Smoke Clouds

James Arthur

Look no further than the fathers who go further than they should
To the point where we're surrounded by the scars behind their hoods

And who is gonna teach them wrong from right?
Who's gonna tell them it's alright?

Just pass the jazz cigarette
And take these brain cells out my head
Fill my lungs, drain my heart...

'Cause this smoke cloud's giving me shelter
And I feel much better
And demons wave the white flag for me
Still my bones keep pleading to walk out
From all of this fall out
But there's no way that I could leave
So I don't leave
Turn my bitterness to sweet
I gotta find a new release, yeah.
So I'm trading blues for green

Da da da da da... ooh, yeah, yeah
Listen

See, I'm a simple man I don't even have a phone
If I did I wouldn't pick it up I want to be alone
I don't trust anyone in this one-track town
When the people walk by, watch my eyes fall down

And who is gonna teach them wrong, is gonna teach them wrong from right?

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Fill my lungs, drain my heart, heart, heart, heart, heart

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