Smoke

Diana Vickers

Hey, Liz, what's in the box?
What's in the box?
What's in the box?
It's my little voice of self-doubt
Liz, ATO will never put this out
You won't be washing dishes in this town
They'll make mud out of you
Is that what you want?
You're well on your way, kid
It's career suicide
Kaput, ka-blooey, ka-blam
There, smoke on that
There, smoke on that
(You dummy)
There, smoke on that
There, smoke on that
(You dummy)
There, smoke on that
There, smoke on that
(You dummy)
There, smoke on that
There, smoke on that
(You dummy)
Um, 'Liz Phair'?
Sorry, you're not on the list
Could you check it again please?
I already checked it
Please move to the back of the line
Which list do I have to be on?
If you have to ask, you're not on it
Wait, whoa, whoa, whoa
You're not getting in
Fine, fuck you
Have fun on land
There, smoke on that
There, smoke on that
(You dummy)
There, smoke on that
There, smoke on that

(You dummy)
There, smoke on that
There, smoke on that
(You dummy)
There, smoke on that
There, smoke on that
(You dummy)
No, I mean, Jon Brion's really cool
I just think we should do something a little more 'Chicago'
Yeah, we could give a track to iTunes
I don't know John Mayer, I met him
(You dummy)
There, smoke on that
There, smoke on that
(You dummy)
There, smoke on that
There, smoke on that
(You dummy)
There, smoke on that
There, smoke on that
(You dummy)
There, smoke on that
There, smoke on that
(You dummy)
There, smoke on that
There, smoke on that
(You dummy)
There, smoke on that
There, smoke on that
(You dummy)
There, smoke on that
There, smoke on that
You dummy
(You dummy)

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/