

Frida, You Know What I Mean

No, I'm not myself today.
Je suis Salome... I am romantic
Je suis Apollo... I am gigantic
Hey! Stronzo,
I'm standing next to you in the supermarket
Yeah! Your are obvious, I am oblivious
Salome, Apollo, in Technicolour
I walked on the moon to touch the stars,
A legend in my lifetime.
Oh mamma! My Rosa! From an early age
I was used and abused, no more those bad reviews
Take me back to '72 my coo ca choo,
Oh! Ignorance was bliss,
Spunk-a-flow, to the joy of my first kiss
I'm not me... I'm not me... I'm not me... not me...
Non sono io!
Oh my lord, I'm so bored, what's on the TV?
Do we really need these pissy popstars
When there's not enough of me!
Oh Dada, my Dali, un chien de Lou Lou...
I am the art in your party,
Not a twist cap sniffing bore.
It's tough in the queue, it's as unto a platform shoe,
Oh! Trampled underfoot,
I'm Fred Astaire, I face the music and dance.
I'm not me... I'm not me... I'm not me... not me...
No I'm not myself... today
Oh glorioso deliver us not into frustration
Salome, Apollo, in Technicolour,
I walked on the moon to touch the stars.
Hey Stronzo... Ancora!
I'm not me... I'm not me... I'm not me... not me...
Non sono io!
Heave ho... heave ho...
Leonardo! Marlon Brando! Machiavelli!
And Bertolt's Belly!
A millionaire with curly hair, I'm your burning empire.
Greta Garbo! Andy Warhol! And his jam-roll!
Nero plays his violin, Seezer his accordian
I'm sitting in the bathtub watching the dirty water
Swirl down the plughole... and on my stereo...
..is Caruso.