

**Lena Philipsson****"Up In Smoke"**

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Up In Smoke  
Did your high rent low life friends all leave  
Cos even they know  
Your living make believe  
And if I was to cut off your supply  
Would you curl up into a ball and die?  
If you lost the number of your man in town  
Would you start crying baby  
When the sun went down  
Could you handle the chills  
Could you handle the sweat  
Itll cloud out your mind  
Cant make me forget  
Busy crazy  
Im just lazy  
When I let ya  
Phase me  
I don't get it cos  
U don't understand  
You just keep saying  
Baby Im your man  
Busy  
Too spacey  
Stir-crazy  
Don't need a man  
All up in smoke  
All up in smoke  
Up in smoke  
All up in smoke  
You so hot on deliveries  
But you never bring me  
The thing that I need  
You look a little green  
Don't need your blues  
Your the only thing I ever wanted to do  
But as you lock yourself in your haze  
You got too many ultraviolet rays  
Your heads a mess  
Your brains got slow  
You say I'll never leave  
But Im the first to go

Can you ever let go  
Baby Im the first to know  
I know you like to take it real slow  
This aint no joke  
Your up in smoke so lets go

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