

# They Might Be Giants, Extra Savoir-Faire

When I walk down the street, most guys look like elves  
I don't mean to put them down but they do  
It's hard to understand me from the language I use  
There's no word in English for my style

What's a man like me supposed to do  
With all this extra savoir-faire  
What is left for me to prove, dear

I know just what to do when the ladies come 'round  
You can try to copy me but you'll fail  
Now, you might think you're different but time will prove me right  
When you wake up from your dream I'll be gone

What's a man like me supposed to do  
With all this extra savoir-faire  
What is left for me to prove, dear