

Georges Brassens

"Le Bulletin De Sant"

Visit "[Le Bulletin De Sant](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Wanna tell you a story
About the house-man blues
I come home one Friday
Had to tell the landlady I'da lost my job
She said that don't confront me
Long as I get my money next Friday
Now next Friday come I didn't get the rent
And out the door I went

So I goes to the landlady
I said you let me slide?
I'll have the rent for you in a month
Next I don't know
So said let me slide it on you know people
I notice when I come home in the evening
She ain't got nothing nice to say to me
But for five year she was so nice
Loh' she was lovy-dovy
I come home one particular evening
The landlady said you got the rent money yet?
I said no, can't find no job
Therefore I ain't got no money to pay the rent
She said I don't believe you're tryin' to find no job
Said I seen you today you was standin' on a corner
Leaning up against a post
I said but I'm tired, I've been walkin' all day
She said that don't confront me
Long as I get my money next Friday
Now next Friday come I didn't have the rent
And out the door I went

So I go down the streets
Down to my good friend's house
I said look man I'm outdoors you know
Can I stay with you maybe a couple days?
He said let me go and ask my wife
He come out of the house
I could see it in his face
I know that was no
He said I don't know man ah she kinda funny, you know
I said I know, everybody funny, now you funny too

So I go back home
I tell the landlady I got a job, I'm gonna pay the rent
She said yeah? I said oh yeah
And then she was so nice
Loh' she was lovy-dovy
So I go in my room, pack up my things and I go
I slip on out the back door and down the streets I go
She a-howlin' about the front rent, she'll be lucky to get
any back rent
She ain't gonna get none of it
So I stop in the local bar you know people
I go to the bar, I ring my coat, I call the bartender
Said look man, come down here, he got down there
So what you want?

One bourbon, one scotch, one beer
Well I ain't seen my baby since I don't know when
I've been drinking bourbon, whiskey, scotch and gin
Gonna get high man I'm gonna get loose
Need me a triple shot of that juice
Gonna get drunk don't you have no fear
I want one bourbon, one scotch and one beer
One bourbon, one scotch, one beer

But I'm sitting now at the bar
I'm getting drunk, I'm feelin' mellow
I'm drinkin' bourbon, I'm drinkin' scotch, I'm drinkin'
beer
Looked down the bar, here come the bartender
I said look man, come down here
So what you want?

One bourbon, one scotch, one beer
No I ain't seen my baby since the night before last
Gotta get a drink man I'm gonna get gassed
Gonna get high man I ain't had enough
Need me a triple shot of that stuff
Gonna get drunk won't you listen right here
I want one bourbon, one shot and one beer
One bourbon, one scotch, one beer

Now by this time I'm plenty high
You know when your mouth a-getting dry you're plenty
high
Looked down the bar I say to my bartender
I said look man, come down here, he got down there
So what you want this time?
I said look man, a-what time is it?
He said the clock on the wall say three o'clock
Last call for alcohol, so what you need?

One bourbon, one scotch, one beer
No I ain't seen my baby since a nigh' and a week
Gotta get drunk man till I can't even speak
Gonna get high man listen to me
One drink ain't enough Jack you better make it three
I wanna get drunk I'm gonna make it real clear
I want one bourbon, one scotch and one beer
One bourbon, one scotch, one beer

Submitted by Michael Hack

Visit [Georges Brassens](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.