

Clove Cigarette

Andy Shauf

Rose is smoking a clove cigarette
And it takes me back to your summer dress
And that green plastic table
With those green plastic chairs
And you'd touch my summer skin
And you'd toss your golden hair

It takes some steps forward and some steps back
Oh, it just doesn't matter 'cause I'm on track

On the sidewalk she turns her foot
And I hold the door as she tiptoes through it
And I'm getting foggy, but I don't really care
'Cause I've no reason to be anywhere

It takes some steps forward and some steps back
Oh, it just doesn't matter 'cause I'm on track

Is this my family?
Are these my friends?
Oh, it's not a problem
I just had other plans
That green plastic table
With those green plastic chairs
And you'd touch my summer skin
And you'd toss your golden hair

It takes some steps forward and some steps back
Oh, it just doesn't matter 'cause I'm on track
It just doesn't matter 'cause I'm on track
It just doesn't matter 'cause I'm on track
It just doesn't matter 'cause I'm on track