

# Pierre

Ryn Weaver

I danced in the desert, in the pouring rain  
Drank with the devil and forgot my name  
Woke with somebody when the morning came  
No one there to shame me for my youth  
'Cause I wouldn't be with you

And then I found me a lover who could play the bass  
He's kinda quiet, but his body ain't  
Spend the days dreaming and the nights awake  
Doin' things we know we shouldn't do  
'Cause I wouldn't be with you

Says he can't believe he found me  
Wraps his arms around me  
Yeah-eah, eah-eah-eah-yeah

I can't let him in  
You call me up and ask me how I've been  
I'll call your bluff and  
Keep on telling, telling, telling you lies  
Keep on telling, telling, telling you lies  
No, I can't let him in  
You play me rough, but I won't let you in  
So, call my bluff, I'll  
Keep on telling, telling, telling you lies  
Keep on telling, telling, telling you lies

Oh, count down to the day they may come true

And I fell for a vagabond, a month at tops

Lied and said his bike was in the "motor shop  
Drove my car once and made the tire pop  
Still we had some fun, till I came to  
'Cause I wouldn't be with you

On the Fourth of July, I met a man, Pierre  
Lied about his age, but I didn't care  
Spoke in broken English but the heart was there  
In those eyes of sky and ocean blue  
'Cause I wouldn't be with you

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Wraps his arms around me  
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Oh, count down to the day they may come true  
I'm counting dow-ow-ow-ow-own  
I'm still so dow-ow-ow-ow-own  
I'll come around