Smoke

Brian Fallon

And I lost my mind in the middle of Toronto, I was
Spending nights at home full throttle, I was
Breakin' your heart
Breakin' my heart, revenge

And I feel just like I woke up in somebody elseâ€™s skin
Who else is gonna remind you to take a picture of them?

Well, they brought hearts and daggers, they wrote songs about you
When they tied you up in the rungs of ladders
And you never ended up coming home, you just
Became something like some smoke that I tried too hard to hold

And when I awoke, everything had changed you see, I
Left my home, returned something different, I was
Beaten to death, bleeding to death with regret

And nobody else can see it
But thereâ€™s something underneath my skin
And I wish I could tell you
I had the worst little dream

Well, they brought hearts and daggers, they wrote songs about you
When they tied you up in the rungs of ladders
And you never ended up coming home, you just
Became something like some smoke that I tried too hard to hold

And the black clouds came
And darkened all our insides, there were
Newspaper clippings with horrible headlines
Of doom and despair and your name and my name said
"Who will save you from the truth of the matter
That your love, though like gold, is gone?"

Well, they brought hearts and daggers, they wrote
Songs about her, when they
Tied you up in the rungs of ladders
And you never ended up coming home, you just
Became something like a dream I saw where they brought

Hearts and daggers, they wrote
Songs about you, when they
Tied you up and you hung from ladders
And you never ended up coming home, you just
Became something like some smoke that I tried too hard to hold
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