

Rachel Fuller

"Cigarettes & Housework"

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My teenage years were full of fear
I spent most of them inside
Sitting on the telephone
Being bitchy and unkind

Wandering from room to room
Trying to leave my self behind
Walking with my eyes closed
Pretending to be blind

Naked in the kitchen
I was smoking in the hall
Vacuuming the sofa
Trying to make sense of it all

Sweeping under carpet
All my pain with all the dirt
And the only thing that kept me sane
Cigarettes and housework
Cigarettes and housework

Drowning all my sorrows
In an effort to be free
Playing my piano
Writing the requiem for me

Thinking I could clean up
All the trouble from yesterday
Or hoping that my cigarette smoke
Would carry it away

Naked in the kitchen
I was smoking in the hall
Vacuuming the sofa
Trying to make sense of it all

Sweeping under carpet
All my pain with all the dirt
And the only thing that kept me sane
Cigarettes and housework
Cigarettes and housework

I had come through the trauma of youth
But once in a while I still find myself

Naked in the kitchen
Smoking in the hall
Vacuuming the sofa
Trying to make sense of it all

Sweeping under carpet
All my pain with all the dirt
And the only thing that keeps me sane
Cigarettes and housework
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