

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