

Poe, A Rose Is A Rose (W/ The French)

Jezebel..from Israel
Who never read a book
Charmed the literati
And a smile was all it took

I was laughing with Picasso
When she first entered the room
But Gershwin, Tristan, Tzara
And Man Ray saw her too

There was never any doubt
All would try to take her home
But she refused their every move
Preferred to be alone

And a rose....a rose is a rose

Zelda had a breakdown
Fitzgerald hit the bar
His hand was broken, words were spoken
Didn't get too far

Hemmingway was smoother
More debonaire and fun
But he would say her repartee
Was meaner than a gun

Chorus:
And a rose...
A rose is a rose is a rose is a rose
Said my good friend Gertrude Stein
But she knows that I go to thee ol' Deux Magots
And I drink Pernod through the night

Jezebel from Israel
Who never read a book
She charmed the literati
And a smile was all it took

Before Joyce will babble
And Pound has gone insane
Eliot is paralyzed by thoughts of April rain

When she refused Lenin
He vowed to start a war
Stravinsky beat the Rite of Spring
Right there one the floor

(chorus)

And then one night she's missing
A riot soon began
No one could stand the thought of Jezzie with another man

I raced down winding streets
I broke into her house
You'd never guess who Jezebel
Was kissing on the couch

A rose...A rose is a rose...

Hi Jezzie.
Hi there Gertrude
Am i interrupting something?

On non non non on ne fait que discuter de la couleur
Du cafe et des sofas

A rose is a rose is a rose is a rose is a rose