

Danny Kaye

"Anatole Of Paris"

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It all began when I was born a month too soon
My ma was frightened by a runaway saloon
Pa was forced to be a hobo
Because he played the oboe
And the oboe, it is clearly understood
Is an ill wind that no one blows good
I'll never forget the morning
That Grandpa ate the awning
To impress a pretty lady
Who went for men that were shady
Then my uncle Josia lit the Chicago fire
Ran off to Hawaii with the O'Leary cow
Which his loving wife resented
And there upon invented
A rolling pin that strikes and then says pow
And I'm the result of the twisted eugenics
Of this family of inbred schizophrenics
The end of a long long line of bats
I design women's hats
I'm Anatole of Paris
I shriek with chic, my hat of the week
'Cause 6 divorces, 3 runaway horses
I'm Anatole of Paris
The hats I sell make husbands yell
"Is that a hat or a two room flat?"
Let me get my paw
On a little piece of straw and viola
A chapeau, at 60 bucks a throw
It's how I pull and chew on it
The little things I do on it
Like placing yards of lacing
Or a bicycle built for two on it
The little ones, the big ones
The sat on by a pig ones
The foolish ones that perch
And the ghoulish ones that lurch
The one called whiskey sour
Designed for the cocktail hour
A little snip, a potato chip
And a trifle off the Eiffel Tower
I'm Anatole of Paris, I must design

I'm just like wine, I go to your head
Give me thread and the needle
I itch, I twitch to stitch
I'm a glutton for cutting
For putting with a button
To snip and pluck, nip and tuck
Fix and trim, plan the brim
Tote that barge, lift that bail
And why do I sew each new chapeau
With a style they most look positively grim in
Strictly between us, entre-nous, I hate women

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