

Little Tiny Moustache

[Stephen Lynch](#)

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 Nremberg 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 Gbbles and Gring.
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 monagram SS, you hold an Aryan picnic and bash.
And it makes me irate when you say I look great
when I wear a litle tiny moustache.
Your social politics say that races dont 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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