Pink Cigarette

Mr. Bungle

Hush me, touch me
Perfume, the wind and the leaves
Hush me, touch me
The burns, the holes in the sheetsI'm hoping the smoke
Hides the shame I've got on my face
Cognac and broken glass
All these years I've been your ashtrayNot todayI found a pink cigarette
On the bed the day that you left
And how can I forget that your lips were there
Your kiss goes everywhere, touches everything But meHush me, touch me
Champagne, your hair in the breeze
Hush me, touch me
Lipstick, a slap on my cheekYour eyes cried at last
Told me everything I was afraid to ask
Now I'm dressed in white
And you've burned me for the last timeThis ain't the last tineYou'll find a note and you'll see my silhouette...There's just 5 hours left until you find me dead
There's just 4 hours left until you find me dead
There's just 3 hours left until you find me dead
There's just 2 hours left until you find me dead
There's 1 more hour and then you will find me dead
There's just.....

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