

# Stephen Lynch, Pierre

"I got a call from my old writing partner from college, Jeff, and, you know, we're kinda drinking and

My story's so tiresome!

"Let's try that again."

My story's so tiresome!

(... tiresome.)

Back in France, I was rich as they come.

(... as they come.)

But I lost all my wealth,

And my good mental health.

Now I live with ze filth and ze scum.

(... and ze scum.)

I'm Pierre, ze only French bum in New York!

When I open my Boone's Farm, I still sniff ze cork!

So, have you a quarter? I'm begging you, please!

I have to have wine with my government cheese.

I really should bid you adieu.

(... bid adieu.)

I'm feeling a bit sacre bleu.

(... ... sacre bleu.)

My life is a hell,

I give off a bad smell,

But I'm French, so that's always been true!

Pee-yew!