

Cigarette Sweets

Janet Devlin

The cool kid on the street
Freshly turned 15
A box of Daddy's Camels
Rolled up in their sleeve
Counting down the days
Threw our childhood away
Oh I wish I never
Kissed goodbye to sugar cane

But there's no turning back now

Remember when we used to smoke cigarette sweets
Tryin' to look grown up we'd take on little candies
Now there's 'baccy in my lungs
No sugar on my tongue
Take me back to when we used to smoke cigarette sweets
Oh, take me back to when we used to smoke cigarette sweets

Turned my fingertips to gold
Like an alchemist of old
Habits over happiness
The years I've lost I've rolled
The apple doesn't fall to far
From the family tree
Cause the water of the womb
Won't wash my dirty genes

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Tryin' to look grown up we'd take on little candies
Now there's 'baccy in my lungs
Instead of sugar on my tongue
Take me back to when we used to smoke cigarette sweets
Oh, take me back to when we used to smoke cigarette sweets

Time supposed to heal ya
I bruise like a peach
Life's a back street dealer
Got me hooked on nicotine
We'd see it on TV
In every magazine
Like the models in the movies
Perfect boobs and lighting doobies

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