

David Pack

"Martini Man"

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I love a little Tanqueray, with an olive, not a twist,
And just a hint of dry vermouth, sprayed on like Irish
mist.

I'll have one in the morning just to make my day go
well,

And two more in the evening, so I can give it hell.

'Cause I'm a M..M..M..Martini Man,

I'll have me one or two when I can,

I've had fifty years of life, got two boys and a lovely
wife,

I'm a dyed in the wool, Martini Man.

I came to these green pastures when I was but a lad,

An African who loved his beer, a little, just a tad,

But you know those BMO bankers, Martini-swilling
wankers,

'Twasn't long before I was a bar-room grad.

Now I'm a M..M..M..Martini Man,

I'll take them baby, any way I can,

I've had fifty years of life, two big sons and a little wife,

I'm a larger than life, Martini Man.

But Oh my God that banking, it was a dreadful bore,

So I started selling houses, a realtor to the core.

And with every sale I made, I'd take me off into the
shade,

And have another dry one, that's the law!!

'Cause I'm a M..M..M..Martini Man,

Don't knock me, cause that's just the way I am.

I've had fifty years of life, got two sons and a lovely
wife,

I'm an obstinate, intemperate, obdurate, inveterate,

One is not enough,

MARTINI MAN!!

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