

Cigarette Machine

Codeine

Dry heave doubt
From a little old dragon's mouth
Split lip and split tongue
Finally, cross-eyed

She stands next to the cigarette machine
This device has got it made, she thinks
It has a cast-iron stomach, but a candle for a heart

Odd the way the very stuff falls out
Hard the way it makes you doubt
This thing leaps up, complains, full of vile
Not even star-crossed, just unlucky

Odd how the very stuff falls out
Hard the way it makes you smile
This things leaps up, complains
Not even star-crossed, just unlucky