**Tune and words by Serge Gainsbourg**

Dieu que la vie est cruelle

Au musicien des ruelles

Son copain, son compagnon

C'est l'accordéon

Qui c'est-y qui l'aide à vivre

À s'asseoir quand il s'enivre

C'est-y vous, c'est moi, mais non

C'est l'accordéon

***Accordez, accordez***

***accordez donc***

***L'aumône à l'accordé***

***accordéon***

Ils sont comme cul et chemise

Et quand on les verbalise

Il accompagne au violon

Son accordéon

Il passe une nuit tranquille

Puis au matin il refile

Un peu d'air dans les poumons

De l'accordéon

***{Refrain}***

Quand parfois il lui massacre

Ses petits boutons de nacre

Il en fauche à son veston

Pour l'accordéon

Lui, emprunte ses bretelles

Pour secourir la ficelle

Qui retient ses pantalons

En accordéon

***{Refrain}***

Mais un jour par lassitude

Il laissera la solitude

Se pointer à l'horizon

De l'accordéon

Il en tirera cinquante

Centimes à la brocante

Et on fera plus attention

À l'accordéon

**(Refrain)**

God, life is cruel

To the back-street musician,

His friend, his partner,

Is the accordion

Who is it that helps him to live,

To sit when he is drunk

Is it you, is it me, but no,

It's the accordion.

***Give, give, give thus***

***The alms of the tuned accordion***

They are like ass and shirt ( two peas in pod)

And when they are arrested

It follows him to prison (double meaning of violon)

His accordion

He spends a peaceful night

Then in the morning he re-fills

A little air in the lungs

Of the accordion.

***chorus***

When sometimes he massacres

His little pearl buttons,

That he steals from his jacket

For the accordion.

He borrows his braces

To secure the string

Which holds up his trousers

To the accordion

***chorus***

But one day because of weariness,

He will leave solitude

Point himself to the horizon

With the accordion

He will pull fifty

Pennies at the flea-market

And we will pay no more attention

To the accordion**; chorus**