

Cigarette Machine

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Stumbling past your house baby
At the break of the day
I thought I saw your silhouette
Dancing cross the shade
And I went down to the mission
I called and called your name
Till an angel with a face like yours
Came down and let me in

I thought I saw your reflection
In a cigarette machine
In a bottle in the gutter
In a window on the street
In a storefront in a picture
On an old broken TV
I swear it was you
Staring back at me

I heard soldier's voices
By the city gate
There were junkies lying on the ground
They made me look away
I spilled you on a mirror
I chopped you into lines
Over some old kitchen sink
I swore I'd let you die

I thought I saw your reflection
In a cigarette machine
In a bottle in the gutter
In a window on the street
In a storefront in a picture
On an old broken TV
I swear it was you
Staring back at me

Old radios and broken mirrors
Dog-eared things I read
Worn out movie stars
In faded limousines
I struggled through my own charades
Of coffee cups and clowns
I can't keep up with parades
I keep falling down