

My First Cigar - song lyrics

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MY FIRST CIGAR.

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'Twas on a quiet afternoon one lovely autumn day,
I sat upon an old ash box and drew and puffed away;
And as the silv'ry smoke arose and flitted through the air,
I suddenly grew awful sick, it was my first cigar.

Refrain.

But puff, puff, puff, puff, don't stop, for 'tis no sin,
But puff, puff, puff, puff, the second time you'll win;
No matter if it makes you sad, and fills you full of pain,
Just puff, puff, puff, puff, puff, puff, and try it on again.

I fell across that old ash box, grew sickly, ghastly green,
I gasped and threw up many things that you and I have seen;
Ah! what did I, at such a time, for smoking seem to care,
Alas! the scalding tears proclaimed it was my first cigar.-Refrain.

I've swallowed quarts of castor oil and took pills by the score,
Been jerked and twisted inside out a hundred times or more;
But sickness I have never felt which could with that compare,
When on that quiet afternoon I drew my first cigar.-Refrain.