Nicotine Lips

The Flatliners

Hey, quit trying to fan the flames,
Let the embers settle in.
Cause nothing gold can stay,
But you can always spray paint it again
Forever hide the shame of your stifled creativitySmoke your life down to the filter,
Till you're coming close to blowing smoke
So recognize your ghost is running out of ropeSay it now or hold your peace
Feel it bounce around your brain
What makes the suffering sweet is the insurmountable pain
Dried up and obsolete.
Your ugly pride can't exactly abstain.
Smoke your life down to the filter,
Till you're coming close to blowing smoke
So recognize your ghost is running out of rope
Now drop the anchor through the floorboards of your boat
And let the crashing waves fill your lungs till you choke
You choke, you choke, you choke!
Oh yeah you're coming close to blowing smoke
So recognize your ghost is running out of rope
Now drop the anchor through the floorboards of your boat
And let the crashing waves fill your lungs till you choke
You choke, you choke!
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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