

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."  
 Oh, cut 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.

--Glenn Holloway