

# She Smokes in Bed

## TV Girl

Mary's wiping ashes from her clothes  
Blackened matches strewn across the floor  
The smoke rose slowly and was pushed out by the vent  
The guiding light was just the tip of her cigarette  
She smokes in bed Mary doesn't care about herself  
So what chance is there for anybody else  
Sometimes I wonder about the heartache that lies ahead  
Any day now she'll set fire to her head  
She smokes in bed  
Nervous neighbors peeping through the blinds  
Piercing sirens cutting through the night  
Molten rubble settling to rest  
They searched for hours  
There wasn't anybody left  
She smoked in bed

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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