

Smoking Her Clothes

Inspiral Carpets

(ah, ah, ah, ah)

She turns from the light and her face is gone
Shape in the dark when there's nobody there, it's his mind playing games

Guilt is a terrorist, holds his mind as a hostage

Guilt is a terrorist, holds his mind as a hostage

(ah) and when he speaks, (ah) his mouth is an open wound

(ah) all the things he wanted for her, (ah) meant to do

(ah) the sea looks beautiful, (ah) and the weather looks calm

(ah) she sits down by the water, (ah) she's smoking her clothes

When she gets too close, he feels so hot, he's burning

When she leaves so early, can't feel anything at all

She's wearing a cigarette and she's smoking her clothes

It's the force of gravity that keeps his train on the rails

That keeps his train on the rails (3x)

(ah) and when he speaks, (ah) his mouth is an open wound

(ah) all the things he wanted for her, (ah) meant to do

(ah) the sea looks beautiful, (ah) and the weather looks calm

(ah) she sits down by the water, (ah) she's smoking her clothes

On the conveyor belt, there's 15,000 chocolates

She's placing a cherry on everyone that passes by

He's a lighthouse keeper, keeps the ships in the bay

The rocks under the water will always be there

(ah) and when he speaks, (ah) his mouth is an open wound

(ah) all the things he wanted for her, (ah) meant to do

(ah) the sea looks beautiful, (ah) and the weather looks calm

(ah) but the rocks under the water (ah) will still drag you down

She's smoking her clothes (3x)

(she's smoking) (8x)

Songwriters

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