

Super Deluxe, What's Up With Me?

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 a 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