

Dr. Buzzard's Original Savannah Band, Cherchez

Tommy Mottola lives on the road
He lost his lady just four months ago
mabye he'll find her, mabye he won't
Oh no, never, no, no
He sleeps in the back of his grey cadillac
Oh my honey
Blowin' his mind on cheap grass and wine
oh ain't it crazy baby, yeah
Guess you could say, hey hey, this man has learnt his lesson, oh-oh, hey, hey
now he's alone he's got no women and no home
for misery oh- ho, cherchez la femme

Minnie Bonicha's very upset
she's sick and tired of livin' in debt
tired of roaches
tired of rats
I know she is
so her noble man says "baby I understand" oh my honey
now he's working two jobs at 6th Avenue bars
Oh ain't it crazy
now she complains
that her man is never present
so she goes next door, I know she's just playing the whore
for misery, cherchez la femme

they'll tell you a lie with a colgate smile
hey baby
love you one second and hate you the next
oh ain't it crazy, yeah
all I can say
of one thing I am certain
theyr'e all the same
all the sluts and the saints
for misery,
cherchez la femme