

Kool Miles

Edwin McCain

What were those nasty cigarettes
That you used to smoke?
In 1992, when we first met
You know me and Kay were laughing
Yeah, but you didn't get the joke
Wisely skeptical
Hadn't made your mind up yet

You smoked Kool Milds
Kool Milds, you smoked Kool Milds
All that menthol in the air
Kool Milds
Kool Milds, you smoked Kool Milds
So you wouldn't have to share

We'll blame it on your sister, Darcy
Or that bartender at the Wing
We'll blame it on Branford
Back when he was playing with Sting
We'll blame it on those sweet, thick
Charleston, lovely summer nights
That took all your stupid law school dreams
And hid 'em out of sight

You smoked Kool Milds
Kool Milds, you smoked Kool Milds
All that menthol in the air
Kool Milds
Kool Milds, you smoked Kool Milds
So you wouldn't have to share

We would wait until afternoon showers
Washed the pine dust into the pond
Then we'd play to the girls from Ohio
With them streaks of southern blond

Thirty years have gone by me
Goddamn, where'd it go?
Robbie said it's impossible
What the hell does he know?
We'll take this ol' waltz of his
Hope mine never ends
I'll stay out here on the road
Making music with my friends

These have been kool miles
Kool miles, these have been kool miles
I'd do 'em again, and again, and again, and
Kool miles
Kool miles, these have been kool miles
I'd do 'em again, and again, and again, and
Kool miles
Kool miles, these have been kool miles, my friend