

The Cigar Song

Brad Paisley

Well I'm a sucker for fine Cuban cigars
The problem is I can't afford 'em
But last year I went and got myself a whole box
And just to be safe I insured 'em

I took out a policy against fire and theft
And then I hurried home
With a thirty-cent lighter I sat on my back steps
And I smoked 'em one by one

Two weeks later I went to see that insurance man
And I handed in my claim
With a straight face I told him that through a series of small fires
They'd all gone up in flames

They reviewed my case and they had no choice
But to pay me for what I'd done
And I took that check and bought a whole new box
And I smoked 'em one by one

Two weeks later this detective shows up
Tells me that company's pressin' charges
One speedy trial later they locked me up
On twenty-four separate counts of arson

And now I sit and I stare at a blank brick wall
Lookin' back on what I've done
To pass the time I've got some ten-cent cigars
And I smoke 'em one by one
Yeah, I smoke 'em one by one

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