

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