

Ashtray

Beddy Rays

I listened to the records you left in my room
The needles scratching through my head
Takes me to the places, things we used to do
Now it's left and swept away, throw it away

Is it such a bad thing?
I found a place to stay
I smell like an ashtray
And the sink is stacking plates
If I could take you one place
But you're too far away
You're too far away

No point stressing, the lessons been good
I find it hard you know I get miss understood
I take a joke just a little too far
Just to see who you really are
Never think before I speak, it's okay

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