Kim Mitchell, Big Smoke

Big smoke, built for speed and comfort Great lines, nice foof du jour Man best be loosen' up his tie

Big Smoke eating maraschino cherries You feel her groove and it hits to the bone My knees get week my mouth gets dry

And when those cowboy boots go walking Big bucks and a big brass pole It's time for big smoke to put a hurt on...

And she's takin' it off

Big smoke from a birthday suit She's goin' all the way Pretty pink in her cowboy boots And she's takin' it off Big smoke from a birthday suit She's goin' all the way Pretty pink in her cowboy boots Well this sure ain't gonna take long Makes a man think this has gotta be wrong But she's takin' it off Big smoke from a birthday suit She's goin' all the way Pretty pink in her cowboy boots Well we can't believe our eyes Two for one, tequilla sunrise Big smoke takin' it off

Yellow lips, drippin' like honey Hypnotizing big brown eyes A sailor's dream a blonde mirage

We all say wow when you sing
We all say wow when you sing
It's time for big smoke to put a hurt on...