

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

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 ID
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
Thin, thin, pencil-thin mustache

Then it's flat top, dirty bop, 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

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

Yeah, Brylcreem, a little dab'll do yah
Oh, I could do some cruisin' too