

## Madam, I Challenge You to a Duel

They Might Be Giants

I am a man of honor  
And I am mortified by your litany of slurs  
Such a lot of words  
Oh, dear

Madam, I challenge you to a duel  
My second warned you to be careful  
That bell can't be unrung  
Madam, you mistake me for a bumpkin  
It's clear you're yelling something  
Oh please, don't burst a lung

You are an unfit rival  
By spirits taught to sing  
But a tune so twisted now  
Like all that's sweet's gone sour  
Oh, dear

Madam, you mistake me for a fool  
Yes, your little dog may hold the pistols  
Although he seems high-strung

Madam, I challenge you to a duel  
My second warned you to be careful  
That bell can't be unrung  
Can't be unrung  
Can't be unrung