

No Cigarettes

Withered Hand

Think me and you could maybe use a lost weekend
I've been losing all my friends
I wave another empty bottle in your face,
Like I'm hitting it hard
But it's just pretend
'cos you know I'm not
I wouldn't know where to start
I've been there before
I went and got lost,
Always the back end of this pantomime horse
All we seem to do these days is wave our arms and yell
Other people are hell
And what's that song you're singing, everybody hurts?
And everybody lies,
Don't wanna remember, too many regrets
And no cigarettes
'cos I'm not a smoker,
But I said I was
And the elevator stuck between the floors
Is getting to me
Don't let him forsake you
Wrack him up and knock him down again
You're changing direction
I won't know where I was
The back end of the pantomime horse
Is getting to me
Maestro, a drum roll please
This is the golden age
Staring down the corners of the room
Another nowhere town
When everything I sing is in a minor key
I have to write it down,
Or I won't remember
Then I'll get it wrong
This isn't the song, I'm thinking
I'm not the singer
That I thought I was
In the solitude before the applause
Is getting to me

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