

My Last Cigarette

k.d. lang

The room in the morning
Watching the rain turn to snow
But outside my window
Sometimes the rain falls harder than you'll ever know
Sometimes the things that you love in the night
The morning will choose to forget

I have a habit I have been trying to lose
Everyone thinks that they know what they want
Sometimes your drug chooses you
There are some things that I've promised myself
Things I haven't done yet

It's my last cigarette
This is my last cigarette

Sometimes the people you love in the night
The morning will choose to forget

This is my last cigarette
My last cigarette
This is my last cigarette
My last cigarette