

Sparks, Moustache

A lady gets a lotta things
She gets a 20 carat ring
She gets the alimony too
She gets to look good in the nude
But there's one place where they've been whipped
Between the nose and upper lip

M-M-M-M-M-M Moustache
M-M-M-M-M-M Moustache
M-M-M-M-M-M Moustache
One hundred hairs make a man

I tried a handlebar design
My Fu Manchu was real fine
My Ronald Colman made 'em blink
My Pancho Villa made 'em think
But when I trimmed 'em real small
My Jewish friends would never call

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They call me sir, and that ain't bad
Sometimes they think that I'm my Dad
And women flirt and you can bet
They like that tickle that they get
The only time I feel bad
Is when they guess the lunch I've had

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