

Jason Aldean "Back In This Cigarette"

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It's 2 A.M. in my new home, this motel room
An ashtray full of Lucky Strikes
A half spent case of warm Bud Light
Counting regrets, fighting back tears
Retracin' steps, gettin' nowhere

Callin' your name, it's a waste of my breath
There's no reachin' you across this cold and empty bed
Stirrin' up ashes, tryin' to find passion where there's no
love left
It's like tryin' to put smoke back in this cigarette

Come sunrise, guess I'll check out and ditch this town
Put a few more miles between us
And keep drivin' till I finally mend my broken trust
Hangin' my hopes on highway signs
If I lie here, I'll lose my mind

Callin' your name, it's a waste of my breath
There's no reachin' you across this cold and empty bed
Stirrin' up ashes, tryin' to find passion where there's no
love left
It's like tryin' to put smoke back in this cigarette

I may never know your reasons why
But someday I'm gonna see the good in your goodbye

Callin' your name, it's a waste of my breath
There's no reachin' you across this empty bed
Stirrin' up ashes, tryin' to find passion where there's no
love left
It's like tryin' to put smoke back in this cigarette

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