

Cigarettes Will Kill You

[Ben Lee](#)

You throw me in a pan, you cook me in a can
You stretch me with your hands, you love to watch me bake
You serve me up with cake and that's your big mistake
Your guest comes in dressed smart, you offer a la carte
You didn't have the heart And I want a TV embrace and I, I'm getting off your boiling plate
They swore you'd steal my steam to feed your dream
And then be gone, I wish I could say that everyone was wrong You left me burned and seared, you left me
ripped and teared
And older than my years, I should have know at first
That you would leave me hurt, you had to try dessert
No way to let off steam, don't bother milk or cream
No way to let off steam And I want a TV embrace and I, I'm getting off your boiling plate
They swore you'd steal my steam to feed your dream
And then be gone, I wish I could say that everyone was wrong It must feel good to stand above me
While I make you so proud of me
It must feel good that I'm now gone
I wish I could say that everyone was wrong (You throw me in a pan, you cook me in a can)
(You stretch me with your hands)
I wish everyone was wrong
(You throw me in a pan) (You love to watch me bake, you serve me up with cake)
(And that's your big mistake)
I wish everyone was wrong
(You love to watch me bake) (You throw me in a pan, you cook me in a can)
(You stretch me with your hands)
I wish everyone was wrong
(You throw me in a pan) (You love to watch me bake, you serve me up with cake)
(And that's your big mistake)
I wish everyone was wrong
(You love to watch me bake) (You throw me in a pan, you cook me in a can)
(You stretch me with your hands)
I wish everyone was wrong
(You throw me in a pan, you love to watch me bake)
(You serve me up with cake)

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