Box

Smoke Room

There's a good chance we won't make it to the big dance
They all owe us ticket's for two
So if I may, I will take the first steps
And say I feel like drowning at the end of the month
And the world is warm, so it blows out
And the box is wet, so it falls out
And the ice is cold but it won't melt
'Cause I am a fake who sticks to his guns
It's what I know, son
And it comes easy to a liar like me
Oh hey, and it comes easy
Colors are bleeding into gray
And though you're feeling down
Baby, I want to get down with you
Now if I can say you would look fine
In a frame on my bedroom wall
'Cause I am a fake who sticks to his guns
And lets the bitches run
And it comes easy to a scumbag like me

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