

World's Last Authentic Playboys

The Kingston Trio

With Ruby and Ollie soon over the hill, for marrying Tommy there
is still no pill

We're the world's last authentic playboys, just three fun-
loving ne'er-do-wells
Our whole attitude says life's a gay toy to be played with and
raced through Pell Mell

Acapulco each winter for fishing, then summer to Bar Harbor, Ma-
ine
If the cycle gets boringly vicious, we shall try Monte Carlo ag-
ain

We're the world's last authentic playboys. We were born thirty
years too late
Though we're blessed with savoir-
faire and rare poise, both these virtues are useless as fate

I fought bulls at a Plaza de Toros. Chased gorillas around in the
trees
Such adventures now make me feel morose and blasé as a playboy
can be

We're the world's last authentic playboys, just a trio of rogues
on the loose
We pursue life while searching for new joys, just ahead of the
shotgun and noose

When they find the abominable snowman, running nude through the
snow four miles high
They'll say, "Are you an ape?" I'll say, "No, man. I just thought
I'd give this role a try"

We're the world's last authentic playboys, just three lunatics
still at large
If you're female and we think you're pretty, you're in luck, it
's all free there's no charge

Till taxes get lower, we're all that are left; three authentic
playboys too lazy for theft