

## Various Artists

# "Smoke! Smoke! Smoke! (That Cigarette)"

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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  
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

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