

Cigarette of a Single Man

Squeeze

The cigarette of a single man
Burns in the ashtray by his bed
He pulls the ring of another can
And holds it up beside his head
The book he reads is on the floor
He's read it several times before
What you got to go home to?

The cigarette of a single man
Sits in the ashtray on the bar
He sits and sifts through several plans
But knows alone he won't go far
He needs the love another has
To help him, if another can

The cigarette of a single man
Lays in the gutter by his side
Now he's one of those little lambs
Who strayed too far from the flock to find
He's better off without the grief
That people wear between their teeth

And in his mouth as he's asleep
The cigarette of a single man