

## **The Sainte Catherines "Broken Cigarette"**

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All the same clothes all the same smiles  
A minimum wage 10 000 miles  
Faces on the ground fucking heavy bags  
No more money to drink the pain away  
My door is always open for a suffering friend  
It's all we have, it's why we laugh  
Hold my hand friend we're gonna find our way  
We don't have to work we don't have to pay  
Hangin' around with a broken friend and an empty  
pack  
Of cigarettes trying to find some "majorettes"  
Who could make us laugh until the end  
I'm looking in my past through the city streets  
Now Montreal is my town  
But i won't forget how it was home sweet home  
My family and my friends.. i won't ever forget  
Everything you did for me  
I'm searching for a goal but am i always wrong?  
Am i already in? i appreciate everything  
You make me feel so warm it's so important to me  
I am so afraid of loosing everything  
Hangin' around with a broken friend and an empty  
pack  
Of cigarettes trying to find some "majorettes"  
Who could make us laugh until the end  
Hold my hand friend we're gonna find our way  
We don't have to work we don't have to pay  
lets'go

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