

Sherman Allan, Spanish Flea

(parody of "Spanish Flea" by Herb Alpert & The Tijuana Brass)

It's good to be a Spanish flea.

The Spanish dogs all scratch at me.

I make my home in a spaniel

Called Jose or Manuel

Or Juan,

And I wouldn't put you on.

My summer place is some great dane,

In Barcelona, northern Spain.

And though it rains in July,

I keep dry way up high

'Cause the rain

Falls mainly in the plain.

Ah, but in the wintertime,

I find a cozy saint bernard.

Up the Spanish Alps we climb,

Complete with anti-freeze,

More brandy, please.

I've got a sweetheart flea, cute kid.

Lives on a beagle near Madrid.

If she can sublet her beagle

I'll make her my legal

First wife,

And we'll live a dog's life.

But if she refuses me,

I'm gonna shout, "Who cares!"

And move somewhere.

Perchance I'll fly to southern France,

Where any flea can find romance.

I'll pack my kit and caboodle

And find me a poodle

And dance

'Scuse me, Rover, which way's France?