

Second Hand Smoke

William Fitzsimmons

White lines, white sky
Light through a sliding glass door, I
Woke up, washed off the second hand smoke
The second hand smoke

Time did what time does
Burned all the days and years and I
Woke up, washed off the second hand smoke
The second hand smoke

And where did we go so wrong?
I was hiding from the rain and the rolling thunder
And where do we go from here?
I'll be hoping that somebody will break my cover

Changed plans, washed hands
How do I turn back time
Lay down, breathe in the second hand smoke
The second hand smoke

These lines which bind
You'll never wash me of it now
Float on somewhere in second hand smoke
In second hand smoke, I know

Where did we go so wrong?
I was hiding from the rain and the rolling thunder
Where do we go from here?
I was hoping that somebody would break my cover

Where did we go so wrong?
I was hiding from the rain and the rolling thunder
Where do we go from here?
I was hoping that somebody would break my cover

Where did you go so wrong?
I was scared that someday maybe you'd pull us under
Where do we go from here?
In second hand smoke, in second hand smoke

Secondhand smoke, secondhand smoke