

# 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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