

Cigarette

Marika Hackman

You're in the parking lot
I'm in the car; it's locked
I didn't want to let you in

When did it get so forced?
Drunk by the second course
You're never gonna let me win

And I tried to hold my tongue
But you, you yanked it from my grip
Bathed it in petroleum, lit a cigarette and gave it a kiss

Turn to the headlight glare
Cry and pretend you care
I love it when we make a scene

Something to talk about
Rather than fuck and shout
Maybe we could go to sleep

And you tried to hold your tongue
But I, I yanked it from your grip
Bathed it in petroleum, lit a cigarette and gave you a kiss