

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 France Hoom chaka laka
Hoom chaka laka
Hoom chaka I 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 France People 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 week But 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 chic They 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. Tropez It'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, poodle Folks 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 control A 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 heel But 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 France Gonna 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'est Quoi quoi quoi quoi, oo we oo
 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 bow I'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 cream When 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 dude Bowm ba ba bowm ba bowm ba bowm
 I'm about as sharp as a bowling ball
 But they like me better than Charles De Gaulle Entre 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 clue I'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 France And 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' back The 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 France Every Frenchie that I meet
 Just can't wait to kiss my feet
 Get in line, pucker up! Tout Suite!

Bowm diddy bowm diddy bowm diddy I'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 left I'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 convention But the Frenchies think
That my poop don't stink
I'm a genius in France Say, would you pass the Grey Poupon?
Merci beaucoup

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