The Great American Smokeout

The Snake The Cross The Crown

Humming to himself as he,
Is thinking of his latest debts,
Juggling some numbered thoughts,
Wondering what might come next,
And swears he won't,
Ever stop,
Unless he wants what
She surely does not,Oh, Jim, John, Jackie, and Susie Q,
They mind their manners but so do you,
Oh we breathe all of these words that make no sense,Humming to himself as he,
Is thinking of his latest debts,
Juggling some numbered thoughts,
Wondering what might come next,
And swears he's right,
Though he's convinced himself it is,Working in an upscale place,
She's thinking of her son's demise,
On his epitaph a doctor's bill,
She puts off for another time,
And swears she won't,
Ever stop,
Unless she wants what
She surely does not,Oh, Jim, John, Jackie, and Susie Q,
They mind their manners but so do you,
Oh we breathe all of these words that make no sense,Not gonna see till my singing days are gone,
Not gonna hear until the fires have burned on,
Not gonna, no oh,
Not gonna, no oh,
Not gonna, no oh,
Till the singing days are gone.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/