

Christine Lavin

"New Street People"

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its 3 degrees fehrenheit snow is falling down,
people are huddled in doorways all over town
stamping their feet to keep warm, blowing on their
hands
its sad to see this misery in such a wealthy land,
the land such a wealthy land.

some speak english, some speak french, some spanish
and japanese (arigato)
they have more in common than a shivering in their
knees
all of them are slave to the demon cigarette
this song is about people who smoke, if you havent
figured that out yet

smokers are the new street people that you see
wherever you go
coughing hacking lighting up in the wind and the rain
and the snow
in the fog and the hill and the dust and the heat
cigarette smokers have become the uptown equivalent
of the valory bum
(bum bum bum bum bum)

now i can hear you smokers getting mad at me
but come on weve tried everything to get you to quit
weve begged weve pleaded weve read you gruesome
statistics
and still you smoke!
now were trying a new tactic, embarrassing you into
quitting
think of this song as tough love (tough love)

its only a matter of time before street venders get
wise,
its hard enough selling hot dogs without the smoke
getting
in their eyes (smoke gets in their eyes)
and in their hair and in their lungs and buns and
hotdog meat
theyll ask the city to pass a law to ban smoking on the

street
the street, no smoking on the street

if they cant smoke on the street or in the buildings up
above
where will smokers go to partake of what they love?
restaurants? (no) bars? (uh uh) taxi cabs? (no way)
smokers are the most oppressed minority today

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cigarette smokers have become the uptown equivalent
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(bum bum bum bum bum)

so if you see a smoker on the sidewalk pity her, pity
him
their bad habits force them to be on the outside looking
in
and all the world power and nicotine patches havent
helped a bit
in summer they wheeze in winter they freeze and still
they just dont quit
dont quit, and still they just dont quit

years ago i saw a bumper sticker i still recall today, it
said:
(kissing a smoker is just like licking a dirty ashtray)
if that doesnt make you think twice about
how smoking offends
go lick a dirty ashtray and tell me would you want to do
that again (no)
again (yuck), would you ever do that again (uh uh)

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cigarette smokers have become the uptown equivalent
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(bum bum bum bum bum)
TOUGH LOVE!

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