Pierre

Akroma

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 (ooooooooh)
When I open my Boone's Farm, I still sniff ze cork (ooooooooh)
So have you a quarter?

I'm begging you, please. (ooooooooh)
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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