

Smoke Baby

Hawksley Workman

In your underclothes
You went out for a smoke
I call you in
Just before the storm begins
Your last breath of smoke
You let out in the room
It makes a cloud
Like the greyist
Perfect plume

Smoke baby, smoke baby
More alcohol baby
Cocaine in Montreal
And back out on a plane baby
An early flight will leave
And on it will be me
I'll be half asleep
And you'll get up at three

Casual as a light
Flickers before it's night
Sadness comes
And the daylight turns and runs
As the sun is setting you'll be betting
I'll be getting through
I'll find a payphone baby
And take a minute to talk to you

And I have never felt
Quite this close to hell
All this rock and roll baby
Only time will tell
But we're young now, having fun now
On the town now, get around now
It's fine for now
But someday we'll settle down
But not now

Smoke baby

Who'll give you time to cry?
And time to find yourself?