

Having Trouble with the Language

Billie Myers

Picture postcard honesty
In the land of hopeless dreams
That man in my sitting room
Only lives behind the screen Oh, look at me happily
In this third party situation
A married man with a see through smile
Who's not quite what he seems Oh, I'm having trouble with the language
Having trouble getting through
Haven't learned my lessons well
So I don't know what to do Having trouble with the language
Do you voulez-vous?
Never catch a falling knife
Oh, that's just my point of view Andre's such a sycophant
Who always leaves the truth behind
Always stands on the outside
No matter how hard she tries It's been a while, the ready smile
I've got to go, oh look at the time
If only she knew what the restless do
She would surely break down and cry Oh, I'm having trouble with the language
Yeah, having trouble getting through
Haven't learned my lessons well
So I don't know what to do Having trouble with the language
Do you voulez-vous?
Never catch a falling knife
Oh, that's just my point of view
That's just my view In a storm electric
The lightning struck his head twice
Now I'm a vegetarian
Because the pig in the middle is dead
Oh yeah, oh no Downtown at the funeral home
There's a dark cloud over our heads
She looked better in a black suit
But he looked better dead Oh, having trouble with the language
(With a knock, knock, knock)
Having trouble breaking through
(And a knock, knock, knock)
Yeah, no you don't know what to do Having trouble with the language
Do you voulez-vous?
Never catch a falling knife

Oh, that's just my point of view Oh yeah
Oh, what he's talking 'bout?
Having trouble with the language
Do you voulez-vous?
Never catch a falling knife
Oh, that's just my point of view Having trouble with the language
Having trouble getting through
I still don't know
I don't know what to do
[Incomprehensible]
By the way that's French
Do you know what?

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