

World's Last Authentic Playboys

The Kingston Trio

With Ruby and Ollie soon over the hill, for marrying Tommy there still is 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, Maine

If the cycle gets boringly vicious, we shall try Monte Carlo again

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