

Franklin Pierce

The Two Man Gentlemen Band

Whoa, didnâ€™t he wander, the streets of Concorde
And wasnâ€™t he dizzy, dizzy with beer?
Oh you know there ainâ€™t, ainâ€™t nothing funny
about the death of Franklin Pierce.
Oh, the Lord gave him three children,
and he took them all away;
struck two down with typhus
and crushed one beneath a train.

Thatâ€™s why he filled the White House up with tears;
Oh, there ainâ€™t nothing funny about the death of Franklin Pierce.

In Old New Hampshire
you could hear the laughter
every time he came near
but you know there ainâ€™t, ainâ€™t nothing funny
about the death of Franklin Pierce.

When youâ€™re all alone,
and your moneyâ€™s gone
and your whole familyâ€™s dead,
sit back and have another drink Mr. President.

â€™cause ainâ€™t that every good manâ€™s fear?
Oh, there ainâ€™t nothing funny about the death of Franklin Pierce.

Oh ah, Oh ah, Oh ah, Oh ah,
Oh ah, Oh ah, Oh ah, Oh ah,

Whoa, didnâ€™t he wander (didnâ€™t he wander),
the streets of Concorde (the streets of Concorde),
And wasnâ€™t he dizzy (wasnâ€™t he dizzy),
dizzy with beer (dizzy with beer)?

Oh you know there ainâ€™t (oh there ainâ€™t),
nothing funny (ainâ€™t nothing funny)
about the death (about the death) of Franklin Pierce (Franklin Pierce).

When youâ€™re all alone,
and your moneyâ€™s gone

and your whole familyâ€™s dead,
sit back and have another drink Mr. President.

â€™cause ainâ€™t that every good manâ€™s fear?
Oh, there ainâ€™t nothing funny about the death of Franklin Pierce.

Submitted by DP

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