

# 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