

Gloria Estefan, Cherchez La Femme

Tommy Mottola lives on the road
He lost his lady two months ago
Maybe he'll find her, maybe he won't,
Oh no, never, nooo
He sleeps in the back of his grey
Cadillac, oh my honey
Blowing his mind on cheap grass and wine
Oh, ain't it crazy baby, hey
Guess you could say hey, hey
This man has learned his lesson, oh hey
Now he's alone
He's got no woman and no home.
For misery, oh, oh
Cherchez la femme
Miggie, Miggie Bonija's very upset
She's sick and tired of living in debt
Tired of roaches, tired of rats, I know she is, oohh
So her noble man says
"Baby I understand, oh my honey"
Now he's working two jobs of Eighth 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 whore
Hey for misery (my friend)
Cherchez la femme
They 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 baby, yeah
All I can say, ay, hey, of one thing I am certain oh, oh
They're all the same, all the sluts and the saints
For misery (my friend), "Cherchez la femme"