

My Baby Smokes

Braid

Feline
I hope you're lying
Cause if these things come so easy
Then why am I trying
So hard
I thought it best
To let it simmer
Then deliver
Pour the facts and feelings
From a fever pitcher

Of smoke
A cough and a choke

I can feel you smiling
But you're too far to see
And June is here, June is here
But she's laughing without me
I want to see your eyes
Inches from mine
At both nines
We drink up the anger
Like wine
Laced with sugar

And smoke
I cough and I choke

(So take my hand
We'll jump up together and land
Just like the cats can)

These are the things that make us laugh
These are the things that make us cry
These are the things that make our knees shake
For fear's sake
And make our hearts break

It's me and me and baby makes three