

Hawksley Workman, Jealous Of Your Cigarette

No muscle man, no candy cane
No pack of sexy starving wolves
No money talking, moonlight walking
Lady shocking, big crow cocking
Those ladybugs can go to blazes
Here and there go pretty faces
All of this don't mess my stuffing
Only one thing got me huffing
I'm jealous of your cigarette
And all the things you do with it
I'm jealous of your cigarette
And the pleasure that you get from it
And not me
All this time your talking no
No king, no prince with gold ring pinky
I suggest that we do something kinky
No pilot flying private plane
To smooch you on the hills of Spain
No catapult to all night kisses
That old thing just always misses
All of this don't mess my stuffing
Only one thing got me huffing
I'm jealous of your cigarette
And all the things you do with it
I'm jealous of your cigarette
And how you wanna suck on it
And not me
All this time your talking no
All this time your talking no
I'm jealous of your cigarette (Repeat)