

Pierre

Ryn Weaver

I danced in the desert, in the pouring rain
Drank with the devil and forgot my name
Woke with somebody when the morning came
No one there to shame me for my youth
Cause I wouldn't be with you

And then I found me a lover who could play the bass
He's kinda quiet, but his body ain't
Spend the days dreaming and the nights awake
Doin' things we know we shouldn't do
Cause I wouldn't be with you

Says he can't believe he found me
Wraps his arms around me
Yeah-eah, eah-eah-eah-yeah

I can't let him in
You call me up and ask me how I've been
I'll call your bluff and
Keep on telling, telling, telling you lies
Keep on telling, telling, telling you lies
No, I can't let them in
You play me rough, but I won't let you in
So, call my bluff, I'll
Keep on telling, telling, telling you lies
Keep on telling you lies

Count down to the day they may come true

And I fell for a vagabond, a month at tops
Lied and said his bike was in the "motor shop"
Drove my car once and made the tire pop
Still we had some fun, till I came to
Cause I wouldn't be with you

On the Fourth of July, I met a man, "Pierre"
Lied about his age, but I didn't care
Spoke in broken English but the heart was there
In those eyes of sky and ocean blue

Cause I wouldn't be with you

He says he can't believe he found me
Wraps his arms around me
Yeah-eah, eah-eah-eah-yeah

Count down to the day they may come true
I'm counting dow-ow-ow-ow-own
I'm still so dow-ow-ow-ow-own
I'll come around

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