

Otto Titsling

Words & Music:
Marc Shaiman
(sung by Bette Midler)

Love this song. It is Bette at her pre-Disney, Sophie Tucker-channeling best. I am still trying to figure out the chords.

[spoken:]

This next story is a true story. It concerns two of my favorite subjects: industrial theft & and-a tits! Mmm, what a combo! This is the story...The inventor of the modern foundation garment that we women wear today was a German scientist and opera lover by the name of Otto Titsling! What happened to Otto Titsling shouldn't happen to a schnauzer. It's a very sad story. I feel I have to share it with you.

[sung:]

Otto Titsling, inventor and Kraut,
Had nothing to get very worked up about.
His inventions were failures, his future seemed bleak.
He fled to the opera at least twice a week.

One night at the opera he saw an Aida
Whose tits were so big they would often impede her.
Bug-eyed, he watched her fall into the pit,
Done in by the weight of those terrible tits!

[spoken:]

Oh, my god! There she blows! Aerodynamically this bitch was a mess.
Otto eyeballed the diva lying comatose amongst the reeds,
And he suddenly felt the fire of inspiration flood his soul.
He knew what he had to do!
He ran back to his workshop where he futzed and futzed and futzed.

[sung:]

For Otto Titsling had found his quest: to lift and mold the female breast;
To point the small ones to the sky; to keep the big ones high and dry!

Every night he'd sweat and snort, searching for the right support.
He tried some string and paper clips. Hey! He even tried his own two lips!

[spoken:]

Well, he stitched and he slaved and he slaved and he stitched.
Until, finally, one night, in the wee hours of morning,
Otto arose from his workbench triumphant.
Yes! He had invented the worlds first over-the-shoulder-boulder-holder. Hooray!

Exhausted -- but ecstatic! -- he ran down the street to the diva's house,
Bearing the prototype in his hot little hand.
Now, the diva did not want to try the darn thing on.
But, after many initial misgivings, she finally did.
And the sigh of relief that issued forth from the diva's mouth was so loud
That it was mistaken by some to be the early onset of the Sciroccan Winds
Which would often roll through the Schwarzwald with a vengeance! Ahhhhh-i!

But, little did Otto know, at the moment of his greatest triumph,
That lurking under the diva's bed was none other than the very worst
Of the French patent thieves, Philippe De Brassiere.
And Phil was watching the scene with a great deal of interest!

[sung:]

Later that night, while our Brunhilda slept,
Into the wardrobe Philippe softly crept.
He fumbled through knickers and corsets galore,
'Til he found Otto's titsling and he ran out the door.

Crying, Oh, my god! What joy! What bliss!
I'm gonna make me a million from this!
Every woman in the world will wanna buy one.
I can have all the goods manufactured in Taiwan.

[spoken:]

Oh, thank you!

[sung:]

The result of this swindle is pointedly clear:
Do you buy a titsling or do you buy a brassiere?

[spoken:]

Ohhh! Thank you!