

Excuse My French

Caro Emerald

I don't know what you must be on
You walked in like Edgar con
Did you fly in on a jet?
Win a million dollar bet?
So let me get my good shoes on
I wanna follow in the same old steps
Where you waltz around like you're the best
Where you garden blooms in May
But it snowing every day
'Cause you have everything you want

You must be
The Houdini in my life
But you can't see
I could never be your wife

'Cause I'm still a lady
No, I'm not some witch
That postponed your lines
I'm not on the best
You're Houdini in the state and boy
I can't use a wretch
I know my words won't tell me
Please excuse my French
(Pardone moi)

Today you think you're Erol Flynn
Sharing stories where you think you've been
Your style must be grand, without a passport stamp
Can't you see the twister that you're in
Lie down inside a sea of words
You're going under, now you won't get hurt
So just give it a rest, this time your more is less
You're going solo in this dream

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