

# The Man Who Plays The Mandolino

Dean Martin

With his little mandolino  
And a twinkle in his eye  
Senorinas he can win  
Always for another guy

Italians love to sip a cup of cappuccino  
And listen to the man who plays the mandolino  
You offer him a cigarette a glass of wine  
That's how he's paid to serenade your lady fair

With his little mandolino  
And a twinkle in his eye  
Senorinas he can win  
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He seems like such a happy man  
The man who plays the mandolino  
He sings a song of sweet romance for all the lovers as they dance  
But all he's holding in his arms is just a little mandolino  
He has no woman of his own so every night he walks alone

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And a twinkle in his eye  
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(And while he's strumming songs of love the man who plays the mandolino)  
(His eyes are always looking for a senorina to adore)  
He drinks a toast to his true love each time he lifts a glass of vino  
And so until that lucky day he looks for her along the way

With his little mandolino  
And a twinkle in his eye  
Senorinas he can win  
Always for another guy  
(Both) The man who plays the mandolino