

Codeine

"Cigarette Machine"

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Dry heave doubt
From a little dragon's mouth
Split lip and split tongue
Finally, cross eyed

She stands next to the cigarette machine
"This device has got it made," she thinks.
It has a cast iron stomach
But a candle for a heart

Odd the way the very stuff falls out
Hard the way it makes you doubt
This thing leaps up and complains, full of bile
Not even starcrossed, just unlucky

Odd how the very stuff falls out
Hard the way it makes you smile
This thing leaps up and complains
Not even starcrossed, just unlucky

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