

# I Hate Smoke

Words and music by Melbourne singer/songwriter, Lyell Sayer. Using humour can be the best way to get a message across.

Verse

To Vir - gin - ia went Sir Wal - ter with the bless - ing of Queen Bess,  
Where he found lots of good - ies and his - tory knows the rest,  
But when he saw that chop - ping block he got an aw - ful fright.  
Well for bring - ing back to - bac - co it served old Ral - eigh right

Chorus

For I hate smoke. It makes me cough and choke.  
It burns my eyes and makes me feel as if I'm gun - na croak  
Well I'm not a nark or whing - er. I'm an eas - y go - ing bloke  
But let me say with - out de - lay that I hate smoke.

Wherever I may choose to go there're smokers by the score  
They puff a packet in an hour and then rush out for more.  
There's a fag in every open gob. Oh what an awful stink  
What it's doing to my innards I just can't bear to think.

If God intended us to smoke the truth I will relate,  
We'd all have chimneys on our heads and down below a grate.  
We'd all eat coal instead of meat whenever we were fed.  
We'd have to raise a head of steam to get up out of bed.

But I suppose I'll stagger on until that fateful day  
When I contract lung cancer which will carry me away  
Well I know death comes to all of us but one thought makes me glum  
I'll bet I get my send off at the crematorium.