

# Of Montreal, Jacques Lamure

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 fame

Jacques 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 around

He 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 Moss

Jacques 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 heard

He 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 town

Then as weeks passed he soon did find  
This move had greatly improved his state of mind