

Foreign Man

I am a foreign man, in a foreign land.
I got some money, but, I don't know how much.
I'm taking my time, to unwind.
I got a half a bottle of wine, and a loaf of bread for lunch.
I got a map of where I'm goin', but, I don't know where I am.
It's a holiday in Paris and I'm the ugly American.

'Cause I'm a stranger in a strange land.
Can't you hear it when I talk.
I'm a stranger in a strange land.
Can't you see it when I walk.
I just skip across the pond like a stone.
Past the international date-line, through a couple of time zones.

And I'm...
Walking the streets of Paris, umbrella by my side.
Sittin in a cafe, watchin' the people go by.
If it rains, I don't care, I can always go inside.
I cannot read the menu, but, I can always point and smile.
I know you all don't understand, I hold my fork in the wrong hand.
You charge me twice the price and I say,
 "Thank You. It's been nice!"

'Cause I'm your American Cousin.
Cousin, I like to talk real loud.
I'm your American Cousin.
Cousin, you know I ain't too proud.
So, don't judge me by my politics,
I'm not a political man.
The things my government does, you know, I don't even understand.

And you like our movies and you like our cars.
You like our music, I can hear it in your bars.
You like our fashion and you love our TV.
So, why in the Hell, Don't You Like Me?
'Cause I'm a foreign man...

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I'm a stranger in a strange land.
Can't you see it when I walk.
I just skip across the pond like a stone.
Past the international date-line, through a couple of time zones.
And I'm walking the streets of Paris.
That umbrella still by my side.
I know I sound kind of funny, but, this accent, I can't hide.
And if you could explain it, I'd gladly say, "Merci."
Just why in the Hell now,
 Don't You Like Me?

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