La Foule

dith Piaf

Got your hand up all in my shirt
And you know that it hurts
Ball and chain, my ball and chain
Crossing the street you look so fine
Making up everything that's in my mind
Ball and chain, ball and chain
You are the same with
Your balls and your chains
Bend me over the back of the car seat
Take me down to Easy Street
Ball and chain, ball and chain
You are the same with
Your balls and your chains
Oh yeah, oh yeah
Why does this always happen?
Why does this always happen?
Why? Why? Yeah
Yeah, her tits were higher than mine
With a waist that is sugar-fine
I heard she could read and write too
And she's getting a degree in fucking you
Sexual psychology
It's easier than philosophy
It's easier than chemistry
Where's my chemistry?
Why does this always happen?
Oh why does this always happen?
Why? Why? Why?

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