D F#7 B7

Now they’re making movies in old black and white

E7 A7

With happy endings, where nobody fights

D F#7 B7

So if you find yourself in that nostalgic rage

E7 A7

Honey, jump right up and show your age

Chorus:

D F#7 B7

I wish I had a pencil thin mustache

E7 A7 D

The "Boston Blackie" kind

D F#7 B7

A two toned Ricky Ricardo jacket

E7 A7

And an autographed picture of Andy Devine

D D7

Oh I remember bein' buck-toothed and skinny

G7 Bb7

Writin' fan letters to Sky's niece Penny

D F#7 B7

Oh I wish I had a pencil thin mustache

E7 A7 D

Then I could solve some mysteries too

Em B7 Em B7

Oh it's Bandstand, Disneyland, growin' up fast

Em B7 Em

Drinkin' on a fake I.D.

F#m C#7 F#m C#7

And Rama of the jungle was everyone's Bawana

E7 A7

But only jazz musicians were smokin' marijuana

D F#7 B7

Yeah, I wish I had a pencil thin mustache

E7 A7 D

then I could solve some mysteries too

(Instrumental repeat of Chorus)

Em B7 Em B7

But then it's flat top, dirty bop, coppin' a feel

Em B7 Em B7

Rubbin' on the livin' room floor (so sore)

F#m C#7 F#m C#7

Yeah, they send you off to college, try to gain a little knowledge,

E7 A7

But all you want to do is learn how to score

Now I'm gettin' old, don't wear underwear

I don't go to church and I don't cut my hair

But I can go to movies and see it all there

Just the way that it used to be

That's why I wish I had a pencil thin mustache

The "Boston Blackie" kind, a two-toned Ricky Ricardo jacket

And an autographed picture of Andy Devine

Oh, I could be anyone I wanted to be

Maybe suave Errol Flynn or a Sheik of Araby

If I only had a pencil thin mustache

Then I could do some cruisin' too

Yeah, Bryl-cream, a little dab'll do yah

Oh, I could do some cruisin' too