Pierre

Carole King

There was once a boy named Pierre
Who only would say,"I don't care!"
Read his story, my friend, for you'll find
At the end that a suitable
Moral lies thereOne day his mother said
When Pierre climbed out of bed
"Good morning, darling boy, you are my only joy"
Pierre said, "I don't care!""What would you like to eat?"
"I don't care!"
"Some lovely cream of wheat?"
"I don't care!"
"Don't sit backwards on your chair"
"I don't care!"
"Or pour syrup on your hair"
"I don't care!""You are acting like a clown"
"I don't care!"
"And we have to go to town"
"I don't care!"
"Don't you want to come, my dear?"
"I don't care!"
"Would you rather stay right here?"
"I don't care!"
So his mother left him thereHis father said, "Get off your head
Or I will march you up to bed!"
Pierre said, "I don't care!""I would think that you could see"
"I don't care!"
"Your head is where your feet should be!"
"I don't care!"
"If you keep standing upside down"
"I don't care!"
"We'll never ever get to town"
"I don't care!""If only you would say, I care"
"I don't care!"
"I'd let you fold the folding chair"
"I don't care!"
So his parents left him there
They didn't take him anywhereNow as the night began to fall
A hungry lion paid a call
He looked Pierre right in the eye

And asked him if he'd like to die
And Pierre said, "I don't care!""I can eat you, don't you see?"
"I don't care!"
"And you will be inside of me"
"I don't care!"
"Then you'll never have to bother"
"I don't care!"
"With a mother and a father"
"I don't care!""Is that all you have to say?"
"I don't care!"
"Then I'll eat you, if I may"
"I don't care!"
So the lion ate PierreArriving home at six O'clock
His parents had a dreadful shock!
They found the lion sick in bed and cried
"Pierre is surely dead!"They pulled the lion by the hair
They hit him with the folding chair
His mother asked, "Where is Pierre?"
And the lion answered "I don't care!"
His father said, "Pierre's in there!"They rushed the lion into town
The doctor shook him up and down
And when the lion gave a roar
Pierre fell out upon the floorHe rubbed his eyes and scratched his head
And laughed because he wasn't dead
His mother cried and held him tight
His father asked, "Are you allright?"
Pierre said, "I am feeling fine
Please take me home, it's half past nine"The lion said, "If you would care
To climb on me, I'll take you there"
Then everyone looked at Pierre
Who shouted "Yes, indeed, I care!"The lion took them home to rest
And stayed on as a weekend guest
The moral of Pierre is, care

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