

## Irving Berlin

### "Only For Americans"

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Horace:] Countess, you're my pal. Hey, we gotta  
celebrate  
[Countess:] What?  
[Horace:] Yeah, first to Montmartre, then the Moulin  
Rouge, the Folies  
Bergere!  
[Countess:] Not at all....  
[Horace:] Not Montmartre?  
[Countess:] No.  
[Horace:] Not the Moulin Rouge?  
[Countess:] No.  
[Horace:] Not the Folies Bergere?!  
[Countess:] No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no. They are

Only for Americans  
The midnight life of gay Paree  
The Frenchman he would never see  
That's only for Americans  
The prices in the smart cafe  
The Frenchman he would never pay  
The price that's more is only for  
Americans from the U.S.A.

A Montmartre lady drops her hanky  
And slyly winks her eye  
That's only for the Yankee  
The Frenchman wouldn't buy

Only for Americans  
The Frenchmen on the boulevards  
Don't buy those dirty postal cards  
They're only for Americans  
The little holes for peeping through  
To see what naughty people do  
The French would bore, they're only for  
Americans from the U.S.A.

[2]  
Only for Americans  
The shops with many real antiques  
Antiques as old as seven weeks

Are only for Americans  
The bed on which a king made love  
Which there are several dozens of  
The French pooh pooh, we sell them to  
Americans from the U.S.A.

We buy your worn out mink and sables  
And fix them up like new  
Then simply change the labels  
And sell them back to you

Only for Americans  
A Frenchman wouldn't be impressed  
To see a show with girls undressed  
That's only for Americans  
The French don't go to naked shows  
They've seen what's underneath the clothes  
And each encore is only for  
Americans from the U.S.A.

[3]  
Only for Americans  
A Frenchman's food is very plain  
Those fancy sauces with ptomaine  
Are only for Americans  
A Frenchman seldom eats the snails  
With little ulcers on their tails  
And all that cheese was made to please  
Americans from the U.S.A.

While the American carouses  
Where crimson shadows creep  
The French avoid those houses  
They go to bed to sleep

Only for Americans  
The season starts, they come to town  
They turn the city upside down  
We use their Yankee Doodle dough  
To clean up Paris when they go

But we can't do without them  
We're simply mad about them  
The Americans  
The Americans  
The Americans from the U.S.A

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