

Smoking Was A Day Job

Marble Sounds

Meeting in the backyard
We brought cigarettes, beer, and a game of cards
Doing nothing was alright
We were chilling out - not killing time

Every week soccer in the park
Followed by a stop at the closest bar
Where we all agreed our strategy
Each time sealed with another beer

Smoking was a day job
We used to hang around on narrow streets downtown
But whatever we were after
And how we spent our time
Nobody could mind

Tired of the sidelines
Tired of regretting what we didn't try
Bragging was quickly learnt
We had no second chance to impress a girl

Seeking love, making out
We thought we had it all figured out
Going out, sleeping in
My heart got stabbed with a lovers pin

Smoking was a day job
We used to hang around on narrow streets downtown
But whatever we were after
And how we spent our time
Nobody could mind
Ahead a whole life to demystify

Nothing that we did felt like giving in
We picked straws and got on with it
Not yet distracted by my thinking
About what it was and what it is