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-Mustache, mustache, mustache, mustache M-M-Mustache, mustache, mustache, mustache, mustache M-M-Mustache, mustache, mustache, mustache 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

M-M-Mustache, mustache, mustache, mustache M-M-Mustache, mustache, mustache, mustache, mustache M-M-Mustache, mustache, mustache, mustache One hundred hairs make a man One hundred hairs make a man One hundred hairs make a man

M-M-Mustache M-M-Mustache M-M-Mustache

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

M-M-Mustache, mustache, mustache, mustache M-M-Mustache, mustache, mustache, mustache, mustache M-M-Mustache, mustache, mustache, mustache