

[Fill] D#m D#m D#m D#m - D#m D#m - ... - ... - Ow
[Intro] D#m B F# C# - ... - Uhuh - Yeah yeah - ...

I've known a few guys
Who thought they were pretty smart
But you've got being right - Down to an art
You think you're a genius - You drive me up the wall
You're a regular original - A know-it-all

Shania
Twain

Oh, woh - You think you're special [Pre-Chorus]
Oh, woh - You think you're something else G# D# C# C#

[Chorus] X X X X - (B F# C# D#m x3) - B F# (C# C#)
Okay - (So you're a rocket scientist) D#m X X X
That don't impress me much - ...
(So you got the (brain)) - But have you got the touch
Now don't get me wrong, yeah - I think you're alright
But that won't keep me warm
(In the middle of the night) - ...
That don't impress me much [Intro]

I never knew a guy - Who carried a mirror in his pocket
And a comb up his sleeve - Just in case
And all that extra hold gel
In your hair, oughta lock it
'Cause, Heaven forbid
It should fall outta place

That Don't
Impress Me Much

[Pre-Chorus] [Chorus]
(So you're Brad Pitt)
You're one o' those guys [Instru - Intro] (x4)
Who likes to shine his machine

You make me take off my shoes - Before you let me get in
I can't believe - You kiss your car goodnight
C'mon baby, tell me - You must be jokin', right [Pre-
Chorus]

[Chorus (.../C# C# x2) (So you've got a car)
Lines #1~10-3~11] ((moves)/You think you're cool)
[Intro] (On the long, cold, lonely night)
Okay - So what do you think, you're Elvis or something
... - Whatever - (... - ... x2) - That don't impress me