

Pascale Picard

"Thinking of It"

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Feel the way I feel, a taste of what's real
You'd wish you could fly away
It always seems to ease the sweet ol' kiss of nicotine
Sunday, I'll quit smoking

Another promise up high on my list
Of promises never kept
As I walk along this cold, wet street
Hoping to cross Mr.Right, some stupid weirdo

Cracks my silence, barking at me
"Hey, little girl, wanna go for a ride?"
Another shitty day but I let it slide
For a moment it made me stop

Thinking of it
Stop thinking of it

I got back home and screamed
But I don't think it was loud enough to bury that
sadness
'Cause it really doesn't seem to become weaker
Now where's my pride?

As I search for pennies, I leave a note on the table
That no one's gonna read, 'Just gone drinking'
Where am I? What's that place? How did I get there?
Excuse me sir, but what is your name?

A few more reasons to blame myself
As if I haven't got it all figured out
I'm so sorry but not that sorry
'Cause for a moment it just made me stop

Thinking of it
Stop thinking of it

Yeah, I got your letter but I threw it out
Would I have felt better?
Reading two pages full of shit about how I'm a bitch?
Maybe it would have made me stronger

But right now I need to sleep
And then I swear to you that I'll be alright
But give up, hang up that stupid phone
And please help me stop

Thinking of it
Stop thinking of it

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