

It's times like this I'm glad I have some clout.
I'll work alone today. Those sorry swine
Across the hall will puff cigars and flout
Good breeding, gesture with their full packs, dine
Amid the burning of the leaf, provoke
Me past endurance. Hopefully they'll choke.
My ashtray's nearly full of residue
And this makes ten. I'll never make it through!
But hey, hang on, they're halfies, don't forget.
I'll save my next for someone wearing blue.
Tonight I'll have my final cigarette.

Our head of advertising is a lout
But all his suits are blue. "Call Mr. Stein,
Miss Pitts. And bring more cake and sauerkraut.
Yes, buzz me when he's off his other line."
Cut out the sheep dip, rise above the hoke
And pull the act together. Guzzle Coke.
Get hiccups. Faster! Eat that cold ragout.
My stomach's rolling like I'm getting flu.
Well, that would do the job. I've never yet
Smoked then. With luck pneumonia will ensue.
Tonight I'll have my final cigarette.

Now see? It's not so bad, this rendezvous
With grave decision. I've pulled off a coup
To free this realm of nicotine. My sweat
Has made me strong. I'll rule the corporate zoo!
Tonight I'll have my final cigarette.