

## Cigarettes

Clap Your Hands Say Yeah

Cigarettes, choking pets  
How you gonna pay the rent  
Now that all of your money's gone?  
I know you, you know me  
We met at the cemetery  
Digging ditches and turning up stones

Now you're alive but seem deceased  
I wish I knew the cure for the disease  
Which causes you to be so cold

A wet dream, a magazine  
Fantasies and make-believes  
My headless chicken's going to get stoned  
And Paris it is too full of rage  
Undercover, center-stage  
Voulez-vous coucher with this animal

Now you're alive but seem deceased  
I wish I knew the cure for the disease  
Which causes you to be so cold

Radiant, allowance spent,  
Really, I had only meant that  
We should never get so sentimental  
A broken string, a wedding ring  
Behind a fence I have no sense  
For what the neighbors think of self-control

Now you're alive but seem deceased  
I wish I knew the cure for the disease  
Which causes you to be so cold