

Various Artists

"Smoke! Smoke! Smoke!"

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Now I'm a fella with a heart of gold
The ways of a gentleman I've been told
The kind of a guy that wouldn't even harm a flea

But if me and a certain character met
That guy that invented that cigarette
I'd murder that son of a gun in the first degree

Now it ain't 'cause I don't smoke myself
I don't reckon they'll harm your health
I've smoked all my life and ain't dead yet

But nicotine slaves are all the same
At a pettin' party or a poker game
Everything's gotta stop while they smoke a cigarette

Smoke, smoke, smoke that cigarette
Puff, puff, puff and if you smoke yourself to death
Tell Saint Peter at the golden gate that you hate to
make him wait
But you got to have another cigarette

In a game of chance the other night
Old Dame Fortune was doing me right
The kings and queens just kept on comin' round

Well, I played 'em hard and I bet 'em high
But my bluff didn't work on a certain guy
He kept on raisin' and layin' the money down

He'd raise me, and I'd raise him
I sweated blood, you gotta sink or swim
He finally called, and then didn't raise the bet

I said, "Aces full, pal how 'bout you?"
He said, "I'll tell you in a minute or two
Right now I got to have a cigarette"

Smoke, smoke, smoke that cigarette
Puff, puff, puff and if you smoke yourself to death
Tell Saint Peter at the golden gate that you hate to

make him wait
But you got to have another cigarette

The other night I had a date
With the cutest little gal in the 48 states
A high bred up-town fancy little dame

She said she loved me and it seemed to me
That things were about like they oughta be
So hand in hand we strolled down lover's lane

She was oh so far from a cake of ice
Now our pettin' party was going nice
So help me Hannah I think I'd've been there yet

But I'd give her a kiss and a little squeeze
And she said, "Johnny, excuse me please
But I've just got to have another cigarette"

Smoke, smoke, smoke that cigarette
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Tell Saint Peter at the golden gate that you hate to
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