

# 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

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>