

## Workman Hawksley

### "Jealous Of Your Cigarette"

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No muscle man, no candy cane  
No pack of sexy starving wolves  
No money talking, moonlight walking  
Lady shocking, big crow cocking  
Those ladybugs can go to blazes  
Here and there go pretty faces  
All of this don't mess my stuffing  
Only one thing got me huffing  
I'm jealous of your cigarette  
And all the things you do with it  
I'm jealous of your cigarette  
And the pleasure that you get from it  
And not me  
All this time your talking no  
No king, no prince with gold ring pinky  
I suggest that we do something kinky  
No pilot flying private plane  
To smooch you on the hills of Spain  
No catapult to all night kisses  
That old thing just always misses  
All of this don't mess my stuffing

Only one thing got me huffing  
I'm jealous of your cigarette  
And all the things you do with it  
I'm jealous of your cigarette  
And how you wanna suck on it  
And not me  
All this time your talking no  
All this time your talking no  
I'm jealous of your cigarette (Repeat

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