

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