



A Smokers Prayer

*It was foolish to have started
I don't know why for sure
I was young and fit and able
Now I only want a cure.*

*For this habit now it grips me
It holds me in it's spell
This smoky weed I must deny
I never liked the smell*

*My lungs are full of badness
My fingers stained and dark
Lord, free me from this madness
And help me to my mark*

*Let me see a future
When the person I will be
Is a calm and healthy figure
With lungs that are "smoke free"*