

# 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,  
Mm, not gonna 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! 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

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