

He did his little dance,
here up in the north of Spain,
Danced all the way to France,
Just to try and bring her rain

That's the way of this man
He rolled away the stone
With a plastic crucifix
'Cause he'd rather get his kicks
Than be here all alone,
That's the way of this man

He's not much of a bel esprit,
She can't seem to understand him
A bit more like a chimpanzee

She thinks he has no soul
'Cause he never learned to crawl
That's the way of this man

And he can only sing
Of his incipient love
That's the way of this man
He's not much of a bel esprit
She can't seem to understand him
A bit more like a chimpanzee
That's the way of this man
That's the way of this man
That's the way of this man
That's the way of this man