Smoke Filled Room

Mako

Isn't it a little late?
Shouldn't you,
fly away?
Little dove with cigarettes,
Show 'em that you can hold your breath.

I heard about a girl,
Buried her dolls and lost her curls.
Painted on lipstick red,
Grew herself up and then she'd,

Walk into a smoke filled room,
Oh no one could keep their eyes off you.
Have a little drink or two,
Oh how could you be that girl I knew?

Walk into a smoke filled room,
Little black dress and mama's shoes.
Isn't it a bit too soon?
Oh how could you be that girl I knew?

Oh how could you be that girl I knew?

Walk into a smoke filled room,
Oh I believe love will follow you.
Isn't it a bit too soon?
Oh how could you be that girl I knew?

Take a step around the room,
And every head keeps turning too.
Little dove, you fight 'em back,
Show 'em you're so much more than that.

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Buried her dolls and lost her curls.
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Grew herself up and then she'd,

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