

Here's a tale, thats hard to tell
The story of, my southern belle
I hate to say, I knew her well
And in no time, in love I fell

She had a vice, one thing she craved
I never knew one, so depraved
She wanted one, before I shaved
Of those, little pieces of Gherkin

You are bedlam, she said to me
Bedlam is madness, so can't you see
You've got to make a sacrifice
And go to the grocers, I've been there twice

The grocer man was very nice
He worked alone, all by himself
Then I saw upon the shelf;
Two little jars of those green Gherkins
Strangley enough, two jars of Gherkins

I wondered if they'd made the grade
Would they be worth, the price I paid
They'd be right, I hoped and prayed
'Cause if they were, I have it made

My southern belle was not impressed
My Gherkin power, had failed the test
And now she's gone, like all the rest
For those strange little pieces of Gherkin
Those starngle little pieces of Gherkin

And when I hold your arms
I wanna be near you, inside your charms
Because, because, because, I love you, I love you so
You make me wanna break down and cry

Comme c'est dommage
Qui, comme c'est dirole
Que je me trouve, tout seule.

Le ciel si rouge
La mer si bleu
Into it, myself I throw.

Peut etre, je suis Un "stupid French git", comme tout le monde dit...