Breaking

Smoking Popes

Breaking, breaking up
Breaking, breaking up
Breaking up with youBreaking, breaking down
Breaking, breaking down
Breaking down without youI saw you standing in line at Sbarro's
I should have known but who could have guessed
And when we kissed I felt like a woman
And I wasn't shocked that you'd get offendedNow I've spoken
Spoken til I can't breathe
Spoken til I cannot breathe your nameSmoky, smoky trouble
Smoke gets in my eyes
And I can't see your faceI was walking in your shadow
Until you turned out the light
I stumbled around
I was lost but now I'm crying

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