

# Cherchez la Femme

Gloria Estefan

Tommy Mottola lives on the road  
He lost his lady two months ago  
Maybe he'll find her, maybe he won't  
Oh, oh, never, noHe sleeps in the back of his grey Cadillac, oh my honey  
Blowing his mind on cheap grass and wine  
Oh, ain't it crazy baby, hey  
Guess you could say hey, heyThis man has learned his lesson, oh hey  
Now he's alone, he's got no woman and no home  
For misery, oh, oh  
Cherchez la femmeMiggie, Miggie Bonija's very upset  
She's sick and tired of living in debt  
Tired of roaches, tired of rats, I know she is ooh  
So her noble man says "Baby I understand, oh my honey"  
Now he's working two jobs at Eighth Avenue bars  
Oh, ain't crazy, baby now she complains  
That her man is never present, noShe goes next door, I know that  
She's just playing the whore  
Hey for misery  
(My friend)  
Cheechez la femmeThey tell you a lie with a Colgate smile, hey baby  
Love you one second and hate the next one  
Oh, ain't it crazy, yeah  
All I can say , ay, hey, oh one thing I am certain, oh, oh  
They're all the same, all the sluts and the saints for misery  
(My friend)  
Cherchez la femme

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>