

12 Stones

"Portrait Of A Cigarette Smoker At Age 19"

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I used to be a stereotype
Half alive with half open eyes
With a one track mind
And a flawed design
Feeling like I was lost
At sea at only the age of 19
Floating around in alcohol and apathy
Taking in too much caffeine and nicotine
If we make it out of here alive
Just say you won't look back to see
Just who we left behind

We're all doing just fine
We were always the ones laughing last
We were never the ones looking back
We were always the ones to say that
We're all doing just fine

I used to be a stereotype
Someone you'd never recognize
With fingers so yellow
That it matched the yellow skies
And there was a few things I memorized
From all those blurry times
Like bottles clinking under blinking signs
And a few last words from lost friend of mine

If we make it out of here alive
Just say you won't look back to see
Just who we left behind

We're all doing just fine
We were always the ones laughing last
We were never the ones looking back
We were always the ones to say that
We're all going just fine

Words to live by
We're doing f

