

# Spanish Flea

Edmundo Ros

There was a little Spanish flea  
A record star he thought he'd be  
He heard of singers like Beatles  
And The Chipmunks he'd seen on TV  
Why not a little Spanish flea? And so he hid  
Inside a doggy from Madrid  
He arrived in the city  
Still singing his sweet harmony  
As proud as any flea could be He walked around as if he owned the town  
Humming his pint sized melody  
With his guitar he knew he'd be a star  
And in his own home town, how proud he'd be Then all at once he met a man  
Who said, "I'll help you if I can"  
He listened close to his song  
And then he sang right along for you see  
He loved that little Spanish flea

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