

Why I Absolutely **HATE** Smoking



The movies made it look attractive, sexy, cool. Cigarette companies paid millions over time to make sure movie stars smoked onscreen. And America, the world, fell for it.

That was the beginning of corporate financed, government sanctioned marketing of death.

There is nothing attractive about smoking.

Let's get something straight:

Smoking is a vile, foul, stinking, abhorant practice that has no health or social benefits ... except to the companies that sell the cigarettes and cancer organizations who have turned treatment of death into a multi-billion dollar global business.

I can think of nothing more repelling than to kiss the lips of a human ashtray. The stench stays on clothes for days and lingers on the walls of a home for months.

Every non-smoker knows what I'm talking about.

But you smokers ... it's like your brains and nostrils have become numb, desensitized and oblivious to the undeniable revolting, sickening, nauseating, stomach-churning, wallet draining, life sucking effects of this habit.



You Are Addicted

And, like any addict, you don't really care. Smoking is basically inhaled alcoholism. If you're reading this chapter all offended at what I'm saying ... you *are* addicted. And no, you don't care about yourself, your relationships, your health or the

health of others around you. Nothing will stop you so long as you can get to your next drag.

That doesn't imply you are a bad or mean person ... it means you are sick. Emotionally and physically dependent. You are completely controlled and manipulated by the corporate monsters that push their product. You can't stop and it causes you real, literal pain to try. And it makes them wealthy.

You Have “The Right” To Smoke

Of course, you do. That is an addict's first response, and you do in fact have the right to engage in whatever legal activity you choose. It is your body. Your life. Your decision.

How-Evuh ...

I have the right to love you enough to at least try and get you to stop.

Oh, that amazing four letter word: love ... how powerful that is. There are so many important things in this life to love. Sometimes love marks the passage of time, *time implies mortality*. Mortality makes you love even more because it makes you aware of what might be lost.

For me, loving the people in your life is so much more important than the things that make up your life. It's like my guitar, I care for it and polish it and oil the fretboard and play it so the wood will sing. I love what it gives me. I also love my children, I love my wife, I love my friends and my home that I've worked so hard on.

I would give up my guitar in a second if it meant keeping my family or friends safe. But you won't quit smoking.

The issue of mortality is part of love. The passage of time, the inner sense that time is running out, the finite truth of life ... that it will someday end ... defines how strongly we love the ones we care about. The passage of time makes things better in a

way, it makes you want to capture these moments and not let them go. It's why photographers take pictures and songwriters make records, we are capturing moments of mortality and trying to preserve them for somebody in a faraway tomorrow with the hope that it will matter.

Truth and Lies

And there's the point: *smoking accelerates mortality*, it robs you and the ones you supposedly love of time. It steals your soul and your health. It takes your money, your attention and your life. It is among the most unloving, unkind, heartbreaking and devastating cruelties in the modern age.



Smoking makes you blind to the selfishness of what you are stealing from the ones you claim you care about.

The god-awful truth is: you don't love the people around you enough to stop ... because you love smoking more.

Try to deny that all you want. It is the blatant fact of addiction. Again, I am not implying the smoker is a bad person. I'm saying they are sick. Addicted. Controlled.

I guess I could spew all the facts and horrors about smoking, the statistics are staggering. But you don't give a damn

about that because you “have the right” to do whatever you want. You don’t care that cigarette smoking is a major cause of early death all across the world, it is the biggest thief of life and time in man’s history. Smoking kills more people than war.

Think of that: *cigarettes is more deadly than war*. And here you are convinced you’re ok. You are not.

Farmers, Tobacco, Hemp and Vaping

I feel bad for the farmers and families who made their living growing tobacco. I mean, it’s just a plant. You can grow it. You can sell it. You can therefore provide for your family. Makes reasonable sense, right?

Tobacco farmers, to me, are like the honest folks across Appalachia working in coal mines. They’re just trying to make a living and don’t want to hurt anybody. And yet, tobacco and coal are among the biggest polluters on planet earth.

Let me make this clear: I think tobacco, hemp and anything else that grows naturally on god’s green earth should always be legal and never government controlled.

