

## **Gone Jackals, The**

### **"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.

