

# Cellophane

Corey Smith

Cellophane  
Front pocket of my blue jeans  
A little fire and little green  
Enough to make me king on a Friday night  
In a trailer off of Dry Pond Road  
Where me and the boys would go to get loaded  
And hide out from the law oh

It was just a weekend thing  
A little help for the alcohol  
It was no big deal  
Just a weekend thing  
Sleep it off on the couch  
Don't get behind a wheel  
Break it out, I wanna taste  
What ya got in that cellophane  
Cellophane

A bunch of kids  
Same feather, same kind of cool  
We dropped out of the Sunday school  
And made up our own rules  
For a few good years  
Before the cops came sniffin' round  
Before they took our dope man down  
And good shit got hard to find oh

When it was just a weekend thing  
Some compliments for the alcohol  
It was no big deal  
Just a weekend thing  
Sleep it off on the couch  
Don't get behind a wheel  
Break it out, I wanna taste  
What ya got in that cellophane

Cellophane  
A handful of prescription pills  
Well, that's when the shit got real  
They say those things can kill  
Well I know first hand  
A phone call that bent my knees  
His mama wouldn't look at me  
Like she thought I was to blame  
Well maybe I was  
Maybe I didn't try hard enough  
I told him he oughta kick that stuff  
I guess we should've known right from the start oh

But it was just a weekend thing  
A little help for the alcohol  
It was no big deal  
Was just a weekend thing  
Now there's no way of sleeping off the hurt I feel  
So break it out, I wanna taste  
What ya got in that cellophane