

Tobacco In My Sheets

Lauren Aquilina

There's tobacco in my sheets
I know you won't be proud
You always taught me not to be
The kind of woman
That I seem to be becoming now

There's an empty bag of somethin'
On the table by my bed
Yeah, I know you wouldn't like it but
It's the only thing that gets him out my head

Oh mama, I hope you understand
'Cause when daddy broke your heart
I held your hand
I'm not a smoker or a drinker
Just a crazy overthinker
And I need a little medicine
I hope your broken heart, it understands

Someone that I hardly know
Knockin' at my door
He's a pretty good distraction
But he's not even a fraction of the one before

And if I'm being honest
I'm starting to scare myself
No, I hate to disappoint you
But if I can't tell you, I can't tell nobody else

So mama, I hope you understand
'Cause I watched you hiding tears when daddy ran
I'm not a smoker or a drinker
Just a crazy overthinker
And I need a little medicine
I hope your broken heart, it understands

I swear, I'm sorry if I'm letting you down
But did you ever feel how I'm feeling now?
Can you tell me how you felt right now?
Can you be my heroine?
'Cause God, I've tried everything else

Oh mama, I just don't understand
How you still raised up my brother to a man
Were you a smoker or a drinker?
Or a crazy overthinker?
Did you need a little medicine?
I hope your broken heart, it understands