

Rene Auberjonois**"Les Poissons"**

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Nouvelle cuisine
Les Champes-Elysses
Maurice Chevalier

Les poissons, les poissons
How I love les poissons
Love to chop and to serve little fish
First I cut of their heads
Zen I pull out their bones
Ah mais oui, Ãa c'est toujours delish

Les poissons, les poissons
Hee hee hee, haw haw haw
With the cleaver I hack them in two
I pull out what's inside
And I serve it up fried
God, I love little fishes, don't you?

Here's something for tempting the palate
Prepared in the classic technique
First you pound the fish flat with a mallet
Then you slash through the skin
Give the the belly a slice
Then you rub some salt in
'Cause that makes it taste nice

Zut alors! I have missed one

Sacre bleu, what is zis?
How on earth could I miss
Such a sweet, little succulent crab?
Quelle dommage! What a loss
Here we go, in the sauce
And some flour, I think just a dab

Then I stuff you with bread
It don't hurt, 'cause you're dead
And you're certainly lucky, you are
'Cause it's gonna be hot
In my big silver pot
Tout Ã l'heure, mon poisson!

Au revoir!

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