

Cigarette Machine
Fred Eaglesmith

G

Stumbling past your house baby

D

At the break of day

Am

I thought I saw your silhouette

C

Dancing cross the shade

G

And I went down to the mission

D

I called and called your name

Am

Till an angel with a face like yours

C

Came down and let me in

I Thought I saw your reflection in a cigarette machine
In a bottle in the gutter, In a window on the street
In a storefront in a picture on an old broken TV
I swear it was you staring back at me

I heard soldier s voices by the city gate
They took hos life on the ground
They made me look away
I spilled you on the mirror
I chopped you into lies
Over some old kitchen sing
I swore I d let you down

Thought I saw your reflection in a cigarette machine
In a bottle in the gutter,in a window on the street
In a storefront in a picture, on an old broken TV
I swear it was you, staring back at me

Old radios and broken mirrors
Dogearred things I read
Worn out movie stars
In faded limousines
I battled through my own charades
Of Coffee cups and clowns
I can t keep up with parades
I keep falling down

Thought I saw your reflection in a cigarette machine
In a bottle in the gutter
In a window on the street

In a storefront in a picture on an old broken TV
I swear it was you staring back at me