

Vengaboys "Otto Titsling"

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Otto Titsling, inventor and krout,
had nothing to get very worked up about.
His inventions were failures, his future seemed bleak.
He fled to the opera at least twice a week

One night at the opera he saw an aida
who's bust was so big it would often impede her.
Bug-eyed he watched her fall into the pit,
done in by the weight of those terrible tits.

Oh, my god! There she blows!
Aerodynamically this girl was a mess.
Otto eye-balled the diva lying comatose amongst the
reeds,
and he suddenly felt the fire of inspiration
flood his soul.
He ran back to his workshop
where he futzed and futzed and futzed.

For Otto Titsling had found his quest:
to lift and mold the female breast;
to point the small ones to the sky;
to keep the big ones high and dry!

Every night he'd sweat and snort
searching for the right support.
He tried some string and paper clips.
Hey! He even tried his own two lips!

Well, he stitched and he slaved
and he slaved and he stitched
until finally one night, in the wee hours of morning,
Otto arose from his workbench triumphant.
Yes! He had invented the worlds first
over-the-shoulder-boulder-holder. Hooray!

Exhausted but ecstatic Otto ran
out to the diva
bearing the prototype in his hot little hand.
Now, the diva did not want to try the darn thing on.
But, after many initial mishaps,
she finally did.

And the sigh of relief that issued forth
from her mouth
was so loud that it was mistaken by some
to be the early onset of the Seraken Winds
which would often roll through the Schwarzwald
with a vengeance!
Ahhhhh-i!

But little did Otto know,
at the moment of his greatest triumph,
lurking under the diva's bed
was none other than the very worst
of the french patent thieves,
Phillip DeBrassiere.
And Phil was watching the scene
with a great deal of interest!

Later that night, while Broom Hilda slept,
into the wardrobe Phillip softly crept.
He fumbled through knickers and corsets galore,
'til he found Otto's titsling and he ran out the door.

Crying, "Oh, my god! What joy! What bliss!
I'm gonna make me a million from this!
Every woman in the world will wanna buy one.
I will have all the goods manufactured in Taiwan."

The result of this swindle is pointedly clear:
Do you buy a titsling or do you buy a brassiere?

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