Genius In France

"Weird Al" Yankovic

I'm not the brightest crayon in the box
Everyone says I'm dumber than a bag of rocks
I barely even know how to put on my own pants
But I'm a genius in France, genius in France, genius in FranceHoom chaka laka
Hoom chaka laka
Hoom chakaI may not be the sharpest hunk of cheese
I got a negative number on my S.A.T.'s
I'm not good looking and I don't know how to dance
But nevertheless and in spite of the evidence
I am still widely considered to be
A genius in France, a genius in France, a genius in FrancePeople say I'm a geek, I'm a moronic little freak
And annoying pipsqueak with an unfortunate physique
If I was any dumber, they'd have to water me twice a weekBut when the Mademoiselles see me, they all swoon and shriek
They dig my mystique, they think I'm c'est magnifique
When I'm in Paree, I'm the chicest of the chicThey love my body odor and my bad toupee
They love my stripey shirt and my stupid beret
And when I'm sipping on a Perrier
In some cafe town in St. TropezIt's hard to keep the fans at bay
They say, "Sign my poodle, s'il vous plait"
"Sign my poodle, s'il vous plait"
Hemenene humenene
Himenene homenene, poodle, poodleFolks in my hometown think I'm a fool
Got too much chlorine in my gene pool
A few peas short of a casserole
A few buttons missing on my remote controlA few fries short of a happy meal
I couldn't pour water out of a boot with instructions on the heel
Instructions on the heel
Instructions on the heelBut when I'm in Provence, I get free croissants
Yeah, I'm the guy every French lady wants
And if you ask 'em why?
You're bound to get this response(He's a genius in France, genius in France)
That's right
(He's a genius in France, genius in France)
You know it
(He's a genius in France, genius in France, genius in France)I'm not the brightest bulb on the Christmas tree
But the folks in France, they don't seem to agree
They say, "Bonjour, Monsieur
Would you take ze picture with me?"I say, "Oui, oui"

That's right
I say, "Oui, oui"
Oui, oui
He says, "Oui, oui"I'm dumber than a box of hair
But those Frenchies don't seem to care
Don't know why, mon frere
But they love me there
I'm a genius in France, I'm a genius in FranceGonna make a big splash when I show up in Cannes
Gonna make those Frenchies scream
"You ze man! You ze man! You ze man!"
Like a fine Renoir, I've got that je me c'est quoi
Like a fine Renoir, I've got that je me c'estQuoi quoi quoi quoi quoi, oo we oo
Quoi quoi quoi quoi quoi, oo we oo
Bow diddy bow di bow di bow bow diddy
Bow diddy bow di bow di bow bow diddy bowI'm a taco short of a combo plate
But by some twist of fate, all the frogs think I'm great
Oh, the men all faint and the women scream
They like me more than heavy creamWhen I'm in Versailles, I'm a popular guy
My oh my, I'm as French as apple pie
They think I'm awfully witty, a riot and a half
When I tell a stupid joke, they laugh(Haw haw haw haw haw)
And laugh
(Haw haw haw haw haw haw)People in France have lots of attitude
They're snotty and rude, they like disgusting food
But when they see me, they just come unglued
They think that I am one happening dudeBowm ba ba bowm ba bowm ba bowm
I'm about as sharp as a bowling ball
But they like me better than Charles De GaulleEntre nous, it's very true
The room temperature's higher than my I.Q.
But they love me more than Gerard Depardieu
How did this happen I don't have a clueI'm not the quickest tractor on the farm
I don't have any skills or grace or charm
And most people look at me like
I'm all covered with ants
But I'm a genius in France, genius in France, genius in FranceAnd I'm never goin' back, I'm never goin' back
I'm never, never, never, never goin' back home again
I'm tearin' up my return flight ticket
Gonna tell the folks back here where they can stick
'Cause I'm never goin' back
I'm never goin' back, I'm never goin' backThe girls back home never gave me a chance
But I sho' 'nuff got them frogs in some kinda trance
And I'm aware that it's a most improbable circumstance
But "Great Googily Moogily", I'm a genius in FranceEvery Frenchie that I meet
Just can't wait to kiss my feet
Get in line, pucker up! Tout Suite!

Bowm diddy bowm diddy bowm diddyI'm gettin' even more famous by the hour
I'm stuffed with pastries and drunk with power
Now they're puttin' up my statue by the Eiffel Tower
A little more to the left, boys, a little more to the left
A little more to the left, boys, a little more to the leftI'm the biggest dork there is alive
My mom picked out my clothes for me till I was thirty five
And I forgot to mention
I'm not even welcome at the Star Trek conventionBut the Frenchies think
That my poop don't stink
I'm a genius in FranceSay, would you pass the Grey Poupon?
Merci beaucoup

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