

Tex Williams, Smoke! Smoke! Smoke!

Now I'm a feller with a heart of gold
And the ways of a gentleman I've been told
The kind of guy that wouldn't even harm a flea

But if me and a certain character met
The guy that invented the cigarette
I'd murder that son-of-a-gun in the first degree

It ain't cuz I don't smoke myself
And I don't reckon that it'll harm your health
Smoked all my life and I ain't dead yet

But nicotine slaves are all the same
At a pettin' party or a poker game
Everything gotta stop while they have a 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 in a game of chance the other night
Old Dame Fortune was a-doin' me right
The kings and the queens just kept on comin' round

And I got a full and I bet 'em high
But my bluff didn't work on a certain guy
He just kept on raisin' and layin' that money down

Now he'd raise me and I'd raise him
I sweated blood, gotta sink or swim
He finally called and didn't even raise the bet

So I said "aces full Pops how 'bout you?"
He said "I'll tell you in a minute or two
But right now, I gotta have me a 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 hates to make him wait
But you just gotta have another cigarette

(Ah, smoke it! Hah! Yes! Yes! Yes!)

The other night I had a date
With the cutest little girl in the United States
A high-bred, uptown, fancy little dame

She loved me and it seemed to me
That things were 'bout like they oughta be
So hand in hand we strolled down lover's lane

She was oh so far from a cake of ice
And our smoochin' party was goin' nice
So help me cats I believe I'd be there yet

But I give her a kiss and a little squeeze
And she said, "ah, Marty, excuse me please
I just gotta have me another, cigarette"

And she said, 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
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