

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 mustache
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 mustache
Then I could solve some mysteries too Then it's Bandstand, Disneyland, growin' up fast
Drinkin' on a fake I.D.
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 mustache
Then I could solve some mysteries too Then it's flat top, dirty bob, 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 mustache
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 mustache
Then I could do some cruisin' too Yeah, Bryl-cream, a little dab'll do
Oh, I could do some cruisin' too

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>