

Billie Myers, Having Trouble With The Language

Picture postcard honesty
In the land of hopeless dreams
That man in my sitting room
Only lives behind the screen
Oh, look at me happily
In this third party situation
A married man with a see through smile
Who's not quite what he seems
Oh, I'm having trouble with the language
Having trouble getting through
Haven't learned my lessons well
So I don't know what to do
Having trouble with the language
Do you voulez-vous?
Never catch a falling knife
Oh, that's just my point of view
Andre's such a sycophant
Who always leaves the truth behind
Always stands on the outside
No matter how hard she tries
It's been a while
ready smile
I've got to go
Oh look at the time
If only she knew
What the restless do
She would surely break down and cry
Oh, I'm having trouble with the language
Yeah, Having trouble getting through
Haven't learned my lessons well
So I don't know what to do
Having trouble with the language
Do voulez-vous?
Never catch a falling knife
Oh, that's just my point of view
That's just my view
In a storm electric
The lightning struck his head, twice
Now I'm a vegetarian
Because the pig in the middle is dead
Oh yeah
Oh no
Downtown at the funeral home
There's a dark cloud over our heads
She looked better in a black suit
But he looked better... dead
Oh, having trouble with the language
With a knock, knock, knock
Having trouble breaking through
And a knock, knock, knock
Yeah, no you don't know what to do
Having trouble with the language
Do you voulez-vous?
Never catch a falling knife
Oh, that's just my point of view
Oh yeah
Oh, is talking 'bout
Having trouble with the language
Do you voulez-vous?
Never catch a falling knife
Oh, that's just my point of view
Having trouble with the language
Having trouble getting through
I still don't know

I don't know what to do