Quiche Lorraine

The B-52's

The skies are charcoal grey,
It's a dreary downtown day,
But at the end of my thirty 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
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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!

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