

## Less Than Jake "Portrait Of A Cigarette Smoker At Age 19"

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I used to be a stereotype  
Half alive with half open eyes  
With a one track mind  
And a flawed design  
Feeling like I was lost  
At sea at only the age of 19  
Floating around in alcohol and apathy  
Taking in too much caffeine and nicotine  
If we make it out of here alive  
Just say you won't look back to see  
Just who we left behind

We're all doing just fine  
We were always the ones laughing last  
We were never the ones looking back  
We were always the ones to say that  
We're all doing just fine

I used to be a stereotype  
Someone you'd never recognize

With fingers so yellow  
That it matched the yellow skies  
And there was a few things I memorized  
From all those blurry times  
Like bottles clinking under blinking signs  
And a few last words from lost friend of mine

If we make it out of here alive  
Just say you won't look back to see  
Just who we left behind

We're all doing just fine  
We were always the ones laughing last  
We were never the ones looking back  
We were always the ones to say that  
We're all going just fine

Words to live by  
We're doing fine

