

Pierre

PapayÃ©r

My story is 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 (oooooooooh)

When I open my Boone's Farm, I still sniff ze cork (oooooooooh)

So have you a quarter?

I'm begging you, please. (oooooooooh)

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-ew!

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