Smoking Was A Day Job

Marble Sounds

Meeting in the backyard We brought cigarettes, beer, and a game of cards Doing nothing was alright We were chilling out - not killing time

Every week soccer in the park Followed by a stop at the closest bar Where we all agreed our strategy Each time sealed with another beer

Smoking was a day job
We used to hang around on narrow streets downtown
But whatever we were after
And how we spent our time
Nobody could mind

Tired of the sidelines
Tired of regretting what we didn't try
Bragging was quickly learnt
We had no second chance to impress a girl

Seeking love, making out We thought we had it all figured out Going out, sleeping in My heart got stabbed with a lovers pin

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But whatever we were after
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Nobody could mind
Ahead a whole life to demystify

Nothing that we did felt like giving in We picked straws and got on with it Not yet distracted by my thinking About what it was and what it is