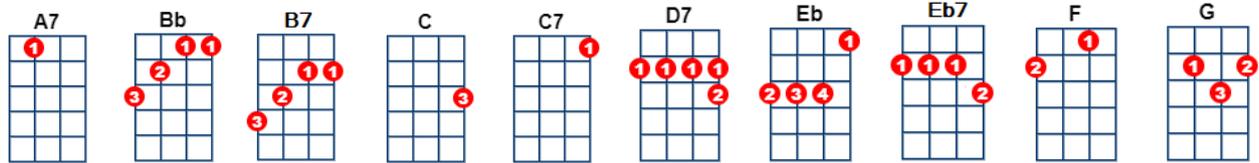


Spanish Flea – Herb Alpert & The Tijuana Brass



(Intro)

[G]

There was a [G] little [B7] Spanish [E7] flea
A record [A7] star he thought he'd [D7] be
He heard of [G] singers like [C] Beatles
[F] And the [Bb] Chipmunks he'd [Eb] seen on [D7] T.V.
[D7] Why not a little Spanish [G] flea?

[G] And [B7] so, he [E7] hid
Inside a [A7] doggie from Mad-[D7]rid
He [G] arrived in the [C] city
[F] Still [Bb] singin' his [Eb] sweet [D7] harmony
[D7] As proud as any flea could [G] be.

[G] He walked [C] around
[C] As if he [C7] owned the town
[C7] Humming his [F] pint-sized melo-[F7]dy
With his [Bb] guitar (guitar), he knew he'd be a star
And in his [Eb7] own hometown, how [D7] proud he'd be

[D7] When all at [G] once he [B7] met a [E7] man
[E7] Who said, "I'll [A7] help you if I [D7] can"
[D7] He listened [G] close to his [C] song
[F] And then he [Bb] sang right [Eb] along, for [D7] you see
[D7] He loved that little Spanish [G] flea

[F] "You'll be the [D] rage"
[D] "I'll put you [D7] on the stage"
[D7] "In costumes [G] like you've never [G7] worn"
While at a [C] glance, he knew this [C7] was his chance
Yes, all at [F7] once, a Spanish [E7] star was born

For when the [G] people [B7] heard him [E7] play
[E7] They all [A7] began to shout [D7] "OLE!"
[D7] He was the [G] pride of the [C] nation,
[F] A [Bb] singing sen-[Eb]sation [D7] was he,
[D7] Though he was just a Spanish [G] flea!