

Little Tiny Moustache

Stephen Lynch

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 Goebbels and Goering

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
Look deep in your psyché baby
Are you a nazi?
Seem a little thirdeichy maybe

Your every dress is monogrammed SS,
you hold an Aryan picnic 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 fucking panzer baby

They say that love is blind so how could I have guessed
But then again I met you at the Schindler's list protest

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, Lynch-Berg-stein.