Smokers' Song

Imelda May

friend of mine in a bar,
hadn't been chatted up for years,
got this bloke droning on and on,
boring my poor friend to tears,
she looks him dead straight in the eye,
thinks to herself, 'ooh what a guy,'
but he goes on and on and on and on,
been polite for far too long,
so, she said,
she said,
she said...

Take your cigarettes
take your jokes,
I'll find someone else who smokes
or high
or makes me laugh - a ha ha ha!

So, here she is, all alone again,
hasn't had nothing but strife,
every guy she seems to meet
is either homogenized or man and wife,
mmm, not gunna settle for any low life,
'cause she strives herself more than her appetite,
so she strives on and on and on and on,
loser still coming on so strong
she said,
she said,
she said...

Take your cigarettes
take your jokes,
I'll find someone else who smokes
or high
or makes me laugh - a ha ha ha!
Oh!

[INSTRUMENTAL]

she goes to the bar to sit and ponder about what's going wrong and why

getting too fussy she begins to wonder cries a tear a little too high
but all she wants is somebody to like
a smoke or a drink or the love of her life
but her frustrations just go on and on,
hasn't been satisfied for so long,
she said,
she said,
she said...

Take your cigarettes
take your jokes,
I'll find someone else who smokes
or high
or makes me laugh - a ha ha ha!
Oh!
Take your cigarettes
take your jokes,
I'll find someone else who smokes
or high
or makes me laugh - a ha ha!

Lyrics submitted by Esme.

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