

Tommy Mottola lives on the road
He lost his lady two months ago
Maybe he'll find her, maybe he won't,
oh, oh, never, nooo
He sleeps in the back of his grey Cadillac, oh my honey
Blowing his mind on cheap grass and wine
Oh ain't it crazy baby, hey
Guess you could say hey, hey
This man has learned his lesson, oh hey
Now he's alone
He's got no woman and no home
For misery, oh, oh
Cherchez la femme
Miggie, Miggie Bonija's very upset
She's sick and tired of living in debt
Tired of roaches, tired of rats, I know she is oooh
So her noble man says,
"Baby I understand, oh my honey"
Now he's working two jobs at Eighth Avenue bars
Oh ain't crazy baby
Now she complains
That her man is never present, no
She goes next door, I know that she's just playing the whore
Hey for misery (my friend)
Cheechez la femme
They tell you a lie with a colgate smile, hey baby
Love you one second and hate the next one
Oh ain't it crazy, yeah
All I can say , ay, hey, og one thing I am certain, oh, oh
They're all the same, all the sluts and the saints For misery (my friend), "Cherchez la femme"