

Cigarette

Joji

Cigarette died, cigarette died, not again, never mind
I can read your mind through the black tint
Cigarette died just in time on the west side
She knows she'll never go back there
Ever

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I'm a running man, running man, if you really want it that bad
Every word, every smile, every frown every crack
All fingers on the map, you can trace it back
Hardback cover every day, you could read the same facts
Like ten-fold, ten-fold, you could read it back like ten-fold
But you'll never see me running back from the end zone
Yes, it really ends like that, I'ma never come back, I'ma never
come

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