

Tenderfoot, The

"Our Smoking Friends"

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No matter where we'd be with all our smoking friends
All those flirty dirty fingernails and cigarette ends
Your hair was always clean, you smiled like you meant
it

Now all I want's for them to wrap me up in a blanket
Till April till you get back to cancel the papers
And wake my heart from hibernating

How is it fair, when all I can care for is you?
How is it fair, when all I can care for is you?

Nothing yet has meant as much to me
As when you walked out of biology
And left me with a broken heart
And a pub on a postcard

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