Smoke! Smoke! Smoke! (that Cigarette)

Willie Nelson

Now I'm a fellow with a heart of gold
With the ways of a gentleman, I've been told
A kind of a fellow that wouldn't even harm a flea
But if me and a certain character met
That guy that invented the cigarette
I'd murder that son of a gun in the first degree
That ain't that I don't smoke myself
And I don't reckon they'll injure your health
I've smoked 'em all my life and I ain't dead yet
But nicotine slaves are all the same
At a pheasant party or a poker game
Everythin's gotta stop
When they have that cigarette
Smoke, smoke, smoke that cigarette
Puff, puff, puff and if you smoke yourself to death
Tell St. Peter at the Golden Gate that you hate to make him wait
But you just gotta have another cigarette
Now at a game of chance the other night
Ol' Dame Forson wasn't doin' me right
Them kings and queens just kept on comin' round
Well, I got a full and I bet it high
But my plug didn't work on a certain guy
He just kept a risin' and a layin' that money down
He's raise me and I'd raise him
I sweated blood I had to sink or swim
He finally called and he didn't raise the bet
I said, "Ace is full pal, how about you?"
He said, "I'll tell you in a minute or two
But I just gotta have another cigarette"
Smoke, smoke, smoke that cigarette
The other night I had a date with the cutest gal in the fifty states
A highbred uptown social little dame
She said she loved me and it seemed to me
That things were like they oughta be
So hand in hand we strolled down Lover's Lane
She was oh so far from a chunk of ice
And our smoochin' party was a goin' real nice
So help and I think I'd've been there yet
But I give her a hug and a little squeeze

And she said, "Willie, excuse me please"
But I just gotta have another cigarette
Smoke, smoke, smoke that cigarette
Smoke, smoke, smoke that cigarette
Just gotta have another cigarette

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