Cigarette Machine

Fred Eaglesmith

Stumbling past your house baby
at the break of the day
I thought I saw your silhouette
dancing cross the shade
and I went down to the mission
I called and called your name
till an angel with a face like yours
came down and let me inI thought I saw your reflection
in a cigarette machine
in a bottle in the gutter
in a window on the street
in a storefront in a picture
on an old broken TV
I swear it was you
staring back at me
I heard soldier's voices
by the city gate
there were junkies lying on the ground
they made me look away
I spilled you on a mirror
I chopped you into lines
over some old kitchen sink
I swore I'd let you dieI thought I saw your reflection
in a cigarette machine
in a bottle in the gutter
in a window on the street
in a storefront in a picture
on an old broken TV
I swear it was you
staring back at me
Old radios and broken mirrors
dog-eared things I read
worn out movie stars
in faded limousines
I battled through my own charades
of coffee cups and clowns
I can't keep up with parades
I keep falling downI thought I saw your reflection
in a cigarette machine

in a bottle in the gutter
in a window on the street
in a storefront in a picture
on an old broken TV
I swear it was you
staring back at me
in a storefront in a picture
on an old broken TV
I swear it was you
staring back at me
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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