

James Arthur, Smoke Clouds

Look now farther than the father's who go farther than they should
To the point where we're surrounded by the scars behind their hoods
And who is gonna teach them wrong from right?
Who's gonna tell them it's alright?

Pass the ... in cigarette
Take these brain cells out my head
Fill my lungs, drain my heart...

'cause this smoke cloud's giving me shelter
And I feel much better
And demons wave the white flags for me
'til my bones keep pleading to walk out
From all of this fall out
But there's no way that I could leave
So I don't leave
Turn my bitterness to sweet
I gotta find a new release
So I'm trading blues for green

Now I'm a simple man I don't even have a phone
If I did I wouldn't pick it up I want to be alone
I don't trust anyone in this one-track town
and the people walk by watched my eyes fall down and
Who is gonna teach them wrong
is gonna teach them wrong from right?

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