```
(Down, down, down, down
Down, down, down)
The sweetest things in life
Don't stay around for very long.
They come and go and don't come back again.
While they're here, you feel so smug.
That's when fate pulls out the plug,
And the sweetest things in life go down the drain.
What has happened to galoshes?
Down the drain.
Where's the Czar of all the Russias?
Down the drain.
And the five-cent candy bar,
And the good old Edsel car?
(Gone where all the swell things are.)
Down the drain.
(Right down the drain.)
Down the drain.
(Gone down the drain.)
Where are telephone prefixes?
Down the drain.
They've all gone to where Tom Mix is.
Down the drain.
Where's those grand old Gold Dust Twins?
(All those German zeppelins?)
Boys who set up bowling pins?
Down the drain.
(Right down the drain.)
Down the drain.
(Gone down the drain.)
Suppose we made a fuss
About the double decker bus?
Do you suppose they'd bring it back again?
Fountain pens that use real ink,
Coins that don't go clunk, but clink.
The things we love are sinking down the drain.
Where are all those kamikazes?
Down the drain.
And the Hotel Savoy Plaza's
Down the drain.
Where's the New York World's Fair?
Just last year I saw it there!
(In the heart of Flushing.)
Where?
(Flushing.)
Down the drain.
(Right down)
Flushing down the drain.
(Right down the drain.)
(Flushing down the drain.)
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