

# Smoke Clouds

James Arthur

Look no further than the fathers who go further than they should  
To the point where we're surrounded by the scars behind their hoods

And who is gonna teach them wrong from right?  
Who's gonna tell them it's alright?

Just pass the jazz cigarette  
And take these brain cells out my head  
Fill my lungs, drain my heart...

'Cause this smoke cloud's giving me shelter  
And I feel much better  
And demons wave the white flag for me  
Still my bones keep pleading to walk out  
From all of this fall out  
But there's no way that I could leave  
So I don't leave  
Turn my bitterness to sweet  
I gotta find a new release, yeah.  
So I'm trading blues for green

Da da da da da... ooh, yeah, yeah  
Listen

See, I'm a simple man I don't even have a phone  
If I did I wouldn't pick it up I want to be alone  
I don't trust anyone in this one-track town  
When the people walk by, watch my eyes fall down

And who is gonna teach them wrong, is gonna teach them wrong from right?

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