

Dr. Buzzard's Original Savannah Band, Whisperin

Tommy Mattolla, lives on the road
He lost his lady 2 months ago
Maybe he'll find her, Maybe he won't, oh won't ever..
He sleeps in the back of his big grey Cadillac, on my honey
blowing his mind on cheap grass and wine
Oh ain't it crazy baby yeah

Guess you could say hey hey
The man has learned his lesson oh hey
Now he's alone
He's got no woman and no home
For misery oh ho, Cherchez le Femme

Miggie Miggie Baneiga's very upset
She's sick and tired of living in debt
Tired of roaches, and tired of rats
I know she is oh
So her noble man says "Baby I understand"
Oh my honey

Now he's working two jobs at 8th avenue bars
Oh ain't it crazy baby
Now she complains that her man is never present, no
So she goes next door
I know that she's just playing the whore
Hey for misery my friend hey hey, Cherchez la Femme

They'll tell you a lie with a Colgate smile hey baby
Love you one second and hate you the next one
Oh ain't it crazy yeah
All I can say hey hey
Of one thing I am certain, Cuckoo, Cuckoo
They're all the same,
All the sluts and the Saints
For Misery My Friend,
Cherchez la Femme
Hey now
Cherchez la Femme
Se Si Bon