

Jet Set Roger

"A Small Cigar"

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A small cigar can change the world
I know, I've done it frequently at parties
Where I've won all the guests' attention
With my generosity and suave gentlemanly bearing
A little flat tin case is all you need
Breast-pocket conversation opener
And one of those ciggie lighters that look rather good
You can throw away when empty
Must be declared a great success
My small cigars all vanish within minutes

Excuse me, mine host, that I may visit
A nearby tobacconist
To replenish my supply of small cigars
And make the party swing again

I know my clothes seem shabby
And don't fit this Hampstead soiree
Where unread copies of Rolling Stone
Well-thumbed Playboys
Decorate the hi-fi stereo record shelves
If you ask me they're on their way
To upper-middle-class oblivion
The stupid twits, they roll their only
One cigarette between them
My small cigar's redundant now
In the haze of smoking pleasure
Call it a day
Get the hell away
Go down the cafe
For a cup of real tea

By the tube station, there's a drunk old fool
Who sells papers in the rush hour
I hand to him ten small cigars
He smiles, says, "Son, God bless you"

A small cigar
Has changed his world, my friend
A small cigar
Has changed the world again

A small cigar . . .

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