

Smoke Clouds

James Arthur

Look no farther than the fathers who go farther than they should
To the point where we're surrounded by the scars behind their hoods
And who is gonna teach them wrong from
right?
Who's gonna tell them it's alright?
Just pass the just cigarette
And take these brain cells out my head
Fill my lungs, drain my heart
'Cause this smoke cloud's giving me shelter
And I feel much better
And demons wave the white flag for me
Still my bones keep pleading to walk out
From all of this fall out
But there's no way that I could leave
So I don't leave
Turn my bitterness to sweet
I gotta find a new release, yeah.
So I'm trading blues for green
Da da da da ooh, yeah, yeah
Listen
See, I'm a simple man I don't even have a phone
If I did I wouldn't pick it up
I want to be alone
I don't trust anyone in this one-track town
When the people walk by, watch my eyes fall down
And who is gonna teach them wrong, is gonna teach them
wrong from right?
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