

Kingston Trio

"The World's Last Authentic Playboys"

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Bill Loughborough/ David Wheat

With Ruby and Ollie soon over the hill, for marrying
Tommy there still is no
pill.

We're the world's last authentic playboys, just three
fun-loving ne'er-do-wells.
Our whole attitude says life's a gay toy to be played
with and raced through
pell mell.

Acapulco each winter for fishing, then summer to Bar
Harbor, Maine.
If the cycle gets boringly vicious, we shall try Monte
Carlo again.

We're the world's last authentic playboys. We were
born thirty years too late.
Though we're blessed with savoir-faire and rare POISE,
both these virtues are
useless AS fate.

I fought bulls at a Plaza de Toros. Chased gorillas
around in the trees.
Such adventures now make me feel morose and
blasphÃ©mous as a playboy can be.

We're the world's last authentic playboys, just a trio of
rogues on the loose.

We pursue life while searching for new joys, just ahead
of the SHOTGUN and
noose.

When they find the abominable snowman, running
nude through the snow four miles
high
They'll say, "Are you an ape?" I'll say, "No, man. I just
thought I'd give this
ROLE a try."

We're the world's last authentic playboys, just three
lunatics still at large.
If you're female and we think you're pretty, you're in
luck, it's all free.
There's no charge.

'Til taxes get lower, we're all that are left; three
authentic playboys too
lazy for theft.

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