

Cigarettes & Violets

Jesse Malin

You smell like cigarettes and violets
You invite me in but won't tell me your name
Your hands held all the aces
Kings and queens but still you lost the game
Messed up like a sunset
Too close to be a star
Messed up like an actor
That got stuck doing porn
Messed up skipping dinner
And living on popcorn
Messed up like a song

Right turn in the wrong lane
A quick fix but all your love's in vain
Best schools worst grades
Sold out but baby forgot to get paid
Messed up like the father
Who couldn't see the son
Messed up like an outlaw who blamed it on the gun
Messed up like an in-law
Who did what one might
We're messed up here tonight

Well there's cops and shoppers on the hunt
I'm writing in a restaurant
A stranger taking orders asked me what I want
Told the secrets of the hope
It seems
Messed up like a martyr
Straight or on the rocks
Messed up like my mother
Crazy like a fox
Messed up like the sunlight
Too early in my eyes
Messed up like a prizefight
At least you could've tried
Messed up like the system
You used to call a sin
Messed up like an earthquake
You couldn't keep it in
Messed up like a birthday
I can't recall the date
But you still love to hate