Squeeze, Cigarette Of A Single Man

(Difford/Tilbrook)

The cigarette of a single man Burns in the ashtray by his bed He pulls the ring of another can And holds it up beside his head The book he reads is on the floor He's read it several times before What you got to go home to?

The cigarette of a single man Sits in the ashtray on the bar He sits and sifts through several plans But knows alone he won't go far He needs the love another has To help him, if another can

The cigarette of a single man Lays in the gutter by his side Now he's one of those little lambs Who strayed too far from the flock to find He's better off without the grief That people wear between their teeth

And in his mouth as he's asleep The cigarette of a single man