

# Cigarettes And Wine

Jason Isbell

I saw her in Roosevelt Springs, where time doesn't touch anything  
She never did say she could sing, but I figured it so  
I needed some company then, not sisters or children or men  
That's a hell of a spot to be in, but she put me in tow

Money and liquor and lust had taken my heart and my trust  
I could see ashes and dust were headed my way  
She tended bar in the town  
Her alto settled me down  
I started hanging around  
Didn't need much to say

She smelled like cigarettes and wine  
And she kept me happy all the time  
I know that ain't much of a line  
but it's the Gods' own truth  
She lives down inside of me still  
Rolled up like a twenty dollar bill  
She left me alone with these pills  
In the last of my youth

Wings on her shoulders and feet, a bar on Gethsemane Street  
I took time to plan my retreat, and backed out the door  
I must be attracted to those who've witnessed a man in the throes  
Of life that ain't grindstone to nose, but pedal to floor

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Lost on the dry side of town  
My memories slowing me down  
She shook me and I came around  
I came back to life  
With nary a mother or dad  
She showed me what I never had  
The princess of leaves, she gets sad  
'Cause I won't take a wife

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