

# Little Tiny Moustache

Stephen Lynch

Yeah. You're either gonna like this song, or kick my ass after the show. 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 "Sieg 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 Nuremberg 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 Göbbles and Göring. 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 lyin', baby,

Are you a nazi?

Are you anti-Zion, baby?

Your every dress

Is monogrammed "SS".

You hold an Aryan picknick 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 pure-blood 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 fuckin' 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...  
... Lynchbergstein.

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>