That doesn’t mean it’s healthy to ingest. For Pete’s sake, let’s not get stupid: poison ivy grows and who the heck would be idiot enough to smoke it? But I guarentee you this: if it was addictive and could be marketed companies would line up to sell it and convince you it was a good idea.

Smoking poison ivy is not a good idea. Neither is smoking tobacco, especially with all the extra chemicals and additives they put in the cigarettes now. Marlborro puts all that extra crap in the cigarettes to keep you hooked, chained to the habit of spending your resources on a product that will kill you.

If you need Nicorette gum to curtail your urge to smoke, it means you are addicted. If you are addicted it means you are saturating your body with poisons the cigarette companies use to

keep you addicted. It means you are setting the stage for cancer, emphysema and other deadly diseases. You need to stop now if you need Nicorette gum to stop smoking.

Switching from cigarettes to vaping is like switching from Twinkies to cupcakes to lose weight. It's a giant step sideways. Don't even try to go there.



The Beauty of Quitting

The brutal fact is the only way to quit smoking is the old-fashioned way: pull up your britches, take a deep breath, set you mind to it and STOP.

How hard can it be? Millions have done it. And almost all say the same thing: after the first couple of days without smoking their senses are better, their sense of taste is better, they can smell things better, they cough less and they feel better.

Oh my gosh, what a freaking shock. Quitting smoking makes you feel ... drum roll, please ... better! And think of all the money you are saving. Here's the funny part: once a smoker quits they can *finally* tell what's so horribly foul and offensive about the smoking habit. Your lungs clear, your nostrils start working again and then it hits you: *I smelled like that? Me? Really?*

Yes, dude. You stank up a room simply by entering.

But I loved you then, I love you now. And if you wrestled this monster and beat it into submission, I applaud you. I hate your smoking, but god knows I love you ... very much. I want you here for a long time. I want you healthy and able to sense the fragrance of this beautiful life on this beautiful earth. If you quit, I am so very proud of you.

“I Hate Your Smoke” Politically Correct?

I attack this with a song on my *Dazed & Confused* album. It's direct, blunt and funny, but don't misunderstand: I am very passionate about getting people to quit smoking.

So, I offered the song and the WoodSongs education platform, for free, to a major anti-smoking organization, suggesting a music video be made and sent with lesson plans into schools, where smoking and vaping are at epidemic levels. They wanted to do it but, in the end, they passed because the song wasn't "politically correct" enough.

What????!!!!!! Politically correct???

Here's a news flash: there is nothing *politically correct* about dying as your blood vessels burst and lungs disintegrate from cancer. Kids need boldness and truth, honesty and directness ... not pussy-footing around trying to be polite.

So, here's the song. Sing it, play it, share it and love someone enough to help them quit.



I HATE YOUR SMOKE

Words & Music

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I hate your smoke, that ain't no joke
The ends begun, when you destroy your lungs
Like a guilotine, all that Nicotine
It cuts off your breath, you're gonna choke to death
I hate your Smoke

Just the other day my friend did say
Man, you know I'd quit if I just knew the way.
I said My friend, you're gonna reach your end
Climb outta yo' rut ... put out that butt
I hate your Smoke

chorus

Now I want you folks, to know my baby smoke
she often hails those coffin nails
She says I'd rather fight ... then to do what's right.
I said Why don't you switch you smelly oooooold,
I hate your smoke

chorus

And so you speak of God, life's joyful prize
but how can you pray with those yellow eyes
Nasty and unclean, it's a dirty scene
So I say farewell 'cause of how you smell
I Hate your Smoke

Swing tempo

G C
I hate your smoke. That ain't no joke.

D7 G
The end's be - gun — when you des - troyed your lungs. —

C A7
It's like a guil - lo - tine, all that nic - o - tine. It cuts off your

G D7 G
breath, you're gon - na choke to death, and I hate your smoke.

Facts You Might Want To Know

Smoking is the leading cause of preventable death in America.

Smoking causes over 480,000 deaths each year just in the USA

10x as many Americans died from smoking than in all the wars fought by the United States.

More **women** die from lung cancer than breast cancer every year.

Smoking causes stroke and coronary heart disease, among the leading causes of death in the America.

From the US Centers for Disease Control, 2017 Fact Sheet

