

# You Smoke Too Much

## Old 97's

Hey, you smoke too much of what it was  
To be in a pocket all padded up  
The time you loved and long from now  
Oh, how a year can turn around  
Oh, how a year can turn around Hey, you drink too much with your old friends  
Prisoner on their suicide binge  
To see them here as they were then  
All went to bag years, none have been  
All went to bag years, none have been I hung you up in my little place  
When 21 was on your face  
Carried you 'round for all to see  
I sung you for all who would listen to me Now they ask, "Hey, what's in the shell?"  
I tell them, "No human tongue can tell"  
I tell them, "No human tongue can tell" Hey, you said too much of what went down  
Ain't no word's gonna shut it up now  
You follow smiles and pretty things  
On to the California dream You held it down but now it's free  
You're holdin' it now where none can see  
You're holdin' it now where none can see I hung you up in my little place  
When 21 was on your face  
I carried you 'round for all to see  
I sang you for all who would listen to me And now they ask, "Hey, what's in the shell?"  
I tell them, "No human tongue can tell"  
I tell them, "No human tongue can tell" Hey, you smoke too much of what it was  
Oh, how a year can turn around

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