

## Deluxe Super "What's Up With Me"

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what's up with me  
would you believe  
i'm not exactly what i'm supposed to be  
a grand cliché on holiday  
from what i read i guess a dead giveaway  
a reluctant dilettante  
with no favorite work of art  
or beloved poem that i wrote in rome or somewhere  
i get every lesson à la carte  
and a purple heart starved for air  
je parle français while i'm away  
though i never have a thing to say  
what's up with me complacency  
far too obvious for you to agree  
an idiot savant wondering if he's dumb or smart  
struck by cupid's arrow  
or a poison dart filled with fear and how  
everything might fall apart  
ending at the start insincere  
what's up with me

born a scorpio  
my deviations on display  
well i feel all wrong though i'm a-okay (so they say...)  
i know better than to act this way  
hell i put you on touche  
what's up with me

champs élysée  
suddenly she's there  
telling me that i'm to blame  
je suis content  
getting what i want  
though i whisper the wrong name  
au revoir  
no small faux pas  
thinking of you

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