SMOKE! SMOKE! SMOKE! THAT CIGARETTE
Merle Travis and Tex Williams

Now [A] I'm a fellar with a heart of gold
With the [D7] ways of a gentleman, I've been told
The [A] kind of a fellar that [E7] wouldn't even harm a
[A] flea [E7]
But if [A] me and a certain character met
That [D7] guy that invented the cigarette
I'd [A] murder that son-of-a-[E7] gun in the first de-
[A] gree.

Now, it ain't 'cause I don't smoke myself
An' I [D7] don't reckon that they hinder your health
I've [A] smoked 'em all my [E7] life and I ain't dead
[A] yet! [E]
But [A] nicotine slaves are all the same
At a [D7] pettin' party or a poker game
Ev'ry-[A] thing's gotta stop while they [E7] smoke the
ciga-[A] rette.

CHORUS
[D7] Smoke!, Smoke!, Smoke! that ciga-[A] rette
to [E7] death
Tell Saint [A] Peter at the Golden Gate
That you [D7] hates to make him [A] wait
You've just gotta have an-[E7] other ciga-[A] rette.

In a game of chance the other night
[D]Old Dame Fortune was a-doin' me right
Man,[A] the kings and queens just[E7] kept on
comin' [A]around
Then I got a full and I bet it high
But my[D] bluff didn't work on a certain guy
He [A] just keep on raisin' and [E7] layin' the money
[A] down.
Now, he'd raise me - I'd raise him
I[D] sweated blood - you gotta sink or swim
He[A] finally called -[E7] didn't raise the[A] bet
I said, "Aces full, Pal, how 'bout you?"
[D]He said, "Well, I'll tell you in just a minute or two
[A]But right now, I just[E7] gotta have myself a
[A]cigarette."

CHORUS

[A]Now, the other night I had me a date
With the[D] cutest little gal in the forty-eight states
She said she loved me and it seemed to me
That[D] ev'rything was 'bout like it oughta be
So [A]hand in hand, we [E7]strolled down lover's
[A]lane.

She was, oh, so far from a chunk of ice
And our[D] smoochin' party was goin' real nice
Well, I give her a kiss - a little squeeze
[D]She said, "Well, excuse me - please, but

CHORUS