

# 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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(Why do people)

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