

I've got a bitter pot of je ne sais quoi  
Guess what-I'm stirring it with a monkey's paw  
Since I saw you coming out of my barber's shop  
In that skimpy little halter top

Did you light the candles? Did you put on "Kind of Blue?"  
Did you use that Ivy League voodoo on him, too?  
He thinks he'll be alright but he doesn't know for sure  
Like every other unindicted coconspirator

Mata Hari had a house in France  
Where she worked on all her secret plans  
Men were falling for her sight unseen  
She was a genius

There's a a face in every window of the Songwriters' Neighborho  
od  
Everybody's your best friend when you're doing well-I mean good  
The poet who lived next door when you were young and poor  
Grew up to be a backstabbing entrepreneur

Albert Einstein was a ladies' man  
While he was working on his universal plan  
He was making out like Charlie Sheen  
He was a genius

When you dropped me and you staked your claim  
On a V.I.P. who could make your name  
You latched on to him and I became  
A minor inconvenience  
Your protege don't care about art  
I'm the one who always told you you were smart  
You broke my heart into smithereens  
And that took genius

You and the barber make a handsome pair  
Guess what-I never liked the way he cut your hair  
I didn't like the way he turned your head  
But there's nothing I can do or say I haven't done or said

Everybody needs a place to stand  
And a method for their schemes and scams  
If I could only get my record clean  
I'd be a genius