Me

Gilbert O'Sullivan

(randy newman karl marks the spot where tom waits before the war)
Oh why do people look at me
As though I were a freak
Oh can't they see that what they're looking at is quite unique
In fact I'd go as far as saying I'm something of a gem
Whose qualities do not expire they simply overwhelm

If I believe the half of what most analysts now claim
Then photos of me must be put into a Zimmer frame

You can't make music at your age
It simply isn't done
Well balls to those who take that View
Especially if they're young

Me I believe a child that misbehaves
And answers back
Would benefit for what it did
By being given a smack

(Why do people, why do people, why do people)

I'm happy being middle-aged
Where confidence is full
When growing up my sister's doll
Was all that I could pull

Your eyes are blue
Your eyes are green
What difference does it make?
As long as you've no more than two
And only one's a fake
(Why do people)

I've never felt the urge to burn the candle at both ends
The logic of it does indeed make very little sense
Imagine trying to place it somewhere
After it's been lit
With flames above it and below
There's nowhere it would fit
Let alone a candlestick
Let alone a candlestick
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