

Clarks, The "Cigarette"

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In a black and far off corner of my mind
There's a box of something I can't quite define
It houses circus freaks, temptation and bad trips
In an isolated corner of the box
There's a trap door covered up with dirt and rocks
It opens to the stairs that lead down to the crypt

Do you know where you're going when you've taken
your last step
Do you know what you get?
Cigarette

On a dark and lonely road in my hometown
Stands a house that long ago should've been torn
down
It reeks of love gone sour, suspicion and bad debt
On a weather beaten transom in the house
Walks a friend of mine that I call the old king mouse
He dances in the moonlight and sleeps out on the steps

Do you know where you're going when you've taken
your last breath?
Do you know what you get?
Do you know where you're going when they've paid
their last regrets?
Do you know what you get?
Cigarette

In a black and far off corner of my mind
There's a box of something I can't quite define
It houses circus freaks, temptation and the Fayette
County Fair
And it reeks of love gone sour, suspicion and big hair

Do you know where you're going when you've taken
your last breath?
Do you know what you get?
Do you know where you're going when the devil starts
to sweat?
Do you know what you get?
A cigarette

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