

The Last Cigarette

Ed Harcourt

Found his memoirs in an old junk shop
Dated from 1916
Sentenced to death while still shell-shocked
For deserting the infantryBlindfold on and one step back
No need to get upset
Don't be hasty with the trigger boys
Let him smoke his one last cigaretteDown in the hospital on the 9th ward
An old man scratches his head
Reaches into his bedside drawer
Waits 'til the nurse is downstairsI'm nearly cured, I've been so brave
There's no need to fret
I'm gonna really quit this time
Let me smoke my one last cigaretteStraight as a corkscrew
As bright as the night
Blind to the horror
Blind to the very horror of this sorry lifeThe awkward girl with a broken heart
Smashes her mirror until it fracture
Leaning down she picks up a shard
And ponders to question her actionsA selfish act, she's full aware
But the best one she's done yet
With tired eyes and steady hands
She'll smoke her one last cigaretteStraight as a corkscrew
As bright as the night
Blind to the horror
Blind to the very horror of this sorry life
Blind to the very horror of this sorry life
Blind to the very horror of this sorry life

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