

They Might Be Giants "Extra Savoir-faire"

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When I walk down the street
Most guys look like elves
I don't mean to put them down
But they do

It's hard to understand me
From the language I use
There's no word in English
For my style

What's a man like me
Supposed to do
With all this extra savoir faire?
What is left for me to prove, dear?

I know just what to do
When the ladies come 'round
You can try to copy me
But you'll fail

Now you might think you're different
But time will prove me right
When you wake up from your dream
I'll be gone

What's a man like me
Supposed to do
With all this extra savoir faire?
What is left for me to prove, dear?

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