

**Smoke Smoke Smoke That Cigarette**  
**Commander Cody & His Lost Planet Airmen**

Smoke,Smoke,Smoke That Cigarette:Commander Cody  
and His Lost Planet Airmen.  
On the charts in 1973. (Tex Williams hit #5 on Billboard  
and #1 on C/W charts in 1947.)

#1.

**A**

Now I m a fellow with a heart of gold,

**D**

And the ways of a gentleman I ve been told,

**E**

**A**

kind of a guy that wouldn t even harm a flea.

**A**

But if me and a certain character met,

**D**

the guy that invented the cigarette,

**E**

**A**

I d murder that son-of-a gun in the first degree.

#2.

**A**

It ain t cause I don t smoke em myself,

**D**

and I don t reckon that it ll hinder your health,

**E**

**A**

I smoked em all my life, and I ain t dead yet.

**A**

But nicotine slaves are all the same,

**D**

at a pettin party or a poker game,

**E**

**A**

everything gotta stop, while they have a cigarette.

CHORUS:

**A**

Smoke, smoke, smoke that cigarette.

**B**

**E**

Puff, puff, puff until you smoke yourself to death.

**E**

**A**

Tell St. Peter at the Golden Gate,

**D**

that you hate to make him wait,

**A**

**E**

**A**

but you just gotta have another cigarette.

#3.

**A**

In a game of chance the other night,

**D**

Old Dame Fortune was good and right,

**E**

**A**

The kings and queens they kept on comin' around.

**A**

Aw, I was hittin' 'em good and bettin' 'em high,

**D**

but my bluff didn't work on a certain guy,

**E**

**A**

he kept callin', and layin' his money down.

**A**

See, he'd raise me, then I'd raise him,

**D**

and I'd say to him buddy, ya gotta sink or swim,

**E**

**A**

he finally called me but didn't raise the bet.

**A**

Hmmm...I said, Aces Full, pal...I got you!

**D**

He said, I'll pay up in a minute or two,

**E**

**A**

but right now, I just gotta have another cigarette.

CHORUS:

**A**

Smoke, smoke, smoke that cigarette.

**B**

**E**

Puff, puff, puff until you smoke yourself to death.

**E**

**A**

Tell St. Peter at the Golden Gate,

**D**

that you hate to make him wait,

**A**

**E**

**A**

but you just gotta have another cigarette.

#4.

**A**

Now the other night I had a date,

**D**

with the cutest little gal in any state,

**E**

**A**

a high-bred, uptown, fancy little dame.

**A**

She said she loved me and it seemd to me,

**D**

that things were sorta like they oughtta be,

**E**

**A**

so, hand in hand we strolled down lovers lane.

**A**

She was a long way from a chunk of ice,

**D**

and our pettin' party was goin' real nice,

**E**

**A**

and I got an idea I might have been there, yet.

**A**

So I give her a kiss and a little squeeze,

**D**

Then she said, Travis, excuse me please,

**E**

**A**

but I just gotta have a cigarette.

CHORUS:

**A**

Smoke, smoke, smoke that cigarette.

**B**

**E**

Puff, puff, puff until you smoke yourself to death.

**E**

**A**

Tell St. Peter at the Golden Gate,

**D**

that you hate to make him wait,

**A**

**E**

**A**

but you just gotta have another cigarette.

A forties, fifties, sixties, and seventies smash from Kraziekhat.