

Extra Savoir-faire

They Might Be Giants

When I walk down the street, most guys look like elves
I don't mean to put them down but they do
It's hard to understand me from the language I use
There's no word in English for my style

What's a man like me supposed to do
With all this extra savoir-faire
What is left for me to prove, dear

I know just what to do when the ladies come 'round
You can try to copy me but you'll fail
Now, you might think you're different but time will prove me right
When you wake up from your dream I'll be gone

What's a man like me supposed to do
With all this extra savoir-faire
What is left for me to prove, dear