

The Notaries

"In Fact, It's A Time Filler"

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He walked into the door,

It was half past two,

Looking around,

With nothing better to do.

This was a man,

With a moustache.

Not any sort of moustache,

Because there's only one kind that's a real
moustache...

It's called, the Handlebar moustache.

You will be blown away,

By the excessive force of this moustache.

In fact, you should not stand 10ft near a man with a
handlebar moustache.

I find, every now and then,

If you look in the right direction, at the right time,

Maybe, just maybe,

You can see something someone else will never view.

Of course a lot of people think that,

If the other person is a blind person.

This one time, I decided to go to the store.

It didn't end well.

In fact, I'm not even gonna tell the story.

Okay, well,

If you were to go to Wal Mart at say, 2 in the afternoon,

You would be amazing.

This is when all the old people flock there.

Old people are hilarious,

In fact, they're the funniest thing ever created.

Then again, they can get along poorly, with midgets.

It seems a little bit lighter now,

Like some weight is off my chest.

Seems lately, there hasn't been much to do,

Sit around the house, watch some movies,

Drink some soda.

You'd think someone would want more,

But who says I know what I want?

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