

# 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

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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