

Cigarette Burns

Flunk

One day you're gonna ride ahead of yours
That day you're gonna rise above of the occasion
Hurt - you know it comes like this, it goes like this
Hurt - you know it goes like this, it comes like this

I guess the pills don't work and the drinks don't work
In the morning it hurts like cigarette burns
The summer's daft and winter's long

One day you're gonna ride ahead of yours
That day you're ride ahead of your vocation
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