

Cody Commander

"Smoke! Smoke! Smoke!"

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I'm a guy with a heart of gold
The ways of a gentleman I've been told
The kind of guy who'd never harm a flea

Me and a certain character met
Man who invented the cigarette
I'd murder that son of a gun in first degree

It ain't 'cause I don't smoke myself
And I don't figure it'll ruin my health
I've been smoking 'em all my life, ain't dead yet

But nicotine slaves are all the same
And pettin', party or a poker game
Every thing's gotta stop while I smoke that cigarette

Smoke, smoke, smoke that cigarette
Puff, puff, puff and if you puff yourself to death
Tell Saint Peter at the golden gate
Lord, you hate to make him wait
You gotta have another cigarette

Game of chance, the other night
Old dame fortune was doing me right
The Kings and Queens kept on coming round

Now I drew a full, abetted high
My bluff didn't work on a certain guy
Kept on betting, layin' his money down

He'd raise me and I'd raise him
Sweated blood, you gotta sink or swim
Finally called, then didn't raise the bet

I said, "Aces full, pal, how 'bout you?"
He said, "I'll tell you in a minute or two"
Right now I'm gonna light up another cigarette

Smoke, smoke, smoke that cigarette
Puff, puff, puff and if you puff yourself to death
Tell Saint Peter at the golden gate
Oh, Lord, you hate to make him wait

You gotta have another cigarette

The other night, I had a date
With the cutest girl in the forty-eight states
Regular fancy kinda dame

Said she loved me, seemed to me
Things going the way it is supposed to be
Hand in hand, we was strolling down Lover's Lane

She's, oh, so far from a keg of ice
Our pettin' party was going nice
So help me, Hannah, I haven't been there yet

But I gave her a hug, gave her a squeeze
She said, "Cody, excuse me please
But could I palm one of your cigarettes?"

Smoke, smoke, smoke that cigarette
Puff, puff, puff and if you puff yourself to death
Tell Saint Peter at the golden gate
Now Lord, hate to make him wait
But you gotta have one more cigarette

Life ain't nothing but a poker game
No two hands quite the same
But I never saw a winner that didn't bet

So if any people tryin' to quit
I ain't gonna criticize you one bit
I'm gonna change my kind of cigarette

Smoke, smoke, smoke that cigarette
Puff, puff, puff and if you puff yourself to death
Tell Saint Peter at the golden gate
Lord you hate it to make him wait
But you gotta have one more cigarette

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