

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 re
st of time
Let your hips and your lips and your fingertips slip against th
e city streets
Sleepin' 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 q
uit drinkin'?
And thinkin' that I was gonna die before thirty, your mom was s
o 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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