

# 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

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