

August Premier "Smoke"

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Somebody tell me i'm much better on my own
Somebody pull me out and dig me a new hole
Until tomorrow
Until the best gets out of hand
When i told my story no one volunteered to help
Smoke a cigarette and feel sorry for myself
Until tomorrow
Until tomrrow gets the best of me
Don't waste your tears on him
He's not worth crying for anyway
Somebody told me that the siren sounds with light
Somebody told me i'm not big enough to fight
Until tomorrow
Until the best gets out of hand
When i fall i feel like there's nobody on my side
No one to pick me up and tell me it's alright
Until tomorrow
Until tomorrow gets the best of me
Don't waste your tears on him
He's not worth crying for anyway
Don't waste your tears on him
He's not worth crying for anyway

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