

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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