

Barbra Streisand, Sam You Made The Pants Too

Trousers dragging, slowly dragging through the street
Yes, I'm walking, but I'm walking without feet
I'm not finding fault at all, you're too big and I'm too small
But Sam, you promised me both ends would meet
You made the coat and vest fit the best
You made the lining nice and strong
But Sam, you made the pants too long
You made the peak lapel look so swell
So who am I to say you're wrong?
But Sam, you made the pants too long
They got a belt and they got suspenders
So what can they lose?
But what good are belts and suspenders
When the pants are hanging over the shoes?
You feel a winter breeze up and down the knees
The belt is where the tie belongs
'Cause, Sam, Sam, Sam you made the pants too long