

Stale Smoke

Defeater

Ashed air
Lingering in the dim lit corners
Where the sun is peaking in
A window blocked out, cracking
Day in, day out
He turns the floor and hard luck
Sun up, sun down
He pushes hurt and poor souls
Shuffle in through the door, kicked
Always on their last drink
Suffer on their last leg, breaking
Day in, day out
The numbers run
Hard luck
Sun up, sun down
He pushes on
Poor souls

Left along the beach
Haunt and stay with me
I lose sleep to keep the dreams from coming
And stave off the pain
That comes with their names
Drink deep to keep my heart from aching

Ashed air
Breathe deep with the stale smoke
Trailing off the lit end, dragging
Cigarette glow burning
Day in, day out, he turns the floor with hard luck
Too much, too young, he pushes on poor souls
Shuffles through to sway a bad break
Coming off a cold streak, cut deck and a card cheat grinning
Day in, day out, the numbers run hard luck
Too much, too young, he pushes on poor souls

How are you going to see the ending coming
With your head turned around, struck and bleeding out?
How are you going to keep those lies from coming?
Your teeth line the ground, tongue cut from your mouth, struck and bleeding out
Aching poor souls

Buried off the beach
Haunt and stay with me
Lose sleep to keep the dreams from coming
Their debts left in vain, a laundry list of names
I drink deep to keep my head from spinning
To keep my heart from aching