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## Paroles de chanson

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# Cherchez La Femme

Par Gloria Estefan & Miami Sound Machine

*Album : Gloria Estefan & Miami Sound Machine - Hold Me, Thrill Me, Kiss Me*

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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"

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