

## Fraulein

## Pale Young Gentlemen

Our glasses are made ale  
with a lift to the table  
from the barman

Whose patrons are growing  
restless for the showing  
'fore the show.

Handsome ladies  
make grown men babies  
tonight.

Brother  
see her  
drink her  
milk white glory.

She will turn me down,  
but then at least know that I'm around.  
So I pine  
for my fraulein.

Piano player lingers  
backstage with the singers  
poor piano  
(more piano)

Weeps without a sound  
so silent he is found at the fort line.

Handsome ladies sing swooning maybe's tonight.

Brother  
see her  
drink her  
milk white glory.

She will turn me down  
but then at least know that I'm around.  
So I pine  
for my fraulein.

Milk white.

A perfect concentration,  
an object of elation  
is a fraulein.

She flirts without knowing  
A fiction of a growing  
fool's smile.

Young and unable  
yet kings upon our table  
tonight.

Brother

see her  
drink her  
milk white glory.

She will turn me down  
but then at least know that I'm around.  
So I pine  
for my fraulein.