

Cigarettes

Tash Sultana

Got a pack of cigarettes, 25 in a deck
Don't you know this shit is not gonna solve your problems
Why don't you take a breath
Why don't we take a step closer to the edge my dear
Don't you see my thoughts are drowning in the unclear

I got a penny for your thoughts
I got a dollar for the doubts
I got a message for the lovers
I got a message for myself
I got a different point of view
Diving in the deep blue sky
See I found myself sitting there
When I was getting high

I'm on a permanent vacation to the soul
And I don't feel like working my fingers to the bone
And I fly like the bird above all of the bullshit
And I'm looking down on myself
To start all of the good shit
And I know, I know, I know it's coming my way
And I know, I know, I know it's coming my way

I know sometimes, when it's raining down on me
And I wish that I could unsee somethings
I didn't wanna see, no
You're not gonna be the one to mould my ego, no no
I'd rather leave my bags at the door and let it all go, mhh

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