Ben Lee "Cigarettes Will Kill You"

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You throw me in a pan, you cook me in a can You stretch me with your hands, you love to watch me bake

You serve me up with cake and that's your big mistake Your guest comes in dressed smart, you offer a la carte

You didn't have the heart

And I want a TV embrace and I, I'm getting off your boiling plate

They swore you'd steal my steam to feed your dream And then be gone, I wish I could say that everyone was wrong

You left me burned and seared, you left me ripped and teared

And older than my years, I should have know at first That you would leave me hurt, you had to try dessert No way to let off steam, don't bother milk or cream No way to let off steam

And I want a TV embrace and I, I'm getting off your boiling plate They swore you'd steal my steam to feed your dream And then be gone, I wish I could say that everyone was wrong

It must feel good to stand above me While I make you so proud of me It must feel good that I'm now gone I wish I could say that everyone was wrong

(You throw me in a pan, you cook me in a can) (You stretch me with your hands) I wish everyone was wrong (You throw me in a pan)

(You love to watch me bake, you serve me up with cake) (And that's your big mistake) I wish everyone was wrong (You love to watch me bake) (You throw me in a pan, you cook me in a can) (You stretch me with your hands) I wish everyone was wrong (You throw me in a pan)

(You love to watch me bake, you serve me up with cake) (And that's your big mistake) I wish everyone was wrong (You love to watch me bake)

(You throw me in a pan, you cook me in a can)(You stretch me with your hands)I wish everyone was wrong(You throw me in a pan, you love to watch me bake)(You serve me up with cake)

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