

# Secondhand Smoke

[Kelsea Ballerini](#)

Sometimes you could hear a pin drop  
Or the ticking of the clock  
Between the surface conversation,  
No matter what they were saying  
They never talked, hm Sometimes I would hear 'em screaming,  
When they thought that I was sleeping  
They'd just fight about whatever,  
I don't know if they ever had a reason Am I the product of a problem that I couldn't change?  
Got his eyes, got her hair  
So do I get their mistakes? I know that you can't walk across a bridge that's already burned, so  
What am I supposed to do, I can't help that they chose  
To breathe it in, but I don't wanna choke  
On that secondhand smoke Sometimes I hear myself saying  
Hand-me-down words  
It's so easy to forget  
That he ain't him and I ain't her And when I think the fighting has to end in a goodbye,  
I wanna prove me wrong, but I'm scared I'll prove me right, 'cause I know that you can't walk across a bridge  
that's already burned, so  
What am I supposed to do, I can't help that they chose  
To breathe it in, but I don't wanna choke  
On that secondhand smoke Oh, no Will I be better, find forever, be the one to shake the habit,  
Break away from broken things, and rise above the ashes? I know that you can't walk across a bridge that's  
already burned, so  
What am I supposed to do, I can't help that they chose  
To breathe it in, but I don't wanna choke  
No, I ain't gonna choke  
On that secondhand smoke Oh

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