

# 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 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 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)  
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 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 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 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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