

A Puff of Smoke

(Greb)

My head is achin', my body's shakin'
And the bread I'm makin' won't buy the bacon
But it's ok, it's all right
It ain't gonna bug me in the night
It ain't gonna cut me to the bone
And I don't care if I'm all alone

My soul's asleep, my brain's on fire
My tongue is swollen like an old used tire
But I don't mind, it's a-ok
Nothing's gonna bother me today
I don't care, it's no big deal
I ain't worried 'bout my next meal

(Chorus 1)

The joke's on me, the joke's on you
'Cause neither of us know what to do
Neither of us know the joke's a joke
And life's as real as a puff of smoke

I feel so tired, I feel so sick
This can't be real it must be a trick
Reality cuts like a Bowie knife
The only choices are death and life
The only choice is yours to make
The only life is yours to take

(Chorus 2)

I don't care whether things make sense
Got to live my life in the present tense
Got to live my life for the now and here
And things don't need to be crystal clear

But that's not true, it's all a lie
I want to go to heaven when I die
I want the world to see my face
To mark my spot in time and space
It cuts my body to the bone
And I hate it when I'm all alone

(Chorus 1 x 2)