

# The B-52s, Quiche Lorraine

The skies are charcoal grey,  
It's a dreary downtown day,  
But at the end of my 40 foot leash,  
Is my little friend Quiche.  
Quiche La Poodle is her name  
And having a good time on a crummy day is our game.

Quiche Quiche Lorraine  
Quiche Quiche Lorraine

Everyday I take her out. Yea!  
She runs around, she shouts out and barks, Yea!  
Cause she's a good doggie  
She's a sweet, sweet, sweet PUPPY! Arf Arf  
And I know she'll stick by me, Yea! Arf Arf

Oh no! Here comes a Great Dane  
Drivin' down the lane  
Quiche, Quiche, Quiche come back here;  
Don't leave me.  
I'll go insane.  
I'll go insane.

How do you like that?  
Has anybody seen a dog dyed dark green.  
About two inches tall, with a strawberry blonde fall;  
Sunglasses and a bonnet  
and designer jeans with appliques on it?  
The dog that brought me so much joy  
Left me wallowing in pain.  
Quiche Lorraine.

I'll show her!  
Do you see the key in my hand?  
I'm gonna throw it in the lake.  
Yea, you've been so rotten to me,  
You take the cake.  
I'm just gonna lock the door to your kennel,  
and just you try and come back to me.  
Yea, you'll see.

Quiche Quiche Lorraine You mangey mutt.  
Quiche Quiche Lorraine I'm talking about Quiche!  
Quiche Quiche Lorraine Quiche Lorraine!