

Silverstein Shel

"The Worlds Greatest Smoke Off"

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Title: The Worlds Greatest Smoke Off

In the laid back California town of sunny San Raphael

Lived a girl named Pearly Sweetcake,

You probably knew her well

She was stoned 15 of her 18 years

And her story was widely told,

That she could smoke 'em faster

Than any dude could roll

Well her legend finally reached New York

That grove street walk up flat

Where dwelt the Calistoge Kid,

a beatnik from the past

He'd been rolling dope since time began

And he took a cultured toke and said

"Jim, I can rollem faster than any chick can smoke"

So a note gets sent to San Raphael

For the Championship of the World

The Kid demands a smoke off

"Well bring him on" sayz Pearl

"I'll grind his fingers off his hands,

he'll roll until he drops"

Sayz Calistoge "I'll smoke that chick 'til she blows up
and pops"

So they rent out Yankee Stadium

And the word is quickly spread

Come one come all, who walk or crawl

Tickets just two lids a hit

And from every town in Hamlet

Over land and sea they speed

The Worlds greatest dopers

With the Worlds greatest weed

Hashishes from Morocco

Hemp smokers from Peru

And the Shashnicks from Bagoon, who smoke the
deadly Pugaroo

And those who call it 'Light of Life'

And those that call it 'Boo'

See the dealers and their ladies

Wearing turquoise, lace, and leather

See the narcos and the closet smokers

Puffing all together

From the teenies who smoke legal

To the ones who've done some time

To the old man who smoked reefer, back before it was
a crime

And the 'Grand Old House That Ruth Built'

Is filled with the smokes and cries

Of 50,000 screamin' heads, all stoned out of their

minds

And they play the National Anthem

And the crowd lets out a roar

As the spotlight hits the Kid and Pearl

Ready for their smokin' warrrr...

At a table piled up high with grass, high as a mountain
peak

Just tops and buds of the rarest flowers

Not one stem, branch or seed

I mean a Maui, a Wowie, a Panama Red, Alcopoco Gold

Keef from East Afghanistan, and that rare Alaska cold

And there are sticks from Thailand, Games from the
Islands

And Bangkok's bloomin' best,

And some of that wet imported shit, that capsized off
Keywest

There's Wahaukan tops, and Kenya bang, and Riveria
fluors

And that rare Manhattan Silver that grows down in the
New York sewers

And there's bubbling ice cold lemonaide, and sweet
grapes by the bunches

And there's Hershey bars, and Oreos in case anybody
gets the muchies

And the Calistoge Kid he smiles

And Pearly she just grins

And the drums roll low, And the crowd yells 'go go go'

And the Worlds first Smoke Off begins...

Well the Kid he flicks his fingers once, ZAP that first
joints rolled

Pearl takes one toke with her famous lungs, and
WHOOSH that roach is cold

Then the Kid he rolls his superbomb that would
paralyze a moose

And Pearl takes one mighty hit, that bombs diffused

And then He rolls three in just ten seconds

And she smokes 'em up in nine

And everybody sits back and sayz "This just might take
some time."

See the blur of flying fingers,

See the red coal burning bright

As the night turns into morning, and the morning fades
to night

And the Autumn turns to Summer

And a whole damned year is gone

And the two still sit, on that roach filled stage

Smokin' and rollin' on...

With tremblin hands, he rolls his J's

With fingers blue and stiff

She coughs and stares

With bloodshot gaze and puffs through blistered lips

And as she reaches out her hands for another stick of
gold

The Kid he gasps "Damnit bitch, theres nothin' left to
roll"

"Nothing left to roll!" screams Pearl, "Is this some
twisted joke.

I didn't come here to fuck around, Man I come here to
smoke."

And she reaches 'cross the table, and grabs his boney sleeves

And crumbles his body between her hands, like dry and brittle leaves

Flickin' out his teeth and bones, like useless stems and seeds

And then she rolls him in a Zigzag, and lights him like a roach

And the fastest man, with the fastest hands, goes up in a puff of smoke

In the laid back California town of sunny San Raphael

Lives a girl named Pearly Sweetcake,

You probably know her well

She been stoned 21 of her 24 years

And her story is still widely told,

How she still can smoke 'em faster

Than any dude could roll

Way off in New York City

On a street that has no name,

There's the hands of the Calistoge Kid

In the Viper Hall of Fame

And underneath his fingers,

There's a little golden scroll

That sayz:

"Beware of being the roller, when there's nothing left to roll

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