

Dean Martin

"The Man Who Plays The Mandolino"

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With his little mandolino
And a twinkle in his eye
Senoritas he can win
Always for another guy

Italians love to sip a cup of cappuccino
And listen to the man who plays the mandolino
You offer him a cigarette a glass of wine
That's how he's paid to serenade your lady fair

With his little mandolino
And a twinkle in his eye
Senoritas he can win
Always for another guy

He seems like such a happy man, the man who plays
the mandolino
He sings a song of sweet romance for all the lovers as
they dance
But all he's holding in his arms is just a little mandolino
He has no woman of his own so every night he walks
alone
With his little mandolino
And a twinkle in his eye
Senoritas he can win
Always for another guy

(And while he's strumming songs of love the man who
plays the mandolino)
(His eyes are always looking for a senorina to adore)
He drinks a toast to his true love each time he lifts a
glass of vino
And so until that lucky day he looks for her along the
way

With his little mandolino
And a twinkle in his eye
Senoritas he can win
Always for another guy
The man who plays the mandolino

