

Denis Leary "Smoke"

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I love to smoke. I smoke seven thousand packs a day, ok. And I am never fucking quitting! I don't care how many laws they make. What's the law now? You can only smoke in your apartment, under a blanket, with all the lights out? Is that the rule now, huh?! The cops are outside, "We know you have the cigarettes. Come out of the house with the cigarettes above your head."
"You'll never get me copper! I'm never coming out, you hear? I got a cigarette machine right here in my bedroom. Yeah!"

Know what I'm gonna do? I'm gonna get one of those tracheotomies. So I can smoke two cigarettes at the same time. I'm gonna get nine tracheotomies all the way around my neck. I'll be Tracheotomie Man! "He can smoke a pack at a time! He's Tracheotomie Man!"
I'm looking forward to cancer, man. I want that throat cancer. That's the best kind. You know why? You get that throat cancer, you get that voice box thing. Know what I'm talking about? ..[Talking as if has a voice box].. Sure it's scary, but you can make a lot of money with a voice box. Get a voice box, walking around the streets of Manhattan, "[VB] You got any spare change?" "Ahhh!! Here's my whole wallet, get away from me! Ahh!"

Imagine a whole family with voice boxes. That'd be creepy, wouldn't it? They'd be out in that backyard everyday during the summer. "[VB] Dad, can we go to the beach?" "[VB] Yes, get your mother and the dog. We'll leave right now. Sparky, come here." "[VB] Arf Arf Arf Arf Arf Arf" Ahhhh!!

Or the ultimate irony. A guy with a voice box pulling up to the drive through window at McDonald's. That has to suck, huh? "Can I help you?" "[VB] Big Mac and a large order of fries." "Stop making fun of me." "[VB] I'm not making fun of you." "I'm getting the manager." "[VB] Get the fucking manager, I don't care."

I can remember a time in thi

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