

Oasis, (As Long As They've Got) Cigarettes In Hell

Spend your days just working on shopping
dependin' on how much your look is in
spend your nightlife table hopping
and trying to keep that bag a bones in trim

i don't mind not feelin' immortal
cause it ain't all that as far as i can tell
i don't mind not going to heaven
as long as they've got cigarettes
as long as they've got cigarettes in hell

by the time we start getting used to
the dirt that's forming on the window sill
now we know we've got ourselves into
the cage that keeps the mice on their treadmill

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(noel coughing and puffing on a cigarette)