

Jimmy Buffett, Pencil Thin Mustache

Now they make new movies in old black and white,
With happy endings, where nobody fights,
So if you find yourself in that nostalgic rage,
Honey, jump right up and show your age.

I wish I had a pencil-thin mustache,
the "Boston Blackie" kind, or a
two-toned Ricky Ricardo jacket,
and an autographed picture of Andy Divine.

Oh, I remember bein' buck toothed and skinny
Writin' fan letters to Sky's niece Penny.
Oh, I wish I had a pencil-thin mustache,
then I could solve some mysteries too.
Oh it's Bandstand, Disneyland, growin' up fast,
Drinkin' on a fake I.D.
And Rama of the jungle was everyone's Bawana,
But only jazz musicians were smokin marijuana.
Yeah, I wish I had a pencil-thin mustache,
then I could solve some mysteries too.

But then it's flat-top, dirty bop, copin' a feel'
grubbin on the living room floor;
They send you off to college to try to gain
a little knowledge,
But all you want to do is learn how to score.
Yeah, but now I'm gettin' old, don't wear underwear,
I don't go to church, and I don't cut my hair;
But I can go to movies and see it all there,
Just the way that it use to be.

That's why I wish I had a pencil-thin mustache
the "Boston Blackie" kind, or a
two-toned Ricky Ricardo jacket,
And an autographed picture of Andy Divine.

Oh, I could be anyone I wanted to be,
Maybe suave Eerol Flynn or the Sheik of Araby.
If I only had a pencil-thin mustache,
then I could do some cruising too.

Yeah, Brylcream, a little dab'll do yah,
Oh, I could do some cruising too.