

# Tom Russell, Chocolate Cigarette

Edith Piaf was the Little Sparrow  
She flew high above the Paris streets  
Saint of the bars and bistros  
Chanteuse of a tear-stained sheet  
She sang for the drunks and the sailor boys  
Who'd sunk as low as low can get  
I read she kicked a three-pack habit once  
On chocolate cigarettes

And she didn't have a smoke  
Though she wanted one  
Didn't take a drink  
Though it hurt her some  
She stared across the River Seine hummin' "No Regrets"  
Pullin' on a chocolate cigarette

Oh, those chocolate cigarettes  
I've seen 'em in my youth  
There beside the Hershey bars,  
The Almond Joys, the Baby Ruths  
I kicked a three-pack habit once  
I won a hundred dollar bet  
With the help of chewin' gum  
And

And I didn't have a smoke  
Though I wanted one  
I didn't take a drink  
Though it hurt me some  
I thought of Little Sparrow hummin' "No Regrets"  
Pullin' on a chocolate cigarette

It's an Edith Piaf night tonight  
As I put her records on  
All that smoky passion  
In every line of every song  
Old love affairs and wasteful habits  
We'll all survive them yet  
Memories drown in coffee grounds  
And chocolate cigarettes

She didn't have a smoke  
Though she wanted one  
She didn't take a drink  
Though it hurt her some  
She stared across the River Seine hummin' "No Regrets"  
Pullin' on a chocolate cigarette  
Pullin' on a chocolate cigarette