

## **Bette Midler** **"Otto Titsling"**

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"This next story is a true story.  
It concerns two of my favorite subjects:  
industrial theft . . . and-a t-ts!  
Mmm, what a combo! This is the story . . .  
The inventor of the modern foundation garment  
that we women wear today was a German scientist  
and opera lover by the name of Otto Titsling!  
This is a true story.  
His name was Otto Titsling.  
What happened to Otto Titsling shouldn't happen to a  
schnauzer.  
It's a very sad story. I feel I have to share it with you."

Otto Titsling, inventor and kraut,  
had nothing to get very worked up about.  
His inventions were failures, his future seemed bleak.  
He fled to the opera at least twice a week.

One night at the opera he saw an Aida  
who's t-ts were so big they would often impede her.  
Bug-eyed he watched her fall into the pit,  
done in by the weight of those terrible t-ts.

Oh, my god! There she blows!  
Aerodynamically this bitch was a mess.  
Otto eyeballed the diva lying comatose amongst the  
reeds,  
and he suddenly felt the fire of inspiration  
flood his soul. He knew what he had to do!  
He ran back to his workshop  
where he futzed and futzed and futzed.

For Otto Titsling had found his quest:  
to lift and mold the female breast;  
to point the small ones to the sky;  
to keep the big ones high and dry!

Every night he'd sweat and snort  
searching for the right support.  
He tried some string and paper clips.  
Hey! He even tried his own two lips!

Well, he stitched and he slaved

and he slaved and he stitched  
until finally one night, in the wee hours of morning,  
Otto arose from his workbench triumphant.  
Yes! He had invented the worlds first  
over-the-shoulder-boulder-holder. Hooray!

Exhausted but ecstatic he ran  
down the street to the diva's house  
bearing the prototype in his hot little hand.  
Now, the diva did not want to try the darn thing on.  
But, after many initial misgivings,  
she finally did.  
And the sigh of relief that issued forth  
from the diva's mouth  
was so loud that it was mistaken by some  
to be the early onset of the Siroccan Winds  
which would often roll through the Schwarzwald  
with a vengeance!  
Ahhhhh-i!

But little did Otto know,  
at the moment of his greatest triumph,  
lurking under the diva's bed  
was none other than the very worst  
of the French patent thieves,  
Philippe DeBrassiere.  
And Phil was watching the scene  
with a great deal of interest!

Later that night, while our Brun Hilda slept,  
into the wardrobe Philippe softly crept.  
He fumbled through knickers and corsets galore,  
'til he found Otto's titsling and he ran out the door.

Crying, "Oh, my god! What joy! What bliss!  
I'm gonna make me a million from this!  
Every woman in the world will wanna buy one.  
I can have all the goods manufactured in Taiwan."

"Oh, thank you!"

The result of this swindle is pointedly clear:  
Do you buy a titsling or do you buy a brassiere?

"Ohhh! Thank you!"

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