I got a call from my old writing partner from college, Jeff, an d, you know, we're kinda drinking and talking on the phone, and he goes, "You know, I bet you that I can name a subject that y ou can't write a song about." And I said, "Alright, fucker, let 's hear it, whatta you got?" And he goes, "How 'bout a homeless guy?" And I said, "Easy." And he said, "... who is French." .. Let's give it a shot. If this doesn't go over, I owe him a lo t of money.

```
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!
```