

Up In Smoke

Lower Than Atlantis

If I tried I just might be able to cut down a few a day,
With every stick I light there's a price to pay.
I'll easily smoke two packs,
And maybe more if I'm bored or just to feel relaxed.

I'm never gonna pack it in, I know I'm addicted to the nicotine
,
Through my veins it flows, I'm young but my lungs are old.
I'm never ever gonna shift this vice, had emphysema once or twice,
I've tried so many times.

When I scream and I shout the sound just won't come out across
the bar,
I cough, I splutter, chest made of tar.
My fingers are sunset red,
If I carry on this behaviour, in ten years I'll be dead.

I'm never gonna pack it in, I know I'm addicted to the nicotine
,
Through my veins it flows, I'm young but my lungs are old.
I'm never ever gonna shift this vice, had emphysema once or twice,
I've tried too many times.

Breathe in, breathe out.
Breathe in, breathe out.