

## Fiery Furnaces, The "Smelling Cigarettes"

Visit "[Smelling Cigarettes](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Very much vodka and too much tequila  
Those are the ways I learned to deal  
Across against the light  
And the sleet scalds my sight  
Stunned I stayed put and a billboard truck runs over my  
foot

So things are really hopping  
And my unemployment's stopping  
And my kitty cat's copping  
And I need to forget  
So I go to the window and smell a cigarette

Now I'm in the clutches of my crutches  
I'm laid up, and I sip from my cup  
And I look outside  
And I see Christopher Hyde  
Who just got divorced  
And there's a restraining order enforced  
Going in his ex-wife's garage  
I'm just drunk enough to open the window, yell out  
gruff

"Don't you key that brand-new Camry."  
And he gave me the cursor  
"Damn," returning to the spot he was  
"Mind your own business you!"  
And I wag my finger  
"You're not doing what you're supposed to do."

And then he's coming toward me  
And I took a swig of my tequila 'cause it made me feel  
a little nervous  
As he started across against the light  
But he didn't look to his right as he didn't stay put  
And a billboard truck came and ran over his foot

And the cops responding called out to me  
"Hey is this your cat?"  
"Yeah, but sometimes it forgets  
Ah, wait a minute

I'm gonna come out there and smell a couple a  
cigarettes."

Don't you hurry worry with me  
Don't you hurry worry with me  
Don't you hurry worry with me  
I'm gonna pack up your eyes with sand

If you tell me that again  
If you tell me that again  
If you tell me that again  
I'm gonna pack up your eyes with sand

If you tell me you've been broke  
If you tell me you've been broke  
If you tell me you've been broke  
I'm gonna pack up your eyes with sand

If you tell me that again  
If you tell me that again  
If you tell me that again  
I'm gonna pack up your eyes with sand

Don't you hurry worry with me  
Don't you hurry worry with me  
Don't you hurry worry with me  
Don't you hurry worry with me

I'm gonna pack up your eyes with sand  
I'm gonna pack up your eyes with sand  
I'm gonna pack up your eyes with sand  
You better close your eyes  
'Cause I'm about to pack'em up with sand

Visit [Fiery Furnaces, The](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.