

Cigarettes

Noah Gundersen

You remind me of cigarettes
The way I hold you in my chest
 The way you kiss me
 With your filter breath
 And I keep thinking
 I'm getting over this
 Once you had me
You don't have me anymore
I don't crave you in the morning
 Or at the company store
 I don't use you to escape
 In my fingers out the door
 Once you had me
You don't have me anymore
But, honey, you're smooth
 Honey, you're smooth
 Honey, you're smooth
 Honey, you're smooth
 You don't make me cool
And I can carry on fine without you
You're a spirit, and you can't be beat
 But when I'm jonesing
 Honey, I buy cheap
 Once you had me
You don't have me anymore
I don't crave you in the morning
 Or at the company store
 I don't use you to escape
 In my fingers out the door
 Once you had me
You don't have me anymore
But the truth is that you do
 Not the way you used to
But I keep coming back to you
'Cause honey, you're smooth
 Honey, you're smooth
 Honey, you're smooth
 Oh, honey, you're smooth

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