

First Rate Smokes
Woodbox Gang

Band: Woodbox Gang
Album: Trashcan Americana

First Rate Smokes

VERSE 1

Bb **C**
My name is Seymour Green
F
I m an honest business man
Bb **C**
I make First Rate Smokes
F
From a warehouse in my van
Bb **C**
I ve had some troubles
F
With the EPA
Bb **C**
I change my company name
F
Every other day
Bb **C**
I hire out workers
F
From Kentucky factories
Bb **C**
Who spend their days working for
F
R.J. Reynolds Industries
Bb **C**
They find me in the parking lot
F
When the factory whistle blows
Bb **C**
And we roll up all the tobacco
F
That gets stuck between their toes

Chorus

Bb **C**
Take off your shoes
F
It s time to go to work
BbC **F**
It s 3am and we re setting up shop

Bb **C**
Take off your socks

F
Start scraping those nails

Bb **C**
If the ATF discovers us

F
It s GPCs from jail

VERSE 2

I m in cahoots with some Canucks
Just above the borderline
They package all my products
With cute logos and designs
I distribute to truck stops
And small town liquor stores
They buy cases of cartons
And call me up for more

VERSE 3

Thrifty smokers don t mind
Where their cigarettes are from
All they really want
Is smoke and tar in their lungs
So if you ever buy a pack
Of First Rate Smokes
You know the tar won t kill you
But the smell will make you choke