

# La Foule

[Ãfâ€°dith Piaf](#)

Got your hand up all in my shirt  
And you know that it hurts  
Ball and chain, my ball and chain  
Crossing the street you look so fine  
Making up everything that's in my mind  
Ball and chain, ball and chain  
You are the same with  
Your balls and your chains  
Bend me over the back of the car seat  
Take me down to Easy Street  
Ball and chain, ball and chain  
You are the same with  
Your balls and your chains  
Oh yeah, oh yeah  
Why does this always happen?  
Why does this always happen?  
Why? Why? Yeah  
Yeah, her tits were higher than mine  
With a waist that is sugar-fine  
I heard she could read and write too  
And she's getting a degree in fucking you  
Sexual psychology  
It's easier than philosophy  
It's easier than chemistry  
Where's my chemistry?  
Why does this always happen?  
Oh why does this always happen?  
Why? Why? Why?

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