

# Ben Lee, Cigarettes Will Kill You

You throw me in a pan  
You cook me in a can  
You stretch me with your hands

You love to watch me bake  
You serve me up with cake  
And that's your big mistake

Your guest comes in dressed smart  
You offer a la carte  
You didn't have the heart

And I want a TV embrace  
And I, I'm getting off your boiling plate  
They swore you'd steal my steam to feed your dream  
And then be gone  
I wish I could say that everyone was wrong

You left me burned and seared  
You left me ripped and teared  
And older than my years

I should have know at first  
That you would leave me hurt  
You had to try dessert

No way to let off steam  
Don't bother milk or cream  
No way to let off steam

And I want a TV embrace  
And I, I'm getting off this boiling plate  
They swore you'd steal my steam to feed your dream  
And then be gone  
I wish I could say that everyone was wrong

It must feel good to stand above me  
While I make you so proud of me  
It must feel good that I'm now gone  
I wish I could say that everyone was wrong  
I wish everyone was wrong  
I wish everyone was wrong  
I wish everyone was wrong  
I wish everyone was wrong  
I wish everyone was wrong