

FAGS

When your nerves are all a-tremble, and your
brain is all a-fret —
It isn't half so hopeless if you've got a cigarette.

When you're waiting for the whistle and your
foot is on the step,
You bluff yourself, it's lots of fun, and all the
time you're hep
To the fact that you may stop one 'fore you've
gone a dozen feet,
And you wonder what it feels like, and your
thoughts are far from sweet;
Then you think about a little grave, with R. I. P.
on top,
And you know you've got to go across — altho'
you'd like to stop;
When your backbone's limp as water, and you're
bathed in icy sweat,
Why, you'll feel a lot more cheerful if you puff
your cigarette.

Then, when you stop a good one, and the stretcher
bearers come
And patch you up with strings, and splints, and
bandages, and gum;