Thinking Of It

Pascale Picard

Feel the way I feel
A taste of what?s real
You?d wish you could fly away
It always seems to ease
The sweet ol? kiss of nicotine
Sunday I?ll quit smoking
Another promise up high on my list
Of promises never kept
As I walk along this cold, wet street
Hoping to cross Mr. Right,
Some stupid weirdo
Cracks my silence, barking at me
?Hey little girl, wanna go for a ride?!?
Another shitty day, but I let it slide
For a moment it made me stopThinking of it
Stop thinking of itI got back home and screamed
But I don?t think it was loud enough
To bury that sadness
?Cause it really doesn?t seem to become weaker
Now where?s my pride
As I search for pennies
I leave a note on the table
That no one?s gonna read,
?Just gone drinking?
Where am I? What?s that place?
How did I get there?
Excuse me sir, but what?s your name?
A few more reasons to blame myself
As if I haven?t got it all figured out
I?m so sorry, but not that sorry
?Cause for a moment it just made me stopThinking of it
Stop thinking of itYeah, I got your letter
But I threw it out
Would I have felt better
Reading 2 pages full of shit about how I?m a bitch?
Maybe it would have made me stronger
But right now I need to sleep
And then I swear to you that I?ll be alright
But give up

Hang up that stupid phone
And please help me stopThinking of it
Stop thinking of it

Songwriters
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