

Pierre

The Dresden Dolls

There once was a boy named Pierre,

Who only would say,

I don't care.

Hear his story, my friend, for you'll find at the end, that a suitable moral lies there

One day, his mother said, as Pierre climbed out of bed,

"Good morning, darling boy, you are my only joy."

Pierre said,

I don't care.

What would you like to eat?

I don't care.

Some lovely cream of wheat?

I don't care.

Don't sit backwards on your chair.

I don't care.

Or pour syrup on your hair.

I don't care .

You are acting like a clown.

I don't care.

And we have to go to town.

I don't care.

Don't you want to come my dear?

I don't care.

Would you rather stay right here?

I don't care.

So his mother left him there.

His father said, "Get off your head

Or I will march you up to bed!"

Pierre said,

I don't care.

I would think that you could see,

I don't care.

Your head is where your feet should be.

I don't care.

If you keep standing upside down,

I don't care.

We'll never, never get to town,

I don't care.

If only you would say I care,

I don't care.

I'd let you fold the folding chair,
I don't care.
So his parents left him there.
They didn't take him anywhere.
Now as the night began to fall,
A hungry lion paid a call.
He looked Pierre right in the eye,
And asked him: would you like to die?
And Pierre said,
I don't care.
I can eat you don't you see,
I don't care.
Then you would be inside of me,
I don't care.
Then you'd never have to bother,
I don't care.
With the mother and your father,
I don't care.
Is that all you have to say?
I don't care.
Then I'll eat you if I may.
So the lion ate Pierre.
Arriving home at 6 o'clock,
His parents had a dreadful shock.
They found the lion sick in bed.
They cried, "Pierre is surely dead!"
They pulled the lion by the hair,
They hit him with the folding chair.
His mother cried, where is Pierre?
And the lion answered,
I don't care!
His father said,
"Pierre's in there?"
They rushed the lion into the town.
The doctor shook him up and down.
And when the lion gave a roar,
Pierre fell out upon the floor.
He rubbed his eyes and scratched his head
And laughed because he wasn't dead.
His mother cried and held him tight.
His father asked, "Are you alright?"
Pierre said, "I am feeling fine;
Please take me home it's half past nine!"
The lion said, "If you would care,
To climb on me I'll take you there!"

Then everyone looked at Pierre,
Who shouted, "Yes, indeed, I care!"
The lion took them home to rest,
Then stayed on as a weekend guest.
The moral of Pierre is care!

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