

Tom Stacks

"Collegiate Sam"

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Now, you'll find this fellow on any campus.
Who?
Collegiate Sam!

He wears a whoopie hat, and goodness knows,
He don't use garters on his hose,
Ain't he the lady's man, Collegiate Sam.

He's got a Dunhill pipe and a fancy vest,
A perfect type for an old gold test,
Ain't he the perfect lady's man, Collegiate Sam.

And though he couldn't pass a French or Greek exam,
What he could do to any sheik exam!

I've heard it said on good authority
He'd wreck a whole sorority!
That red-hot lady's man, Collegiate Sam!

Now, he's everything collegiate!
He walks and talks collegiate!
He eats and sleeps collegiate!
Collegiate through and through.

His ties are all collegiate!
His shoes are all collegiate!
His clothes are all collegiate!
Collegiate through and through.

His raccoon coat - his raccoon coat - is ally cat! Meow!
They threw him out - they threw him out - of every frat.
Outside, bum!

He finds them in collegiate!
He loves them in collegiate!
But he leaves them in collegiate!
Collegiate through and through.

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