

## Attic Cigars Lyrics

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We worked for old man Wolf  
On the weekends, we did.  
He paid us by the hour,  
We neighborhood kids.

He drove in from Pittsburgh  
Saturday mornings in his car.  
We'd show up there at nine  
To work on his pony farm.

We worked real hard all day,  
And we listened to him swear.  
He sounded like a son-a-bitch,  
But he was just a Teddy Bear.

He smoked them Swisher Sweets  
As he huffed and he puffed.  
We cherished that old man,  
Despite his edges bein' rough.

Wolf forgot to take his cigars  
On a cloudy, rainy day.  
He paid us our hard-earned money,  
And then he drove right on away.

We knew they would go to ruin  
If they were left out by and by,  
So we rescued all them cigars,  
And then we gave them a little try.

They were just as smooth as could be,  
And all growed up is how we felt.  
We loved how them cigars tasted,  
And we loved how they smelled.

We loved how they made us feel,  
And we were proud of how we looked,  
And before we even knew it,  
Them darn cigars had us hooked.

Every time we tried to quit  
We had that familiar yearning ache.  
We had to have more of them cigars,  
There weren't no way we could wait.

The closest store with cigars  
Was just too many miles away.  
What's a poor kid supposed to do  
If he cain't get there right away?

With an anxious empty ache  
I thought and I thought...  
I needed cigars really bad,  
But there was none to be bought.

Now, it's hard to need a smoke  
when you just ain't got no car.  
And that's when I remembered  
My Daddy's old attic cigars.

Now my Daddy never smoked,  
So he never became an addict.  
All the cigars he was ever given,  
He just stuck them in the attic.

They was gifts from new fathers.  
They was gifts from new husbands.  
They were just as old as could be,  
And there must of been dozens.

They hadn't seen a bit of humidity  
In a decade, or maybe more.  
But a kid does what he has to  
When he cain't get to a store.

Oh, it's hard to be addicted  
when a kid ain't got no car,  
and that's why we had to smoke  
them old attic cigars.

They were just as dry as could be  
And they tasted like burnt oak,  
But a kid does what he has to do  
When he's cravin' cigar smoke.

Oh, it's hard to be addicted  
when a kid ain't got no car,  
and that's why we had to smoke  
them old attic cigars.

Oh, what's a poor kid supposed to do  
When he cain't get no cigars?