

Jacques Lamure

of Montreal

Jacques Lamure is a
volunteer fireman
He longs to give his life
Saving a nice old man and his wife
When their house is
filled with flames
Earning him honor and fameJacques Lamure is a foreman
at a clock factory
He wishes he were boss
So he could fire that scoundrel William Moss
Who always puts him down
When Megan Blanchard is aroundHe told himself last year
that when springtime was here
He would suddenly appear at Meg's door
He'd rent a mariachi band and respectfully demand
His dear Meg to take his hand
And to be his forever more
But of course he didn't dare
and pretended not to care
About the insult or the loss
When he found out she'd married William MossJacques Lamure goes to see a show
every other Friday night
He likes the westerns best
He'd rather be a sheriff with a gold star on his chest
Than that weird guy who never says a word
And when spoken to pretends he hadn't heardHe realized one day that he didn't have to stay
That he could move as far away as planes could fly
He chuckled as he mused
About the people who had rused him
And how shocked and confused that they would be
When he says goodbye and never turns around
Never returns to that miserable townThen as weeks passed he soon did find
This move had greatly improved his state of mind