

Berlin Irving

"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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