

## Nicotine Lips

The Flatliners

Hey! Quit trying to fan the flames,  
let the embers settle in.  
'Cause nothing gold can stay,  
but you can always spray paint it again.

Forever hide the shame of your stifled creativity.  
Smoke your life down to the filter 'til you're  
coming close to blowing smoke.  
So recognize your ghost is running out of rope.

Say it now or hold your peace,  
feel it bounce around your brain.  
What makes the suffering sweet  
is the insurmountable pain!

Dried up and obsolete, your ugly pride can't exactly abstain.  
Smoke your life down to the filter 'til you're  
coming close to blowing smoke.  
So recognize your ghost is running out of rope.

Now drop the anchor through  
the floorboards of your boat  
and let the crashing waves  
fill your lungs 'til you choke, you choke, you choke!

Oh yeah, you're coming close to blowing smoke.  
So recognize your ghost is running out of rope.  
Now drop the anchor through  
the floorboards of your boat.  
And let the crashing waves,  
fill your lungs 'til you choke, you choke, you choke!