

# 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 accordion  
I'm sitting in the bathtub watching the dirty water  
Swirl down the plughole... and on my stereo...  
..is Caruso.