

Secondhand Smoke

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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

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