

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