

I've got a bitter pot of je ne sais quoi
Guess what-I'm stirring it with a monkey's paw
Since I saw you coming out of my barber's shop
In that skimpy little halter top

Did you light the candles? Did you put on "Kind of Blue?"
Did you use that Ivy League voodoo on him, too?
He thinks he'll be alright but he doesn't know for sure
Like every other unindicted coconspirator

Mata Hari had a house in France
Where she worked on all her secret plans
Men were falling for her sight unseen
She was a genius

There's a a face in every window of the Songwriters' Neighborho
od
Everybody's your best friend when you're doing well-I mean good
The poet who lived next door when you were young and poor
Grew up to be a backstabbing entrepreneur

Albert Einstein was a ladies' man
While he was working on his universal plan
He was making out like Charlie Sheen
He was a genius

When you dropped me and you staked your claim
On a V.I.P. who could make your name
You latched on to him and I became
A minor inconvenience
Your protege don't care about art
I'm the one who always told you you were smart
You broke my heart into smithereens
And that took genius

You and the barber make a handsome pair
Guess what-I never liked the way he cut your hair
I didn't like the way he turned your head
But there's nothing I can do or say I haven't done or said

Everybody needs a place to stand
And a method for their schemes and scams
If I could only get my record clean
I'd be a genius