

Steve Cartwright

Learn French with Ze Beatles

I love it Oui Oui Oui
I love it Oui Oui Oui
I love it Oui Oui Oui Qui

Michelley be a good gelly
Nip down the offey get some cans of stella
Our Michelley
Michelley be a good gelly
Shift yer arse cos I can't see the telly
Our Michelley

Oh My Jacqueline Froggies legs and snailsis not my scene Jacqueline
Nip down the pub for a spot of grub
Brussel sprouts the old roast beef and Yorkshire pud
Norwegian Wood
Do you know what I mean

Oh my Angelique
Will you stop eating ze garlic it makes me sick, it makes you wreak
Have a bacon cob with tomato sauce and eat it quick
Eight days a week

Oiseau singing in the dead of nuit
Stop your fucking tweet tweet tweet
I can't sleep Shut your beak

We play football better than you
No you don't oh yes you do
Boo hoo hoo.... I'm a football yob
And I'll hit you
Stick your garlic up your fluer
We beat you at Waterloo coo coo ci choo
In extra time we won three two
So toodle oo and inkey pinkey parlez vous

I Speak Francais yes I can..
"Eiffel Tower
Moulin Rouge
Disney Land
Froggies legs coq au vin
Voulez vous coucher avec moi
In the Eiffel tower bang bang bang pass the spam
I'm a nowhere man"

Hey Jude, comment allez vous
Let's sing a chanson and have a lager
You can stick your ratatouille
Gimme some pommes frites and a double cheese burger

Hey Jude, merci beaucoup
Could I have some sauce of the tomato
You better tek it out of this tenner I don't get these fuckin' euros.
Let's have a croissant
Soon as you touch em the flakes gl all over the floor

All over the table all over the carpet and out through the windows and doors
Can I have yours

Where's my fucking croissant, where has my croissant gone?
Where's my fucking croissant, bring me another one

But you go to spread em, they look so exciting, a great lump of bread on your plate.
But you go to spread em, there's something inside em that's programmed to disintegrate.

Where's my fucking croissant, where has my croissant gone?
Where's my fucking croissant, bring me another one

Oh dear que puis je faire, the froggies drive on the wrong side over here, oh que puis je faire.

I tell you what, the froggies are all fucking twats
I'm driving this way, and they're driving that.

Oh how long will it take till they see the mistake they have made
Oh, froggie get over there
Stop honking your hooters, coz I'm going spare
Oh que puis je faire

Oh mon amour you mesdammeselles are such a bloody bore
We English get it done and then we snore
But you would drag it out for evermore

Encore encore
Encore encore encore encore encore
Excuse my Francais but my balls are sore
Oh give it oer, oh mon amour

Oh Oui oui oui twelve pints of larger and as you can see
I've lost my senses but I never really had any
Oh I would love a lovely cup of tea

Je voudrais un luvoley cup of tea
Je voudrais un luvoley cup of tea
Je voudrais un luvoley cup of tea

On my plate I love to see lovely sausages fried eggs and beans
Jambon fried in smelly fat oh savez vous wot I mean
No escargots, no chamemburt
No chateau briand soixante neuf
10 pints of lagers wot I'll have excusez moi ou est le lav
I want to wee wee wee etc