

# Pierre

## Crumar

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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