Back In This Cigarette

Jason Aldean

It's 2 A.M. in my new home, this motel room
An ashtray full of Lucky Strikes
A half spent case of warm Bud Light
Counting regrets, fighting back tears
Retracin' steps, gettin' nowhereCallin' your name, it's a waste of my breath
There's no reachin' you across this cold and empty bed
Stirrin' up ashes, tryin' to find passion where there's no love left
It's like tryin' to put smoke back in this cigaretteCome sunrise, guess I'll check out and ditch this town
Put a few more miles between us
And keep drivin' till I finally mend my broken trust
Hangin' my hopes on highway signs
If I lie here, I'll lose my mindCallin' your name, it's a waste of my breath
There's no reachin' you across this cold and empty bed
Stirrin' up ashes, tryin' to find passion where there's no love left
It's like tryin' to put smoke back in this cigaretteI may never know your reasons why
But someday I'm gonna see the good in your goodbyeCallin' your name, it's a waste of my breath
There's no reachin' you across this empty bed
Stirrin' up ashes, tryin' to find passion where there's no love left
It's like tryin' to put smoke back in this cigarette

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