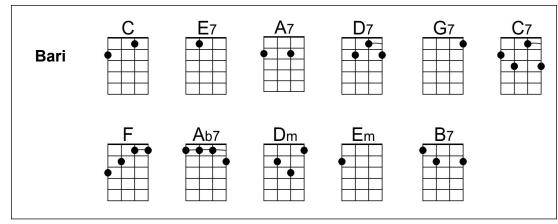
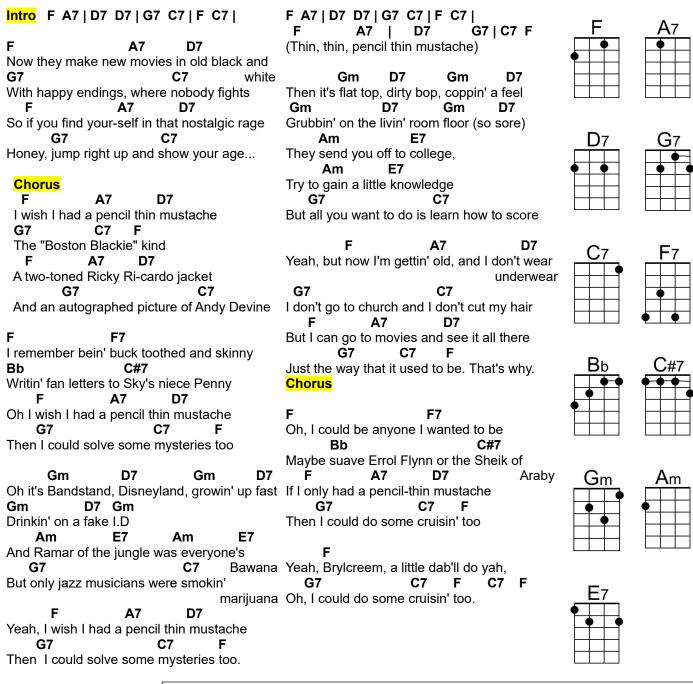
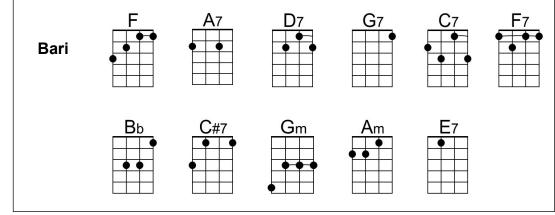
Pencil Thin Mustache (Jimmy Buffett) (C)

Intro C E7 | A7 A7 | D7 G7 | C G7 | Instrumental C E7 | A7 A7 | D7 G7 | C G7 **E7** | A7 D7 | G7 C C **A7** (Thin, thin, pencil thin mustache) Now they make new movies in old black and Dm **A7** G7 Dm **A7** With happy endings, where nobody fights Then it's flat top, dirty bop, coppin' a feel **E7 A7** Dm **A7** Dm So if you find your-self in that nostalgic rage Grubbin' on the livin' room floor (so sore) **B7** Honey, jump right up and show your age... They send you off to college, Em **Chorus** Try to gain a little knowledge **E7 A7** I wish I had a pencil thin mustache But all you want to do is learn how to score G7 **D7** The "Boston Blackie" kind **E7 A7** Yeah, but now I'm gettin' old, and I don't wear C **E7 A7** A two-toned Ricky Ri-cardo jacket G7 underwear I don't go to church and I don't cut my hair And an autographed picture of Andy Devine **E7 A7** But I can go to movies and see it all there **D7** G7 C I remember bein' buck toothed and skinny Just the way that it used to be. That's why **Chorus** Ab7 Writin' fan letters to Sky's niece Penny **C7 E7 A7** Oh I wish I had a pencil thin mustache Oh, I could be anyone I wanted to be Then I could solve some mysteries too Maybe suave Errol Flynn or the Sheik of **E7 A7** Araby **A7** Dm If I only had a pencil-thin mustache D_{m} Oh it's Bandstand, Disneyland, growin' up Dm A7 Dm Then I could do some cruisin' too fast Drinkin' on a fake I.D **B7 B7 Outro** Em And Ramar of the jungle was everyone's Bawana Yeah, Brylcreem, a little dab'll do yah, D7 G7 G7 But only jazz musicians were smokin' Oh, I could do some cruisin' too. marijuana **A7 E7** Yeah, I wish I had a pencil thin mustache G7 C Then I could solve some mysteries too.



Pencil Thin Mustache (Jimmy Buffett) (F)





Pencil Thin Mustache (Jimmy Buffett) (G)

Intro G B7 | E7 E7 | A7 D7 | G D7 | Instrumental G B7 | E7 E7 | A7 D7 | G D7 **B7** | E7 A7 | D7 G (Thin, thin, pencil thin mustache) Now they make new movies in old black and Am **E7** Am **E7 A7** Then it's flat top, dirty bop, coppin' a feel With happy endings, where nobody fights Am **E7** Am **E7** Grubbin' on the livin' room floor (so sore) So if you find your-self in that nostalgic rage F#7 D7 They send you off to college, Honey, jump right up and show your age... Bm Try to gain a little knowledge **Chorus B7 E7** But all you want to do is learn how to score I wish I had a pencil thin mustache **B7 D7** G The "Boston Blackie" kind Yeah, but now I'm gettin' old, and I don't wear G **B7 D7** Α7 underwear A two-toned Ricky Ri-cardo jacket I don't go to church and I don't cut my hair **B7 E7** But I can go to movies and see it all there And an autographed picture of Andy Devine **A7 D7** G Just the way that it used to be. That's why G7 Chorus I remember bein' buck toothed and skinny Eb7 G7 Writin' fan letters to Sky's niece Penny Oh, I could be anyone I wanted to be **B7** Oh I wish I had a pencil thin mustache Maybe suave Errol Flynn or the Sheik of **D7 B7 E7** Araby Then I could solve some mysteries too If I only had a pencil-thin mustache Am Then I could do some cruisin' too **E7** Am Oh it's Bandstand, Disneyland, growin' up fast E7 Am **Outro** G Drinkin' on a fake I.D F#7 F#7 Yeah, Brylcreem, a little dab'll do yah, Bm Bm And Ramar of the jungle was everyone's Α7 D7 G Bawana Oh, I could do some cruisin' too. But only jazz musicians were smokin' marijuana **B7** Yeah, I wish I had a pencil thin mustache

D7

