

Smoke! Smoke! Smoke! That Cigarette

Hank Thompson

Now I'm a fellow with a heart of gold
And the ways of a gentleman I've been told
Kind-of-a-guy that wouldn't even harm a flea
But if me and a certain character met
The guy that invented that cigarette
I'd murder that son-of-a gun in the first degree
It ain't cuz I don't smoke 'em myself and I don't reckon that it'll h
inder your health I smoked 'em all my life and I ain't dead yet
But nicotine slaves are all the same at a pettin' party or a poker ga
me
Everything gotta stop while they have a cigarette

Smoke, smoke, smoke that cigarette
Puff, puff, puff until you smoke yourse
If to death.
Tell St. Peter at the Golden Gate
That you hate to make him wait,
But you just gotta have another cigarette.

In a game of chance the other night
Old dame fortune was good and right
The kings and queens they kept on comin' around
Aw, I was hittin' em good and bettin' 'em high
But my bluff didn't work on a certain guy
He kept callin' and layin' his money down
See, he'd raise me then I'd raise him and I'd say to him buddy ya got
ta sink or swim
Finally called me but didn't raise the bet! --Hmmp!
I said Aces Full Pal -- I got you!
He said, "I'll pay up in a minute or two
But right now, I just gotta have another cigarette."

Smoke, smoke, smoke that cigarette
Puff, puff, puff until you smoke yourse
If to death.
Tell St. Peter at the Golden Gate
That you hate to make him wait,
But you just gotta have another cigarette.

Now the other night I had a date with the cutest little gal in the fo
rty-eight states
A high-bred, uptown, fancy little dame
She said she loved me and it seemd to me
That things were sorta like they oughtta be
So hand in hand we strolled down lovers lane
She was a long way from a chunk of ice
And our pettin' party was goin' real nice
And I got an idea I might have been there yet
So I give her a kiss and a little squeeze
Then she said,
Excuse me
Please

But I just gotta have a cigarette."