

# Little Tiny Moustache

Stephen Lynch

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

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 "Zieg-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 NÃ¼rnberg 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 Goebbles and Goring.  
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, don't be lying, baby.  
Are you a nazi; are you anti-Zion, baby? Your every dress is monogram 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 "Pureblood 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. You say that love is blind, so how could I have guessed?  
But then again, I met you at the Wagner Fest.. 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.

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