

Gone Jackals

"Cigar"

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I ve been pounding
The same beat
So long my feet
Engraved the street.

Have a cigar!
Have a cigar!
A nice cigar -
A thick cigar.

Said I know of what I speak,
So I walk.
I walk on.

Ten years more,
Ten years less,
I won t bite the hand
That raised me up from the dead.

Have a cigar!
Have a cigar!
A nice cigar -
A pink cigar.

Said I know of what I speak,
So I walk.
I walk on.

Well, I ve known which way
The wind would blow,
But there ain t no carrot to dangle
In front of my nose.
Cause I do what I like
And I like what I do -
I d rather flip burgers
Than turn from the blues.

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