

Pencil Thin Mustache

Jimmy Buffett

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
Chorus:
I wish I had a pencil thin moustache
The Boston Blackie kind
A two toned Ricky Ricardo jacket
And an autographed picture of Andy Devine
I remember bein' buck-toothed and skinny
Writin' fan letters to Sky's niece Penny
Oh I wish I had a pencil thin moustache
Then I could solve some mysteries too
Then it's Bandstand, Disneyland, growin' up fast
Drinkin' on a fake I.D.
Yeah, and Rama of the jungle was everyone's Bawana
But only jazz musicians were smokin' marijuana
Yeah, I wish I had a pencil thin moustache
Then I could solve some mysteries too
Then it's flat top, dirty bob, coppin' a feel
Grubbin' on the livin' room floor (so sore)
Yeah, they send you off to college, 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 used to be
Chorus:
That's why I wish I had a pencil thin moustache
The Boston Blackie kind
A two-toned Ricky Ricardo jacket
And an autographed picture of Andy Devine
Oh, I could be anyone I wanted to be
Maybe suave Errol Flynn or the Sheik of Araby
If I only had a pencil thin moustache
Then I could do some cruisin' too
Coda:
Yeah, Bryl-cream, a little dab'll do yah
Oh, I could do some cruisin' too
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>