

## Sick Of Sarah

### "Cigarettes"

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Taste this breath  
It vaguely reeks of cigarettes  
And in my place  
A memory you won't forget

Drink this wine  
My favorite flavor cyanide  
And truth be told  
My heart is warm, my fingers cold

And the hardest part is waking up  
Followed by pride and confident  
You pinch me now  
'cause I don't know if I'm real and  
I might run home and kill all my friends

You know I held it from the start  
I thought that we could make it better  
Now help me heal this broken heart  
Help me, heal me

It's crystal clear  
My reflection through chandeliers  
And this I sense  
I lack much more than innocence

And the hardest part is waking up  
Swallowed by pride now cough it up  
You pinch me now  
'cause I don't know if I'm real and  
I might run home and kill all my friends

You know I held it from the start  
I thought that we can make it better  
Now help me heal this broken heart  
Help me, heal me

Lala-lala-lala-lalala (repeat)

Taste this breath  
It vaguely reeks of cigarettes

And in my place  
A memory you won't forget

And the hardest part is waking up  
Fallen of pride, now cough it up  
You pinch me now  
'cause I don't know if I'm real and  
I might run home and kill all my friends

You know I held it from the start  
I thought that we can make it better  
Now help me heal this broken heart  
Help me, heal me

Lala-lala-lala-lalala  
You know I held it from the start  
Lala-lala-lala-lalala  
I thought that we can make it better  
Lala-lala-lala-lalala  
Now help me heal this broken heart  
Help me, heal me

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