

Spanish Flea

Allan Sherman

It's good to be a Spanish flea.
The Spanish dogs all scratch at me.
I make my home in a spaniel
Called Jose or Manuel
Or Juan,
And I wouldn't put you on.

My summer place is some Great Dane,
In Barcelona, northern Spain.
And though it rains in July,
I keep dry way up high
Cause the rain
Falls mainly in the plain.

Ah, but in the wintertime,
I find a cozy Saint Bernard.
Up the Spanish Alps we climb,
Complete with anti-freeze,
More brandy, please.

I've got a sweetheart flea, cute kid.
Lives on a beagle near Madrid.
If she can sublet her beagle
I'll make her my legal
First wife,
And we'll live a dog's life.

But if she refuses me,
I'm gonna shout, "Who cares!"
And move somewheres.

Perchance I'll fly to southern France,
Where any flea can find romance.
I'll pack my kit and caboodle
And find me a poodle
And dance
'Scuse me, Rover, which way's France?