

# Big Cig

## The Hold Steady

She says she always smoked cigarettes.  
Ever since she was seven.  
She always likes the big ones best.  
You get more for yr money.I know that she's gorgeous.  
I can't take her serious.  
She looks kinda ridiculous.  
With her Malibu 120s.Some nights she's a scientist.  
She pulls me into experiments.  
Squeezes hard and  
Charts the forward progress.  
Some nights she's a pharmacist.  
She's got some pills some in her purse.  
One to wake you up  
One if yr nervous.  
And I serve my purpose.Burns on her skirt and smoke in her eyes.  
I serve my purpose.  
We power down and try to socialize.  
I serve my purpose.  
She can probably find a better guy I serve my purpose.  
She used to fool around with some friends of mine.That's fine.  
I mostly dig.  
Her and her big cigars.We met at a benefit.  
It was a pretty big opening.  
Her therapist says it's dangerous.  
The way she seeks validation.  
Some nights she's a magic trick.  
Some nights she's a sinking ship.  
She pokes around with a paper clip  
She's the pistol at the party.  
Once we get startedBurns on her skirt and smoke in her eyes.  
I serve my purpose.  
We power down and try to socialize.  
I serve my purpose.  
She can probably find a better guy.  
I serve my purpose.  
She used to fool around with some friends of mine.That's fine.  
I mostly dig.  
Her and her big cigars.I'm pretty sure we both agree.  
We can both take some liberties.

We all have our anxieties.  
This little tryst is hard to quit.  
So we just sit here and live with it. Burns on her skirt and smoke in her eyes.  
I serve my purpose.  
We power down and try to socialize.  
I serve my purpose.  
She can probably find a better guy.  
I serve my purpose.  
She used to fool around with some friends of mine. It's not love.  
It's not even a crush.  
That's fine.  
I mostly dig.  
Her and her big cig.  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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