

Florence Desmond

"Cigarettes, Cigars"

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[Spoken]

Cigarettes, cigars! Cigarettes, cigars!
Hi, cutie! Over here!
Whatta you want?
Let's see what you got here. Oh, slip us twenty Camels.
Okay.
You're a swell lookin' dame. What are you doin' in a
joint like this?
Huh. That's what I'd like to know.

[Singing]

I was one of those hicks,
That came here from the sticks,
Trying to find the kind of fame
The name of Broadway stands for,
I was one of those fools,
Who dreamed of riches and jewels,
Now I awake,
Find my mistake,
I'll get a break,
Broadway's a fake!

I work in a speak that's dim and dingy,
Where standers are pretenders, cheap and stingy,
All I smell is rotten scotch and ginger,
Cigarettes, cigars!

Now I've learned what smoking coke and snow means,
Among the guys who've never learned what "no"
means,
You ask me do I know what making dough means,
Cigarettes, cigars!

To heaven I just send up
My lonely plea,
Is this where I must end up?
Oh, good Lord, answer me!

Every evening as the night life dies out,
I walk home to sleep and weep my eyes out,
Can't you hear a broken heart that cries out:

Cigarettes, cigars! Cigarettes, cigars!

[Spoken]

Say, have you ever seen Broadway when its glamour is gone?

When the nightclubs are closing and the whole world is dozing and sleeping until the dawn? Why, all its glory and splendor and marvelous sights, they all fade out together as they turn out the lights, with street beggars mumbling, milk wagons rumbling, dream castles tumbling in the air.

Oh, it's lonesome and weary, friendless and dreary, a pitiful sight of despair!

[Singing]

Every evening as th

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