

A Really Truly Trunk

Solo: There's not much to do when a fly is stinging you
Unless you have a really truly trunk.
There's not much fun, no relief from the sun,
Unless you have a really truly trunk.

Schloop up some mud from the great Limpopo,
Choose a banana from the top of the tree.
You'll have a friend ev'rywhere that you both go.
That's the kind of nose for me!

Solo: Before he had a clue just what he was going to do,
He never really knew he had the trunk for it.
But now he has a flair, a nose extraordinaire
Which he can really blare just like a trumpet.

A muzzle or a beak or a new probiscus,
A bill or a prow or a snout.
You'll get a good whiff of a blue hibiscus,
Now you've got a nose with clout!

A really truly trunk, a really truly trunk.
You'll get a good whiff of a blue hibiscus,
Now you've got a nose, you've got a nose, you've got a nose.
Doot doot doo doo!
Doo doo doot doot doo doo doot doo!
Now you've got a nose with clout!