

Looking For A Lighter

Caylee Hammack

Today I turned twenty-three
Finally catching up with my old fake ID
I just found it in the kitchen drawer
Full of sentimental things
That I don't need anymore
But still I'm searching through coupons and keys
Dead flowers and figurines and old letters from you
Damning the memories I rifle through
When I'm looking for a lighter

How can you flick me right back?
Spark up a memory and just like that
I'm burning for you so bad, bad, bad
Your love is a drag, it's a drag, it's a drag

It's just a cheap drink buzz patio
Needing someone to light my smoke
In a sea of black leather jackets
I find you like metal on a magnet
Old flame you're lighting me up
Small talk leading into dangerous stuff
And I end up playing with fire
When I'm looking for a lighter

How can you flick me right back?
Spark up a memory and just like that
I'm burning for you so bad bad bad
Your love is a drag, it's a drag, it's a drag
Just when I think I'm over it
I pick you up just like a bad habit
The kinda high that don't last
Your love is drag, it's a drag, it's a drag, it's a drag

Looks like I'm looking for you
But I'm not looking for you
Damn the memories I rifle through
When I'm looking for a lighter
When I'm looking for a lighter

Looks like I should get going
Looks like I should quit smoking