

# Smoke

Brian Fallon

And I lost my mind in the middle of Toronto, I was  
Spending nights at home full throttle, I was  
Breakin' your heart  
Breakin' my heart, revenge

And I feel just like I woke up in somebody else's skin  
Who else is gonna remind you to take a picture of them?

Well, they brought hearts and daggers, they wrote songs about you  
When they tied you up in the rungs of ladders  
And you never ended up coming home, you just  
Became something like some smoke that I tried too hard to hold

And when I awoke, everything had changed you see, I  
Left my home, returned something different, I was  
Beaten to death, bleeding to death with regret

And nobody else can see it  
But there's something underneath my skin  
And I wish I could tell you  
I had the worst little dream

Well, they brought hearts and daggers, they wrote songs about you  
When they tied you up in the rungs of ladders  
And you never ended up coming home, you just  
Became something like some smoke that I tried too hard to hold

And the black clouds came  
And darkened all our insides, there were  
Newspaper clippings with horrible headlines  
Of doom and despair and your name and my name said  
"Who will save you from the truth of the matter  
That your love, though like gold, is gone?"

Well, they brought hearts and daggers, they wrote  
Songs about her, when they  
Tied you up in the rungs of ladders  
And you never ended up coming home, you just  
Became something like a dream I saw where they brought

Hearts and daggers, they wrote  
Songs about you, when they  
Tied you up and you hung from ladders  
And you never ended up coming home, you just  
Became something like some smoke that I tried too hard to hold