

Last Cigarette

Dan Bull

I'm back in this habit
The tobacconist grabbing a packet of fags
And passing it back as I hand him the cash
The transaction is tragic
A moment of magic
As I open the packet and go for the wrapping
In only a moment I'll have this fag lit
The sad fact is I'm an addict, I need
The hit of nicotine, just to breathe
And it's obscene
Just between us, as a kid, I disbelieved
A brittle leaf mixed with heat
Could leave you feeling incomplete without it
So blow the smoke out quick
You'll feel terrible
However, you will have achieved something incredible

This is my last cigarette
I've done enough that I have to regret
This is my last cigarette
I've done enough that I have to regret

Bringing a whole different sting
To the thing you hold in your fingers
They're stained since you imitated
The behaviour of your favourite singer
I know you stroll to the cinema
And your role model's holding a Marlboro
The image is vivid and so you're sold the whole
Till your soul is a prisoner moulded in miniature
Rolled in a Rizla
Held in a wrestling hold till the finisher
You're choked out, so blow the smoke out
No doubt: self-control's what's killing you

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This is my last cigarette
I've done enough I have to regret
Without gasping for breath, asking for death
In return for the active effects
As many a heroin addict has said
It's addictive as smack, you'd be daft to inject
Skip the needle and the needle skips
As I tap my fag, let the ash hit the deck
Stood on the back step in the rain
And never complain till my fag's wet
Splashed out, cashing the cheque
Ash, ground; ground, ash; have you met?

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This is my last cigarette
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I stub the nub
Enough's enough, I'm good
I would gladly have another fag, see
But the fact is I'm done
It's off my chest
And I'm impressed
With my willpower, nothing less
Face my face at 88 miles an hour
Time travelling as my life expectancy expands
And I feel like a younger man
You need to fight the hunger, Dan
You're done; you can
I can
I am

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