

Pierre

Stephen Lynch

I got a call from my old writing partner from college, Jeff, and, you know, we're kinda drinking and talking on the phone, and he goes, "You know, I bet you that I can name a subject that you can't write a song about." And I said, "Alright, fucker, let's hear it, whatta you got?" And he goes, "How 'bout a homeless guy?" And I said, "Easy." And he said, "... who is French." ...

Let's give it a shot. If this doesn't go over, I owe him a lot of money. My story's so tiresome! Let's try that again.

My story's so tiresome!

(... tiresome.)

Back in France, I was rich as they come.

(... as they come.)

But I lost all my wealth,

And my good mental health.

Now I live with ze filth and ze scum.

(... and ze scum.) I'm Pierre, ze only French bum in New York!

When I open my Boone's Farm, I still sniff ze cork!

So, have you a quarter? I'm begging you, please!

I have to have wine with my government cheese.

I really should bid you adieu.

(... bid adieu.)

I'm feeling a bit sacre bleu.

(... ... sacre bleu.)

My life is a hell,

I give off a bad smell,

But I'm French, so that's always been true!

Pee-yew!

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