

Cigarettes Will Kill You

Ben Lee

You throw me in a pan
You cook me in a can
You stretch me with your hands

You love to watch me bake
You serve me up with cake
And that's your big mistake

Your guest comes in dressed smart
You offer a la carte
You didn't have the heart

And I want a TV embrace
And I, I'm getting off your boiling plate
They swore you'd steal my steam to feed your dream
And then be gone
I wish I could say that everyone was wrong

You left me burned and seared
You left me ripped and teared
And older than my years

I should have know at first
That you would leave me hurt
You had to try dessert

No way to let off steam
Don't bother milk or cream
No way to let off steam

And I want a TV embrace
And I, I'm getting off this boiling plate
They swore you'd steal my steam to feed your dream
And then be gone
I wish I could say that everyone was wrong

It must feel good to stand above me
While I make you so proud of me
It must feel good that I'm now gone
I wish I could say that everyone was wrong
I wish everyone was wrong
I wish everyone was wrong
I wish everyone was wrong
I wish everyone was wrong
I wish everyone was wrong