

# 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)

Songwriters

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