

Achilles Lung

Million Dead

Stop trying to pretend that
You are going to stop-
You're either a smoker or you're not.
You will keep on smoking
For the rest of your life,
And then you'll get cancer
And then you'll die.
I can stop whenever I please
And anyway,
I'm immune to emphysema
And heart disease.
My diary says tomorrow is
The day I quit and
I'm going to stick with that.
I'll work my way down to
The end of this pack
And then I'm leaving this place
And I'm never coming back again.
Little itches need no stitches But they bury you-
If you keep in scratching
You'll go right through.
Whiskey for the amputee is
Just the thing to ease the sting.
I've got a list of
Things to get round to.
I've got a list of
All the things I shouldn't do.
I know it by heart,
I've got the damn thing in my pocket,
But despite myself
It's the middle of the night and
I am round your house again,
Trying to pretend that I am going to stop.
I'm either a smoker or I'm not
You will keep on smoking
For the rest of my life, and don't I know it.
My favourite fatal weakness.
I'll work my way down
To the end of this pack,

And then I'll leave this place and
I'm never coming back.
I'll see you around, somewhere in town,
Next time I'm down, probably right here.

Songwriters

TURNER, FRANCIS EDWARD / DAWSON, BENJAMIN RUSSELL ERRING / FOWLER, THOMAS

RUSSELL / RUZICKA, JULIA

Published by
Lyrics © Universal Music Publishing Group

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>