

Broken Cigarette

The Sainte Catherines

All the same clothes all the same smiles
A minimum wage 10 000 miles
Faces on the ground fucking heavy bags
No more money to drink the pain away
My door is always open for a suffering friend
It's all we have, it's why we laugh
Hold my hand friend we're gonna find our way
We don't have to work we don't have to pay
Hangin' around with a broken friend and an empty pack
Of cigarettes trying to find some "majorettes"
Who could make us laugh until the end
I'm looking in my past through the city streets
Now Montreal is my town
But i won't forget how it was home sweet home
My family and my friends.. i won't ever forget
Everything you did for me
I'm searching for a goal but am i always wrong?
Am i already in? i appreciate everything
You make me feel so warm it's so important to me
I am so afraid of loosing everything
Hangin' around with a broken friend and an empty pack
Of cigarettes trying to find some "majorettes"
Who could make us laugh until the end
Hold my hand friend we're gonna find our way
We don't have to work we don't have to pay
lets'go

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