

Sparks, Nicotina

Not every cigarette is a dead, dead thing
Some have a mind and try to be other things
Pushed in the pack, they crave some Virginia air
Softly, they pray to someone, but life ain't fair

They're born to lose
They're born to fill
The lungs of Jack
The lungs of Jill
And like I said
Life just isn't fair

Nicotina, Nicotina, Nicotina is her name

Once in a while a cigarette has a name
N-I-C-O-T-I-N-A, that's her name
She had a tiny voice, and she sang all day
She was a cigarette, but she loved to play

Nicotina, Nicotina, Nicotina is her name

A man with a cough
Stepped to the machine
Dropped coins in the slot
The end of a dream

He ripped the pack and coughed, and then coughed again
Popped out a cigarette, and we're near the end
She screamed and screamed but so much was filtered out
Now Nicotina's only a tiny cloud

Nicotina's gone, but life goes on though
Nicotina's gone, but life goes on though
Nicotina's gone, but life goes on and on and on and on and on
Nicotina, Nicotina, Nicotina was her name