

Frank Sinatra, Come Blow Your Horn

(S. Cahn, J. Van Heusen)

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Make like a Mister Milquetoast and you'll get shut out,
Make like a Mister Meek and you'll get cut out,
Make like a little lamb, and wham, you're shorn,
I tell ya, chum, it's time to come blow your horn.

Make like a Mister Mumbles and you're a zero,
Make like a Mister Big; they dig a hero.
You've got to sound your "A"; the day you're born,
I tell ya, chum, it's time to come blow your horn.

The taller the tree is the sweeter the peach,
I'll give you the whole maguilla in a one word speach: Reach!

Make like the world's your pudding, but light the brandy,
Even the mildest kiss is a dan, dan, dandy,
There'll be no love in bloom come doomsday morn,
I tell ya, chum, it's time to come blow your horn.

[Musical Interlude]

In civilized jungles females adore
The lions who come on swingin'; if you wanna score - roar!

You can be either read to or be the reader,
You can be either lead or be the leader.
Don't wait until you're told you're old and worn,
Take in some air and get your lips puckered,
Before you find you're simply too tuckered,
I'll tell ya, chum, it's time to come blow your horn.

Blow your horn,
I tell ya, chum, it's time to come blow your horn.