

## **Lambchop**

### **"Bon Soir, Bon Soir"**

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It's beach blanket bingo  
At the end of the day  
And his eyes are like wading pools  
And his feet are like clay  
And he drifts through the crowd  
They all know who he is  
They have seen him before  
He's just a friend of his  
Oh, get out of the car  
Bon soir bon soir  
Now his prey is on the gentle  
Like a bully or a jerk  
He may call you at home  
Or he may call you at work  
Manipulate your conscience  
Is his own private game  
You can drive him around  
Till he drives you insane  
Get out of the car  
Bon soir bon soir  
Yadayadayada  
Now it's not like he's stupid  
He's as smart as a whip  
As the bottle grows empty  
He will tighten his grip  
And he senses that you're weaker  
It's not even noon  
Every moment with him  
Is a moment too soon  
Get out of the car  
Bon soir bon soir  
What a penis you are  
Bon soir bon soir

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