

Julius Wechter, Spanish Flea

There was a little Spanish flea
A record star he thought he'd be
He'd heard of singers like Beatles
The Chipmunks he'd seen on TV
Why not a little Spanish flea?

And so he hid
Inside a doggie from Madrid
Arriving here in the city
Still singin his sweet harmony
As brave as any flea could be

He walked around
As if he owned the town
Humming his pint sized melody
With his guitar he knew he'd be a star
And in his old home town, how proud they'd be

Then all at once he met a man
Who said, "I'll help you if I can"
He listened first to his song
And then sang right along for you see
He loved the little Spanish flea

You'll be the rage
I'll put you on the stage
In costumes like you've never worn
While at a glance
He knew this was his chance
Yes all at once a Spanish star was born

For when the people heard him play,
They all began to shout "OLE!"
He was the pride of the nation,
A singing sensation was he
Though he was just a Spanish flea!