

# My Baby Smokes

Braid

Feline  
I hope you're lying  
Cause if these things come so easy  
Then why am I trying  
So hard  
I thought it best  
To let it simmer  
Then deliver  
Pour the facts and feelings  
From a fever pitcher

Of smoke  
A cough and a choke

I can feel you smiling  
But you're too far to see  
And June is here, June is here  
But she's laughing without me  
I want to see your eyes  
Inches from mine  
At both nines  
We drink up the anger  
Like wine  
Laced with sugar

And smoke  
I cough and I choke

(So take my hand  
We'll jump up together and land  
Just like the cats can)

These are the things that make us laugh  
These are the things that make us cry  
These are the things that make our knees shake  
For fear's sake  
And make our hearts break

It's me and me and baby makes three