Advertising Man

David Wilcox

If you want some real contentment, to live life at its best
You can buy these dry tobacco leaves, to breathe into your chest
And then look up at the billboard
While all the promises come true, for youYou'll feel alive with pleasure, playful as a child
You've come to where the freedom is, you're cool and mild.
You'll laugh with every lungful
As the change comes over youSo look up at the billboard
See her smiling, sexy and tan
But the only one who's laughing
Is the advertising manThose portraits of pleasure, of those who like to smoke
They're laughing in the photograph, but we don't get the joke
Now why would they be smiling
While they're looking down our way?I guess they're making easy money climbing up the rungs
From selling us a parasite that's feeding on our lungs
They must be laughing in astonishment
That we believe the things they saySo look up at the billboard
See her smiling, sexy and tan
But the only one who's laughing
Is the advertising manNow crack will kill you quickly, that's why it's got to go
They'll get more of your money if they kill you nice and slow
Yeah, the only one who's laughing
Is the advertising man

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