

# Tex Williams, Smoke! Smoke! Smoke!

Now I'm a feller with a heart of gold  
And the ways of a gentleman I've been told  
The kind of guy that wouldn't even harm a flea

But if me and a certain character met  
The guy that invented the cigarette  
I'd murder that son-of-a-gun in the first degree

It ain't cuz I don't smoke myself  
And I don't reckon that it'll harm your health  
Smoked all my life and I ain't dead yet

But nicotine slaves are all the same  
At a pettin' party or a poker game  
Everything gotta stop while they have a cigarette

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

Now in a game of chance the other night  
Old Dame Fortune was a-doin' me right  
The kings and the queens just kept on comin' round

And I got a full and I bet 'em high  
But my bluff didn't work on a certain guy  
He just kept on raisin' and layin' that money down

Now he'd raise me and I'd raise him  
I sweated blood, gotta sink or swim  
He finally called and didn't even raise the bet

So I said "aces full Pops how 'bout you?"  
He said "I'll tell you in a minute or two  
But right now, I gotta have me a cigarette"

Smoke, smoke, smoke that cigarette  
Puff, puff, puff and if you smoke yourself to death  
Tell St. Peter at the Golden Gate  
That you hates to make him wait  
But you just gotta have another cigarette

(Ah, smoke it! Hah! Yes! Yes! Yes!)

The other night I had a date  
With the cutest little girl in the United States  
A high-bred, uptown, fancy little dame

She loved me and it seemed to me  
That things were 'bout like they oughta be  
So hand in hand we strolled down lover's lane

She was oh so far from a cake of ice  
And our smoochin' party was goin' nice  
So help me cats I believe I'd be there yet

But I give her a kiss and a little squeeze  
And she said, "ah, Marty, excuse me please  
I just gotta have me another, cigarette"

And she said, smoke, smoke, smoke that cigarette  
Puff, puff, puff and if you smoke yourself to death

Tell St. Peter at the Golden Gate  
That you hate to make him wait  
But you just gotta have another cigarette  
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