

## Weiland Scott

### "Genius In France"

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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 (yeah), 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 SATs  
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, a moronic little freak  
An 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 Par-ee, I'm the chic-est 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 [down] 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, "Wee, Wee"  
That's right, I say, "Wee, Wee"  
"Wee, Wee"  
He says, "Wee, Wee"

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  
Yeah, 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 (waa), I've got that [je ne sais quoi]  
(quoi!)  
Like a fine Renoir (ooh la la), I've got that [je ne sais] ...  
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

[snort]

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 (apple pie)  
They think I'm awful 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 DeGaulle

Entre nous, it's very true  
The room temperature's higher than my IQ  
But they love me more than Gerard Depardieu  
How did this happen; I don't have a clue

Well, 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 (yeah), 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 [home] where they can stick it

'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! [Toute] 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 35  
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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