

# 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 infantry

Blindfold on and one step back  
No need to get upset  
Don't be hasty with the trigger boys  
Let him smoke his one last cigarette

Down in the hospital on the 9th ward  
An old man scratches his head  
Reaches into his bedside drawer  
Waits 'til the nurse is downstairs

I'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 cigarette

Straight as a corkscrew  
As bright as the night  
Blind to the horror  
Blind to the very horror of this sorry life

The awkward girl with a broken heart  
Smashes her mirror until it fracture  
Leaning down she picks up a shard  
And ponders to question her actions

A 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 cigarette

Straight as a corkscrew  
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