

# Smokers

## Old 97's

She's a singer and I'm a smoker  
I'm dragging it up all my extra store  
She was singing and I was smoking  
Saving butts all I can afford I'm just smoking up what I got heavy into  
Dragged it up, coughed it up  
Sat up wondering where you gone to  
All for your return I drank, what wouldn't burn  
And called your name but you never came She's a singer and I'm a smoker  
I'm dragging it up all my extra store  
She was singing and I was smoking  
Saving butts all I can afford I'm just sitting up it's late, it's getting rough  
It's two o'clock, black and white  
Ceilings got no good advice  
All for your return I drank what wouldn't burn  
And called your name but you never came

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