

Little Tiny Moustache

Stephen Lynch

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 Göbbles and Göring. 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.

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