

Stephen Lynch, Little Tiny Moustache

"Yeah. You're either gonna like this song, or kick my ass after the show."

You're the love of my life,
But it cuts like a knife,
And I feel that I'm being misled.
See, I'm a little concerned,
For I've recently learned
Of the swastika tattoo on your head.

And it makes you smile
When you hear "Sieg Heil";
You love the smell of a burning cross in the yard.
You do goose-step salutes
In your Doc Martin boots,
And you quoted "Mein Kampf" in our 5th anniversary card.

I think you're a nazi, baby.
Are you a nazi?
You might be a nazi, baby...

You keep extensive files
On the Nuremberg trials,
And you watch them whenever they're airing.
I guess I should've known
When you bought a new bone
For your puppies named Gbbles and Gring.

You showed up late
To our very first date;
I said, "How are you?";, you said, "White power";.
Call me paranoid,
But I'm not overjoyed
When you ask me if I want to shower...

I think you're a nazi.
Don't be lyin', baby,
Are you a nazi?
Are you anti-Zion, baby?

Your every dress
Is monogrammed "SS";.
You hold an Aryan picknick and bash.
And it makes me irate
When you say I look great
When I wear a little tiny moustache.

Your social politics
Say that races don't mix,
And you call it pure-blood pollution.
And whenever I'm sad,
You say it's not so bad,
For every problem there's a Final Solution...

I think you're a nazi.
Give me an answer, baby.
Are you a nazi?
You drive a fuckin' panzer, baby.

You say that love is blind,
So how could I have guessed...
But then again, I met you
At the Wagner Fest...

I know you're a nazi,

And that's why I'm leavin'.
I know you're a nazi,
Sure as my name is Stephen...
... Lynchbergstein.