
Someday that fence is going to fall in your yard  
And I hope you didn't plant anything too precious too close to  
the boundary

It's starting to sound like it's time to sign off  
But for once, I feel like something might have happened

Maybe I can't show this to you  
Maybe I can't show you everything  
Some things have to be precious and pure  
Some things have to stay inside of me

Or else I've given everything away  
I wanted it all this way  
I learn to devise these ways of explaining away

So don't blame me, I won't blame you  
It's just the first drag of the day