

Bon Soir Bon Soir

Lambchop

It's beach blanket bingo
At the end of the day
And his eyes are like wading pools
And his feet are like clay
And he drifts through the crowd
They all know who he is
They have seen him before
He's just a friend of his
Oh, get out of the car
Bon soir bon soir
Now his prey is on the gentle
Like a bully or a jerk
He may call you at home
Or he may call you at work
Manipulate your conscience
Is his own private game
You can drive him around
Till he drives you insane
Get out of the car
Bon soir bon soir
Yadayadayada
Now it's not like he's stupid
He's as smart as a whip
As the bottle grows empty
He will tighten his grip
And he senses that you're weaker
It's not even noon
Every moment with him
Is a moment too soon
Get out of the car
Bon soir bon soir
What a penis you are
Bon soir bon soir