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Mother Hips "Smoke"

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Kickers come-on Tonight we're leaving So kiss your baby on the ear We'll be playing but she won't hear

As we climb aboard the bus We don't leave nothing behind us but our smoke Smoke please lead us up to heaven

Wilco was up on the stage A cigarette, a straight-edge & a jet plane You, you and I Must be high

But the dressing room's too hot So we hit the parking lot Where we smoke Smoke please lead us up to heaven

We got smoke Smoke

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