

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