

Lyrics: Andreas Wittenstein

Elephant Song

Music: Andreas Wittenstein

lumberingly ♩ = 108

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When an e - le - phant blows his ce - le - brant nose, his fun - nel horn drones_



_ in e - lo - quent throes of mel - li - flu - ent bel - low - phone moans._____



When an e - le - phant grows his tail - in - front hose, he can smell if an o -



dor's of fen - nel or rose through his whif - fling - ly e - le - vant nose._____



When an e - le - phant roams his ill - de - fined roads, a plen - ti - ful dose_



_ of a - li - ment stows in his boun - ti - ful cel - lar fund nose._____



When an e - le - phant strolls through his well - foun - tain holes, his swel - ling sump hose_



_ floods e - v'ry - one's clothes with all - in - fun re - vel - lent flows._____



When an e - le - phant probes his tilled earth - nut rows, the e - le - venth toes



on his vel - vet trunk nose can delve in and shell them in droves._____



Well, an e - le - phant nose, as an e - le - phant knows, in the ma - ni - fold rôles_



_ it will of - ten pose, is one hell of an ell of a nose!_____