

## Commander Cody "Smoke! Smoke! Smoke! (That Cigarette)"

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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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