

Smoke Smoke Smoke That Cigarette – 3 PAGES

INTRO | A-4 | A-4 | A-2 E-2 | A-4 |

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A-4

Now I'm a fellow with a heart of gold,

D-4

And the ways of a gentleman I've been told,

E-4

A-4

kind of a guy that wouldn't even harm a flea.

A-4

D-4

But if me and a certain character met, the guy that invented the cigarette,

E-4

A-4

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

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A-4

It ain't cause I don't smoke 'em myself,

D-4

and I don't reckon that it'll hinder your health,

E-4

A-4

I smoked 'em all my life, and I ain't dead yet.

A-4

D-4

But nicotine slaves are all the same, at a pettin' party or a poker game,

E-4

A-4

everything gotta stop, while they have a cigarette.

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*D7-4*

*A-4*

*Smoke, smoke, smoke that cigarette.*

*D7-4*

*B7-2*

*E (STOP)*

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

*A-2*

*A7-2*

*D-4*

*Tell St. Peter at the Golden Gate, that you hate to make him wait,*

*A-2*

*E-2*

*A-4*

*but you just gotta have another cigarette.*

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RIFF | A-4 | A-4 | A-2 E-2 | A-4 |

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A-4 D-4  
In a game of chance the other night, Old Dame Fortune was good and right,  
E-4 A-4  
The kings and queens they kept on comin' around.  
A-4  
I was hittin' 'em good and bettin' 'em high,  
D-4  
but my bluff didn't work on a certain guy,  
E-4 A-4  
he kept callin', and layin' his money down.  
A-4  
See, he'd raise me, then I'd raise him,  
D-4  
and I'd say to him buddy, ya gotta sink or swim,  
E-4 A-4  
he finally called me but didn't raise the bet.  
A-4 D-4  
I said, Aces Full, pal I got you! He said, I'll pay up in a minute or two,  
E-4 A-4  
but right now, I just gotta have another cigarette.

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D7-4 A-4  
*Smoke, smoke, smoke that cigarette.*  
D7-4 B7-2 E (STOP)  
*Puff, puff, puff until you smoke yourself to death.*  
A-2 A7-2 D-4  
*Tell St. Peter at the Golden Gate, that you hate to make him wait,*  
A-2 E-2 A-4  
*but you just gotta have another cigarette.*

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SOLO | D-4 | A7-4 | D-4 | B7-2 E-2 | A-4 | D7-4 | A-2 E-2 | A-4 |

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A-4 D-4  
Now the other night I had a date, with the cutest little gal in any state,  
E-4 A-4  
a high-bred, uptown, fancy little dame.  
A-4  
She said she loved me and it seemed to me,  
D-4  
that things were sorta like they oughtta be,  
E-4 A-4  
so, hand in hand we strolled down lover's lane.  
A-4  
She was a long way from a chunk of ice,  
D-4  
and our pettin' party was goin' real nice,  
E-4 A-4  
and I got an idea I might have been there, yet.  
A-4  
So I give her a kiss and a little squeeze,  
D-4 E-4 A-4  
Then she said, CODY, excuse me please, but I just gotta have a cigarette.

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D7-4 A-4  
*Smoke, smoke, smoke that cigarette.*  
D7-4 B7-2 E (STOP)  
*Puff, puff, puff until you smoke yourself to death.*  
A-2 A7-2 D-4  
*Tell St. Peter at the Golden Gate, that you hate to make him wait,*  
A-2 E-2 A-4  
*but you just gotta have another cigarette.*  
RIFF | A-4 | A-4 | A-2 E-2 | A-3 [A]

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