

# Phil Harris, Smoke! Smoke! Smoke That Cigarette

Now I'm a fella with a heart of gold,  
The ways of a gentleman,  
I've been told.  
The kind of a guy that wouldn't even harm a flea  
But if me and a certain character met  
That guy that invented that cigarette  
I'd murder that son of a gun in the first degree.  
Well not because I don't smoke myself  
I don't reckon they'll harm your health  
I've smoked all my life and I'm not dead yet.  
But nicotine slaves are all the same,  
At a pettin' party or a poker game,  
Everything's must stop while they smoke a cigarette.

Smoke! Smoke! Smoke! that cigarette.  
Puff! Puff! Puff!  
And if you smoke yourself to death,  
Tell Saint Peter at the golden gate  
That you hate to make him wait,  
But you got to have another cigarette.

Now in a game of chance the other night,  
Old Dame Fortune was doing me right.  
The kings and queens just kept on comin' round  
I played 'em hard and I bet 'em high  
But my bluff didn't work on a certain guy  
He kept on raisin' and layin' that money down  
Yeah he'd raise me, and I'd raise him.  
I sweated blood, gotta sink or swim;  
He finally called, but he didn't raise the bet.  
I said aces full, pal,  
How 'bout you?  
He said well I-I'm gonna tell you in a minute or two  
But right now I got to have a cigarette.

Smoke! Smoke! Smoke! that cigarette.  
Puff! Puff! Puff!  
And if you smoke yourself to death,  
Tell Saint Peter at the golden gate,  
That you hates to make him wait,  
But you gotta have another cigarette.

Now the other night I had a date  
With the cutest little gal in the 48 states,  
A high bred up-town fancy little dame.  
She said she loved me,  
And it seemed to me  
That things were about like they oughtta be.  
So Hand in hand we strolled down lover's lane.  
She was oh so far from a cake of ice,  
Our smoochin' party was going nice,  
So help me Hannah I think I'd've been there yet  
But I'd give her a kiss and a little squeeze  
And she said, "Phil, would you excuse me please,  
But I got to have a cigarette."

Smoke! Smoke! Smoke! that cigarette  
Puff! Puff! Puff!  
And if you puff yourself to death,  
Tell Saint Peter at the golden gate,  
That you hate to make him wait,  
But you got to have another cigarette.

(Pouring sounds.)

Man, that's coffee.