

The Kingston Trio, The World's Last Authentic Playboys

With Ruby and Ollie soon over the hill, for marrying Tommy there still is no pill.

We're the world's last authentic playboys, just three fun-loving ne'er-do-wells. Our whole attitude says life's a gay toy to be played with and raced through pell mell.

Acapulco each winter for fishing, then summer to Bar Harbor, Maine. If the cycle gets boringly vicious, we shall try Monte Carlo again.

We're the world's last authentic playboys. We were born thirty years too late. Though we're blessed with savoir-faire and rare POISE, both these virtues are useless AS fate.

I fought bulls at a Plaza de Toros. Chased gorillas around in the trees. Such adventures now make me feel morose and blas as a playboy can be.

We're the world's last authentic playboys, just a trio of rogues on the loose. We pursue life while searching for new joys, just ahead of the SHOTGUN and noose.

When they find the abominable snowman, running nude through the snow four miles high
They'll say, "Are you an ape?" I'll say, "No, man. I just thought I'd give this ROLE a try."

We're the world's last authentic playboys, just three lunatics still at large. If you're female and we think you're pretty, you're in luck, it's all free. There's no charge.

'Til taxes get lower, we're all that are left; three authentic playboys too lazy for theft.