

## Plastic Cigarette

Zach Bryan

Well, I ain't written a love song in so long as your hair leads  
down your spine  
But I don't mind if you last tonight, I'll regret it for the rest of time  
Let your hips and your lips and your fingertips slip against the city streets  
Seepin' in again, sleepin' in while my friends get high on the edge of the West Side Highway

Did you ever make it back to Byron Bay the day you told me to quit drinkin'?  
And thinkin' that I was gonna die before thirty, your mom was so worried about  
All those kids in the house tearin' picture frames down  
Our fathers were never around when we were younger

So let me go, I saw you on the river's edge  
Draggin' on a plastic cigarette  
With your swim top still wet  
So let it go, meetin' you out on the coast  
You hate the smell of real smoke  
So why'd you always keep me so close?

You were collectin' shells out on the Bay Shore, you know I was a shell before?  
Deep in the hands of another, my brother  
Had told me to leave, but I didn't believe  
That evil would mean some people you meet out in Queens

The way the rain came down the other day in Bryon Bay  
Made me feel so alone, so I just went home  
And scribbled some poem  
That I know that you'll never read

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