

Frank Sinatra, Coffee Song, The

Writer(s): Lyrics: Bob Hilliard/Music: Dick Miles

Way down among Brazilians
Coffee beans grow by the billions
So they've got to find those extra cups to fill
They've got an awful lot of coffee in Brazil
You can't get cherry soda
'Cause they've got to fill that quota
And the way things are I'll bet they never will
They've got a zillion tons of coffee in Brazil
No tea or tomato juice
You'll see no potato juice
The planters down in Santos all say no no no
The politician's daughter
Was accused of drinking water
And was fined a great big fifty dollar bill
They've got an awful lot of coffee in Brazil
You date a girl and find out later
She smells just like a percolator
Her perfume was made right on the grill
Why they could percolate the ocean in Brazil
And when their ham and eggs need savor
Coffee ketchup gives 'em flavor
Coffee pickles way outsell the dill
Why they put coffee in the coffee in Brazil
So your lead to the local color
Serving coffee with a cruller
Dunking doesn't take a lot of skill
They've got an awful lot of coffee in Brazil